

I'm dysfunctional. It's always been that way.
It's nothing personal. Pull you in to push you away.
I'm emotional. I don't know if it's better if I'm on my own.
It's nothing personal, and you're not to blame.

It's not you, it's me.
My personality needs that missing piece.

I thought love was the answer to all of my problems,
And kissing your lips was the key.
All these tattoos and dancing, distractions ain't working for me.
So, I think that maybe I just need therapy.

My own worst enemy, again and again, insecurities.
That you can only mend temporarily.
I can see I'm hurting you, it's agony,
And apologies, they won't change anything.

It's not you, it's me,
My personality.
I need fixing, please.

I thought love was the answer to all of my problems,
And kissing your lips was the key.
All these tattoos and dancing, distractions ain't working for me.
So, I think that maybe I just need therapy. I just need therapy.

And after all is said and done, I'm running back to you.
Maybe you'll be moving on and found somebody new.
As long as I have found myself, to win, sometimes you lose.

And I can't believe that I thought love was the answer to all of my problems
And kissing your lips was the key.
All these tattoos and dancing, distractions ain't working for me.
So, I think that maybe I just needed therapy, ah.
Just needed therapy, ah... Just needed therapy.