

Nutshell

Alice In Chains

We chase misprinted lies
We face the path of time
And yet I fight
And yet I fight
This battle all alone
No one to cry to
No place to call home

Ooh...Ooh...
Ooh...Ooh...

My gift of self is raped
My privacy is raked
And yet I find
And yet I find
Repeating in my head
If I can't be my own
I'd feel better dead

Ooh...Ooh...
Ooh...Ooh...