

Don't Apply Compression Gently

[Courtney Barnett](#)

Tell me what you're thinking, what you're thinking about
Tell me when you're finished maybe I'll come around
Had enough to bring me all the way to the ground
I don't have to tell you what I'm thinking about
You have made your bed, I know better than to sleep in it
Better off dead than the hell that will become of it
You have hurt my head but I'm not denying
That I did not bring it on myself
I take pieces of myself from everyone around me
I'm not individual enough for you
I replicate the people I admire
But at least I'm not bitter and sad
I may not be 100% happy but at least I'm not with you.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>