

Untitled

Ann Beretta

Walk around with a chip on your shoulder
But it looks like you've done it again
Everyday you seem a little bit older
But you learn that you can't win
You can't be what you were
When everyday's a struggle and you're running down yesterday's
dreams
You can't be what you were
Here we go again trapped inside
The same four walls everyday seems a little bit clearer
In this world you feel so small..
I won't let it break my spirit
I don't want to live my life in vain