

# You Grew On Me

Whitney Avalon

You grew on me like a tumor  
And you spread through me like malignant melanoma  
And now you're in my heart  
Should've cut you out back at the start  
Now I'm afraid there's no cure for me  
No dose of emotional chemotherapy  
Can halt my pathetic decline  
Shoulda had you removed back when you were benign

I picked you up like a virus  
Like meningococcal meningitis  
Now I can't feel my legs  
When you're around I can't get out of bed  
And I've left it too late to risk an operation  
There's no chance at all of a clean amputation  
The successful removal of you  
Would probably kill me too

You grew on me like carcinoma  
Crept up on me like untreated glaucoma  
Now I find it hard to see  
This untreated dose of you has blinded me  
I should've consulted my local physician  
I'm stuck now forever with this tunnel vision  
My periphery is through  
Wherever I look now, all I see is you

When we first met you seemed fickle and shallow  
But my armor was no match for your poison arrow  
You are wedged inside my breast  
If I tried to pull you out now I think I'd bleed to death  
I'm feeling short of breath  
You grew on me like a tumor  
And you spread through me like malignant melanoma  
I guess I never knew

How fast a little mole can grow on you

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