

A Letter from Janelle

Chiodos

We make the sun shine, we make come on
Move with me. Move with me.
Move with me. Move with me.

Don't you think I could tell that you were trying to, trying to
Make a fool out of me. a fool out of me.
Don't you think I could tell that you were trying to, trying to
Make a fool out of me. a fool out of me.

To remember who you really are.

It's so easy to get lost in constantly having to present
Whatever face you believe a person wants to see rather than you
r own.

Yet we hesitate to surrender all of our insecurities
Move with me. Move with me.
Only the ones we are most comfortable relinquishing
Move with me. Move with me.

Don't you think I could tell that you were trying to, trying to
Make a fool out of me. a fool out of me.
Don't you think I could tell that you were trying to, trying to
Make a fool out of me. a fool out of me.

Such a paradox,
Isn't it, isn't it?

Isn't it, isn't it? (2x)