C

G

```
Unloved
Lisa Cimorelli
Am
Fmaj7
                            Am
My legs are too thick and then they re too small
I \hat{A} \in \hat{A}^{mm} everything I hate and then I m nothing at all
                       Am
I want him to see me, I want him to stay
Fmaj7
But if he says he wants me I will push him away
Fmaj7
                      Am
I skip my dinner, I paint my face
He picks me up, we stay up late
Fmaj7
                      Am
I close the door, I ve lost my way
So I drown myself in pain
Fmaj7
The food, the clothes, the boys, my drugs
Am
I push it down, I lock it up
Fmaj7
So many ways to waste my time
                              Fmaj7
                                        Am
                G
I use it all to dry up the flood
                              Fmaj7
                G
                                           Αm
It s only cos I wanna feel loved
C G
                Fmaj7
   I feel so unloved
CG
Fmaj7
                      Am
I search for a high, a way to get by
They ll judge no matter what so I don t really mind
I m never enough so I act like I m tough
Fmaj7
But on the inside, I just wanna cry
Fmaj7
                    Am
I weigh myself, I stuff my face
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I m half alive, I m so ashamed
Fmaj7
                    Am
I kiss him once, I feel nothing
So I do it all again
Fmaj7
The food, the clothes, the boys, my drugs
I push it down, I lock it up
So many ways to waste my time
              G
                            Fmaj7
                                      Am
I use it all to dry up the flood
               G
                            Fmaj7
                                        Am
It s only cos I wanna feel loved
C G
               Fmaj7
    I feel so unloved
Fmaj7
They judge me like we re not the same
At least I know, I €Â™m in this game
Fmaj7
We run, we hide, we feel, we cry
              G
                            Fmaj7
                                      Am
You can t deny, you feel the pain
                                      Am
Distractions won t take it away
CG
Fmaj7*
The food, the clothes, the boys, my drugs
Am*
               G*
I push it down, I lock it up
Fmaj7
So many ways to waste my time
               Em
                             Fmaj7
                                        Am
I use it all to dry up the flood
               G
                            Fmaj7
                                         Αm
It s only cos I wanna feel loved
               Fmaj7
    I feel so unloved
```

Am G F F  $\times 2$