

# Wound Up

LeAnn Rimes

Little Carrie Ann what a beautiful girl  
From the moment she was born  
She was always perfect  
Whole town said, why can't you be more like her? Lights go on and she's ready to spin  
On stage doing all the things she's told to  
Puts on a show in front of the whole damn world I pray to the heaven to try to save her soul  
'Cause that sweet little angel is not the girl I know She gets wound up  
She gets higher by the minute  
Turns the sound up  
To drown out all the pain They all think they know her  
But no one really knows  
That she goes a little crazy sometimes  
[Incomprehensible] sometimes She parks her car at the top of the hill  
Only inches from the edge  
Where shes almost falling  
Stares at the sky till shes drowning in the rain Nice dress, nice smile  
What a wonderful child  
If they only knew all the lies shes told them  
It's too complicated for her to explain She prays to the heaven to try to save her soul  
'Cause the sweet little angel is close to letting go She gets wound up  
She gets higher by the minute  
Turns the sound up  
To drown out all the pain They all think they know her  
But no one really knows  
That she goes a little crazy sometimes  
She goes crazy sometimes I pray to the heaven to try to save her soul  
'Cause that sweet little angel is close to letting go She gets wound up  
She gets higher by the minute  
Turns the sound up  
To drown out all the pain They all think they know her  
But no one really knows  
That she goes a little crazy sometimes, sometime  
She goes crazy sometimes, sometimes

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