

Freedom To Feel

John Reuben

Step away
Keep your distance
I can't be what you want me to be
But right now there are things inside I don't want you to see
So take your personal spotlight
Shine it on someone else for a while
I can't force a happy face or makeshift you a smile
I can't deny what I see, what I feel or what's in front of me
So take your world of precious moments of make-believe
They never made me believe in anything
But left me with nothing to hold on to
Your quick fix and magic tricks can only disguise what I was going through
And now I'm thinkin' it was when it wasn't
And now I'm tryin' to rationalize what just doesn't
Come together and somehow doesn't make sense
But God, how can I convince them when I'm not even convinced?

Everyone is thinkin' it, but nobody's sayin' it
Everyone's sayin' it, but nobody's feeling it
Everyone's feeling it, but nobody's seein' it
So how am I supposed to know what's real?

False sense of happiness
My security wrapped up in this
These control freaks seek out who they can brainwash and make activists
They'd rather have me lie than bring my failure to the light
Keep your secrets to yourself
It's not about you but them lookin' right
No time to be ugly
Don't trouble them with your doubt and fears
Shout for joy little boys and girls
You brokenness ain't welcome here
Well excuse me while I bleed through and my life becomes see-through
Don't ask for transparency but reject what you seein' too

Everyone is thinkin' it, but nobody's sayin' it
Everyone is sayin' it, but nobody's feelin' it
Everyone is feelin' it, but nobody is seein' it
So tell me, how am I supposed to know what's real?

Everyone is thinkin' it
Everyone is feelin' it
But nobody is seeing it
And how
Am I supposed to feel?
How am I supposed to know what's real?

So please
Can somebody tell me how am I supposed to know what's real
When I was told and controlled how to feel?
You tell me now, how am I supposed to know what's real
When I was told and controlled how to feel?
Jesus, please tell me
How are they gonna know you're real
When we're told and controlled how to feel
Jesus, tell me please
How they gonna know you're real

When they're controlled and told how to feel?
You tell me
How am I supposed to know what's real
When I was told and controlled how to feel?
You tell me please, God
How are they gonna know that you're real
When they're told and controlled how to feel?
You tell me please
How am I supposed to know what's real?
How are they supposed to know what's real?
How are they supposed to know what's real?
How are you and I supposed to know?

Freedom to feel

How am I supposed to feel?
How am I supposed to know what's real?