

Sticks + Stones

Nicola Roberts

Couldn't you tell lies to me?
Couldn't you say I'm pretty?
Now that's enough
Tells me that she hates the play ground
How can they hurt, words are just sounds
So take your shot.

I don't want to see that they're making it hard for me
At home I cry
Bet that you think that you're on your own
And you've no one's hand to hold
Sticks and stones
Hurt just a little
Wouldn't it be wrong if we're all the same?
Don't surrender don't you change
Sticks and stones
Hurt just a little

With all the mean words they're ugly
Starting to see I'm lucky
And that's enough
I'd rather be alone in my world
I'd rather be the girl that gets hurt
So take your shot

I don't want to see that they're making it hard for me
At home I cry
Bet that you think that you're on your own
And you've no one's hand to hold
Sticks and stones

Hurt just a little
Wouldn't it be wrong if we're all the same
Don't surrender don't you change
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Too young to buy my own bottle of vodka
So I'd beg the driver please I need another
How funny that I was too young for so many things
Yet you thought I'd cope with being told I'm ugly
Over and over I'd read it believe it
Said no to the shrink I can fix me I think
I got friends in my head they've got me on the mend
I am pretty in my mirror, easy to pretend
17 and thought that I'd won the jackpot
Seems I didn't read between the lines of this one
I can't think why I could of made you so, so angry
Your bullets I don't feel them come on and fire at me

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