

Jackal In Your Mind

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I'm sick and tired of love troubles
Searched my whole life to find my perfect world
And then when she shows
I realise we come from different worlds
Her with her money
She's never had to work for anything at all
And me I was born to work for each and everything I own

She say: pack all your troubles and leave me
I say: the argument's over now everything's fine
But I feel like a jackal!
She says silver bells and pretty clothes they often make me smile
But nobody could afford the way you held
Then kissed my mouth goodbye
I wanted to trust you and I wanted you to trust me
Swear that you need me all of the time
But I know I'm a jackal in your mind

I'm sick and tired of love's sorrows
Facing all the things that I really want to hide
The child in me grows
It lives its life and feeds on my insides
Never showing, it never had a chance to see a happy time
My parents it seems were hell bent on destroying all my pride

They say: pack all your troubles get out of here
I say: I can't bring my friends round I'm scared of what they'll find
And they'll think I'm a jackal
She says silver bells and pretty clothes they often make me smile
But nobody could afford the very first time we met and you said hi
I wanted to kiss you and I wanted you to kiss me
All those moments long lost in time
Now I'm just a jackal in your mind
Jackal in your mind
Jackal in your mind