

Worn Out

When I was small, it was always hard to find clothes that fit
They would be too big, too tight, too lumpy
I finally found an outfit I liked
I wore it for ages, until the seams tore and the edges were frayed

People would ask me why I wore it, why I liked it so much
I didn't know
It just fits well, I'd say
I didn't really mind them asking
I was just happy wearing my clothes

But they kept asking, and it gave me a weird feeling
I started to say odd things
Oh yeah, I don't have anything else to wear
I've been meaning to get rid of it
Eh, my mom made me wear it
They accepted my answer, and moved on

I never did anything about it, though, and they got confused
Didn't you say you'd stop wearing that?
You still like that weird thing?
You're a liar, you haven't done anything, you should change
Hey, wear this instead
So I bought some new clothes
They were scratchy, and they felt off, but they were normal

People started talking to me more
Not like they used to, they seemed to want to be around me
It was amazing
Hey, I love your outfit
Nice shoes
Then it changed
This would be good with that top
Ooh, that'd look perfect on you

They were so nice about it
I didn't want it to end
Yeah, sure, let me try that on
Of course, that's great for me
My clothes were way too uncomfortable now

I hated putting them on each morning, reminding me how much I'd changed
I still wore them anyway
People like me now, it's okay
But do they really like me, or do they like who they've made me into?

One morning I woke up and decided I was sick of it all
I told them I didn't like these clothes
They don't fit
It's uncomfortable
I don't like it
The shoes need to go, too
Yeah, I'm sure
I got my old clothes back out
It was nice to take them out of the drawer that had been gathering so much dust
I put them on again for the first time in too long

They didn't fit.