

My smaller friend is bloated and has to announce it.  
My mother-in-law needs shape-wear so her bits fit right.  
Someone I just met, jokes that they forget  
To eat until it's the middle of the night.

**And I know their worst fear is to look like me,  
And that fact makes me want to kill somebody.  
I'm eating at the counter, and you're talking about your weight.  
I usually don't hate you, but today I'm enraged.**

You look at me with pity, just know I do the same to you.  
What a sad life you live, afraid to gain a pound or two.  
I know that feeling well, and I can always tell  
When someone is controlled by their food.

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And that fact makes me want to kill somebody.  
I'm eating at the counter, and you're talking about your weight.  
I usually don't hate you, but today I'm enraged.**

And I know at this point that everybody hates themselves and hates their bodies,  
But I've put in the work,  
Yeah, I've done my time.  
I'm taking up the space that is rightfully mine.

There's nothing wrong with my body. "Fat" is not a dirty word.  
If my body tells me something, I will make sure it is heard.  
If my body is a vessel, I will give it what it needs.  
I will not betray my body, no matter what they think of me.

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