

Asylum

Chantal Kreviazuk

I get so blind, from all of these colours.
Dressed up like kings and queens, but it don't mean a thing.
A killer I'm not, murderers get caught. If I'm such a criminal, then take me away!
Well I get so tired, of the word on the wire.
It's all so black and white, but how quickly it fades.
We eat food for thought, and forget what we've got.
She was a prisoner, now an alien.

Chorus: Over the ocean, a world away.
Ghosts from her home, asylum, can't chase away.

Ooooooooooooo...

Chorus (x2)

Ahhhhhh...

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