

Orange Juice

Melanie Martinez

Oh, oh
Stick it down your throat
I'm watching from the bathroom
Making sure I don't choke, choke
From the words you spoke when you're screaming at the mirror
Now you're sitting in the cafeteria
Shoving clementines and orange bacteria
Down your throat, a dozen times a year, yeah
For another round of your bulimia

You turn oranges into orange juice
Enter there, then spit it out of you
Your body is imperfectly perfect
Everyone wants what the other one's working
No orange juice
We cry OJ
We cry OJ
We cry OJ
We cry OJ

Oh, oh
I believe you chose to blow it on the reading carpet
That's what happens when you're starvin'
Please say that you won't continue
Ordering oranges off the menu
Stuffin' up your mouth like t-t-tissue
The way you look is not an issue

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Enter there, then spit it out of you
Your body is imperfectly perfect
Everyone wants what the other one's working
No orange juice
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Ooh
I wish I could give you my set of eyes
'Cause I know your eyes ain't working
I wish I could tell you're fine, so fine
But you will find that disconcert

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