

Mark On Me

Uncle Kracker

The smell of whiskey on mother's breath
When she told me and brother daddy left
Pressed between the pages in my mind
The more I find, the more I look
Slammin' doors are an open book
And puts me on a plane that I can't fly
I can rearrange but that don't change
The way it feels inside

They say nothing lasts forever
I beg to differ, I know better
The good book preaches life through eternity
I can cover up this old tattoo
And paint it down with something new
But I can't hide the things that you can't see
Yeah, this old world has left its mark on me

The taste of lonely at 2 a.m.
In the only place that I fit in
Pressed between a stranger and a pill
Somewhere just below top shelf
History repeats itself
And just above the well I know I will
I know I'll ease the pain but that won't change
Things that just don't die

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Branded by the hand life dealt
Stranded in a self-made hell
I'm not sick but I'm not well

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And paint it down with something new
But I can't hide the things that lie beneath
I can't hide the things that you can't see
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