

Lonely House

Grammatrain

I guess it's up to me to look like I'm the one who's fine
You can only see the one who's not like your own kind
I'll pretend to be okay and you that I'm not here
After I'm alone allow me to release my tear
I don't care I don't care I don't care I don't care
You are high above and I am much too low for you
We could never be the same I know we know it's true
I guess I'm just not good enough for Christ to shake my hand
I was born below you and I'll try to understand