

Childhood

Jenny Hackett



1. It's cruel the way you look at me Like I've got it figured out
2. I ne-ver rea-lly knew it then And I don't quite know it now
3. My heart is a de-ceit-ful thing And my bo-dy just a shell

The way I'm seen as one of yours Like I ne-ver had a doubt The
But I faked it 'til I made it, and Now I'm he-re a-ny-how So I
A home of meat and gri-stle made For a wicked mind to dwell

things you seem to think of me All are based up-on a lie The
clamp down hard on a-ny thought That would re-veal me as a liar
Built of all the feel-ings that I in-ter-na-lly de-spise

truth of what I rea-lly am Leaves me wishing I could die I always feel like
Grip the handle, pull the leash On un-just-i-fied de-sire
Turn me out, re-ject me now As a boy in di-sguise

I'm sixteen still trapped in states of in-between De-void of all matu-ri-ty and
filled with in-se-cu-rity I'm just a little girl at heart Forgive me for my lack of art Self-
hatred never re-con-ciled Two puber-ties and still a child I...
My...