

Strangers stare and they want to be the first to
Ask for my life in one word.

But it's not that simple.
Why do you care to know
Am I a boy or a girl?

But I don't care about the answers.
The questions were boring.

Please tell me a story.

(1, 2, 3, 4!)

"What did your mom say?"
"What is your real name?"
"How about those drugs that you take?"
"And does your voice change?"
"How come you don't feel ashamed?"
"What kind of love do you make?"

But you don't care about my answers.
Your questions ignore me.
Let me tell you a story.

Well, alright,
Ask me anything you want to,
And I will tell you the truth.
My mom is my best friend,
And this is who I am.

All of it adds up to keep me sane.
Yes, I've dropped octaves,
'cause I am a mountain range,
And any kind of love is good enough to be made.

But I don't care about the answers.
The questions were boring.
Please tell me a story.