

# World Inside My Head

Sister Hazel

On the road to safe  
I kinda tripped along the way  
It just seemed like a nasty hassle  
The path was greener on the one less traveled  
That's where I remained

People so high they think  
I can't hear the whispers  
I can see it falling off their face  
Their trying to shoot down my plane of grace  
It seems like it's already hard enough

But the paint on me is beginning to dry  
And it's not what I wanted to be  
The weight on me  
Is Hanging on to a weary angel

So tell me what it is about me  
Where did everybody go without me  
So, I like to fantasize  
And watch the sunrise like it's a big surprise  
Life moves and I stopped to taste it

I drank it up till it left me wasted  
But my rains have bled  
A softer red  
Oh you should see the world inside my head

You can shackle me away  
And try to wrap around my dreamer  
I feel better when I paint my days  
With purple seas  
And left out grays  
Strange is just a different point of view

But the paint on me is starting to dry  
And it's not what I wanted to be  
The weight on me  
Is holding onto a weary angel

I feel better when I paint my days  
With purple seas  
And left out grays  
Strange is just a different point of view

But the pain on me is beginning to dry  
And it's not what I want it to be  
So wait on me  
Wait on me

You should see