

I kinda wanna throw my phone across the room
Cause all I see are girls to toot to be true with paper white
teeth and perfect bodies
Wish I didn't care I know their beauty's not my lack but it
feels like that weight is on my back and I can't let it go
Com-comparison is killing me slowly I think I think to much
bout kids who don't know me I'm so sick of myself rather be
rather be anyone anyone else my jealousy jealousy started
following me