

I've got more complaints
More than pleasantries to say
Every monument is idly arranged
Every figure that has ever held importance in my life
I find nobody is who I pictured them to be

My hands are numb because it's getting colder quicker
You need more warmth than I provide
If only my skin were thicker
I wouldn't feel the need to hide

I see the faces in reflections of the past
I feel so close but I can't reach through the glass
My life burns out and flickers like the end of a cigarette
I'm nothing like they pictured me to be

My hands are numb because it's getting colder quicker
You need more warmth than I provide
If only my skin were thicker
I wouldn't feel the need to hide
I feel it eat my insides, I'm paralyzed with guilt
If only your skin were thinner
I wouldn't feel the need to hide

I see the light in your eyes
Turn the blind eye (Turn the blind eye)
"Why are you hurting me" she screamed from her death bed
Look at me, I'm trying to say
I haven't been slipping away
Look at me, I'm trying to say
I haven't been slipping away

I'm nothing like they pictured me to be

It's getting colder quicker
You need more warmth than I provide
If only my skin were thicker
I wouldn't feel the need to hide
I feel it eat my insides, I'm paralyzed with guilt
If only your skin were thinner
I wouldn't feel the need to hide