

## Mach 3

Ghoti Hook

Broken on the inside  
Laughing on the outside  
A smile that could break your heart  
Crying on the bedspread  
Blacking out brain dead  
Wondering where you are-are-are

This is the way I feel  
With my hands over my heart  
I pledge I'm real, bless me Father  
I am weak I am not strong  
And it doesn't matter if I get my way

Talking heads confuse me  
They spit out words that knock me down  
If I could be so disillusioned  
Maybe I would not care  
But...

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So guard my soul  
Surround my world  
They took my esteem away  
And I want this in your name

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If I get  
Doesn't matter if I get my way