

Mid-Town West

Avail

These are my eyes I said This is how they see you Mismatch, force
fed Can't make sense Of what you do But how could you Not have
meant it What's real? What's untrue? Mismatch, force fed You criticize
so you get a reaction It's a reflection you judge yourself You talk
down you do it for attention Self motivation not misunderstood You
conceal what's not real And hope they miss what's really wrong You
never listen I'm feeling strong
Reminding me of myself I'm not willing to take it I'm not gonna
forget it