oh, little girl they just don't know about the weight that you carry in your soul they just don't know about the fright about the people and the things you like. you know you've got nothing to prove the conversations borderline on rude and by the time you've had enough how do you tell the one you love?

he'll never know about the times that you cried in the movies never know about the times that you cried to the music about your mother or your father or the way you got your broken heart and just a look will be the start

oh no oh no it's not your style why should you have to feel like you're on trial?