

# The Competition

Kimya Dawson

I never wanted to be better than my friends  
I just wanted to prove wrong the people in my head  
the ones who told me I'd be better off dead  
the ones who told me that I would never win

when I delivered newspapers they said I was too slow  
when I was a barista they said I made lousy foam  
when I worked in retail they said I was a slob  
much too dumb for school and much too lazy for a job

so I rode my bike like lightning  
and I made cappuccinos that would make the angels sing  
took two showers a day and I dressed up like a princess  
shook my fist in my own face and said I'll show you who's the best

I wrote the kinds of papers teachers hang up on their walls  
I was employee of the month at seven different shopping malls  
and one time playing football I pulled the tendons in my leg  
to prove that I was tough I hopped on one foot  
and finished up the game

I thought if I succeeded I'd be happy and they'd go away  
but first thing in the morning I'd still wake up and I'd hear them say  
"you're fat, ugly, and stupid, you should really be ashamed  
no one will ever like you you're not good at anything"

and sometimes I'd rise to the challenge  
but other times I'd feel so bad that I could not get out of bed  
and on the days I stayed in bed I sang and sang and sang  
about how crappy I felt not realizing how many other people would relate

now people send me emails that say thanks for saying the things  
they didn't know how to say  
and the people in my head still visit me sometimes  
and they bring all of their friends but I don't mind  
I play my guitar like lightning  
when I sing I like it when you sing too loud and clear  
different voices different tones all sayin' "yeah, we're not all one"

I got good at feeling bad and that's why I'm still here  
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