

Coming Back to the World

Phone Calls from Home

She locks up all those tears
On her bed, the door closed
So she's all alone
Halfway through her sophomore year
The pressure's cut to the bone
Overwhelmed with the feelings she couldn't express
She paints red all over her fragile wrist
Did she think she'd be alright?
Did she think she could live like this? So she prays to God
To believe in trust,
In hope, in life, in love Whoa, I'm coming back to the world
I, I'll start it over again
Whoa, I've fallen down by the wayside
I'll get up and sing it again Another day it's the same habit she tries to break
It doesn't go away, her problems still stay
There's more to life than this
She's always had a choice and today
She's found the inner strength to sing

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