

## Cruel

### The Head and the Heart

I can't seem to find no peace anymore.  
I'll come out of this, out of this.  
Everywhere I turn there seems to be another war.  
We'll come out of this, out of this.

Nothing's gone right,  
I'm at my wit's end.  
I swear I'll come out of this, out of this.  
You're losing your mind  
No hope in sight  
Promise you out of this.

Like the wind in the trees,  
A cool summer breeze,  
Like the curls in your hair,  
Everyone stares at  
The hole in the wall,  
It's all in your head.  
There's a memory there,  
All through night.  
Tried being cruel,  
It's just not in me, it's just not in you.  
Oh, tried being cruel,  
It's just not in me, it's just not in you.  
It's just not in me.

Now that we've come to the end  
Find that we're right where we began

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