

Caroline

Jawbreaker

Caroline has a dime
But none of her calls are getting through
She tries to call a friend now
She lives in a room alone

Her best friend's her imagination
She has dreams instead of moments now
Caroline on the line but never getting through
She's getting tired of reaching out

The world caught in her eyes
Every day the same display
Caroline always seems to cry

She has a window there
It looks into a world of terror
The glass is several miles thick
Her sleep is dangerous

It keeps her mind from her body
And now she never wants to wake