

I've got this feeling from the inside out
Somehow I made it through the rain
A good and evil battle with my soul
Now I've been tempted by the pain

I saw you yesterday on deposition lane
But you had nothing left to say
My life without you is a future run away
But nothing still matters, and nothing's the same

Kayla, Kayla, your rotten soul
Every time I look at you I can't control
Kayla, Kayla, your eyes can tell
You left me standing by the wishing well

Another weekend of your lying, your crying
Your raining on my parade
And now you're dancing with the ghost in the closet
You're playing with fire
Your head's getting higher

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