

Laps Around A Picture Frame

Broadside

In my head I feel you stare
Is it my lips or my dark hair
I'm used to it been there a few times
I don't know are these thoughts really mine
I can't contain these demons' hands
From pulling my mind beneath my mask
This room is growing so cold

I'm in my head
I'm hardly dressed
Say I beg for attention
You don't see my reflection
The person I am ain't the girl I was raised to be
I live my life on this image that you built for me
I hate myself I have no friends
Just a blurry reminder of being second best
This room is growing so cold

The room is growing so cold cold
Not every treasure's made of gold gold
What do you want from me
I try my best to be more than my anxiety
Not every treasure's made of gold gold

I know that you've been there before
You've felt that you've cried on that floor
Feeling left out 'cause you're stressed out baby
But I promise you've got so much more
Than loving to lose your own war

Gotta stand up
Scream no more
Gotta stand up
Scream no more

The room is growing so cold cold
Not every treasure's made of gold gold
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I'm falling apart inside
Do you really care if I live or die
Am I just walking by
Just to pass your time

The room is growing so cold