

I'm not cryin' for ya  
I'll let the angels bore ya  
I'm just tryin' to understand  
1,2,3,4,5 I'm callin'  
Julie you just keep on walkin'  
I can't laugh at all that matters  
I can't sleep at night without a stare  
But I'm not cryin' for ya  
Is that a big box for ya  
I'm just tryin' to make some change  
Make some change  
I am sick of your goldfish manners  
I am sick of being in my head  
No one talks about my problem  
No one really cares if I'm not here  
But I ain't cryin for ya  
My greenest eyes are for ya  
I'll get up and fly some...  
Someday  
Hold my hand and hold my temper  
Hold my ticket while I go away  
Cause all the earth and all the angels  
All the crystal crosses are the same  
They're the same  
But I ain't dying for ya  
Built that big box for ya  
Ma I'm tryin' to pre..., to pretend  
Mom, oh ... MOMMA  
1,2,3,4,5 I'm calling  
Julie keep on walkin'  
Keep on walkin'