

# Could It Be

## Staind

Well I don't know what to say  
Because there's truth to what you say  
I know it kills you I'm this way  
There's somethin' different every day Could it be that I never had the chance to grow inside?  
Could it be that my habit it is to find a place to hide?  
Could it be that sometimes I say things just to disagree?  
Could it be that I'm only being me? Not easy livin' in my mind  
A little peace is hard to find  
My every thought is undermined  
By all the history inside Could it be that I never had the chance to grow inside?  
Could it be that my habit it is to find a place to hide?  
Could it be that sometimes I say things just to disagree?  
Could it be that I'm only being me? I know I hear the words you said  
Over and over again  
I just can't get them through my head  
There's just too many voices Must be like livin' with the dead  
Waitin' for me to begin  
To do the things that I have said  
And for this I'm sorry So there's some truth to what you say Could it be that I never had the chance to grow  
inside?  
Could it be that my habit it is to find a place to hide?  
Could it be that sometimes I say things just to disagree?  
Could it be that I'm only being me?

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