

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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