

Fine

Amanda Delara

They been acting like they know my sorrows
Chattering to me, thinking that they know how hollow I feel
The anxiety is strong this time
Asking how are you in [?], I'm fine
I don't respond what I feel inside

So I've been walking around with my head down
Stumbling in my shoes from town to town
They keep asking me the same and don't find it strange when

I keep telling them I'm fine
Why would they even mind?
God, I feel so blind
Drenched in all these lies

Now you've got the whole Good Will Hunting thing going on
Right out your passage, unforgettable
'Cause seeing all the things you fear
Will they ask you now? They don't do
They all know how it goes, yet they don't care

So you've been walking around with your head down
Stumbling in your shoes from town to town
They keep asking you the same and don't find it strange when

You keep telling them you're fine
Why would they even mind?
Now you feel so blind
Drenched in all these lies

Now maybe I'm overexaggerating?
Maybe I'm the one who creates the situation?
And even though no one wants to show a sign
I'm sure we all walk the same lie

We keep telling them we're fine
Why would they even mind?
Now we feel so blind
Drenched in all these lies

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