

We chase misprinted lies
We face the path of time
And yet I fight, and yet I fight
This battle all alone
No one to cry to
No place to call home

Ooh
Ooh-ooh
Ooh
Ooh-ooh

My gift of self is raped
My privacy is raked
And yet I find, and yet I find
Repeating in my head
If I can't be my own
I'd feel better dead

Ooh
Ooh-ooh
Ooh
Ooh-ooh...