

Show me show me  
Don't act like you know me better than I know myself  
Show me show me  
Don't act like you know me better than I know myself  
Just admit you're in denial and show me what you're really made  
of

You were the only thing between the freedom of a locked up sense  
of sensible decisions  
What sense does it make to be locked up in prison  
Studied dissected and mocked up  
Truth be told my side of the truth is a cold hard  
Fact and frozen in position  
What sense does it make to just make up a story  
When I'm just so ready to pack up

So show me show me  
Don't act like you know me better than I know myself  
Learn me learn me  
Take the time to learn me better than I know myself  
Just admit you're in denial and show me what you're really made  
of

One semester in psych doesn't give you the right to give anyone  
The diagnosis I don't need the kind of opinion from anyone  
Or neither understand any of this misguided misinformed  
Normal people storming out the door  
I don't need that kind of reaction from anyone  
Or need to understand any of this

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