

Nutshell

City and Colour

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...

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...