

All On My Own

Anna Nalick

I've got this feeling
I could sail across the universe
At least across the ceiling
If I tried
But there's a thousand little things
To rub the dust from off my wings
So I am barely
Any more than very stationary

All on my own
I don't think that I'd have faired so well
All on my own
I don't think that I'd have faired so well

Somebody's driving
From the backseat of your mind
And they decide you've smiled enough
They roll your car with blatant disregard for those
Whose arms were molded
By heaven just to hold you
And we'll all be there to hold you
Through the ugly days
And that's when you'll say

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It all feels something like the bends
Because it's always up and down again
And you can't always
You can't always...

Well I can tell
That this is gonna hurt like hell
But there's just something 'bout surviving
That can make a person feel alive and

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