

# Eyesore

Maria Mena

The ugly naked truth:  
She starves me of my youth,  
And I stand alone until  
You catch on.  
I swear it's not by choice.  
But Ana has this voice,  
And it calms me down,  
It gives me purpose.

And it's alright,  
I'm alright,  
I want to be okay.  
I've seen it before,  
This eyesore; it's me.  
Ohh, ohh, ohh, me.

I want out from under  
This confining skin  
That I so reluc-tantly live in.  
My worth is measured solely  
According to the scale.  
I am heavy, but I feel frail.

And it's alright,  
I'm alright,  
I want to be okay.  
I've seen it before,  
This eyesore; it's me.  
Ohh, ohh, ohh, ohhh.

Me.  
Ohh, ohh, ohh,  
Ohhh.  
Ohhh.  
(Me)  
Ohh, ohh, ohh,  
Ohhh.  
Ohhh.  
(Me)  
Ohh, ohh, ohh,  
Ohhh.  
Ohhh.  
Oh.  
Oh.