

Mach 3

Ghoti Hook

Broken on the inside
Laughing on the outside
A smile that could break your heart
Crying on the bedspread
Blacking out brain dead
Wondering where you are-are-are

This is the way I feel
With my hands over my heart
I pledge I'm real, bless me Father
I am weak I am not strong
And it doesn't matter if I get my way

Talking heads confuse me
They spit out words that knock me down
If I could be so disillusioned
Maybe I would not care
But...

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So guard my soul
Surround my world
They took my esteem away
And I want this in your name

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If I get
Doesn't matter if I get my way