

# The Beaches, What Doesn't Kill You Makes You Paranoid

I think I'm becoming a conspiracy theorist  
Everyone says that love exists  
But I think that it's a myth  
Closed the curtains cried all Thursday night to your lyrics  
God I don't mean to reminisce  
Empty the bottle and get pissed  
Cause I know it all comes rushing back like this

What doesn't kill you makes you paranoid  
What doesn't kill you makes you feel like your love ain't shit  
Ran up my minutes on my inner voice  
She loves to bring up all my issues, God she's a bitch  
And now I'm like  
Why are they staring? Am I oversharing?  
I'm so embarrassing  
What doesn't, what doesn't  
What doesn't kill you, what doesn't kill you  
What doesn't kill you makes you paranoid

I think I'm becoming some kind of validation fiend  
Cut my hair cause I needed a fix  
Of an acquaintance's compliments  
I must have left my self-esteem at the base of your bedsheets  
Where I used to leave my socks  
Well I miss that girl a lot  
Well she's just brand new and unimproved I guess

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