

# 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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