

# Jack the Ripoff

Julia Marcell

Every buster in the room is staring at me  
I wanna stop hurting their ears but  
I'm afraid of what silence could bring I got a head full of melodies  
I got sounds coming out of my mouth  
But none of these melodies I can call mine  
And I can't sing aloud And I would do most anything  
To write something that sounds like it's mine  
But I just keep on singing  
The melodies I have in my mind And I-I'm starting to think I'd better  
Put my piano down  
In some hidden place  
And forget... And it does hurt me  
Sure you don't wanna feel like I feel  
Do you wanna know, know, how much it hurts me  
Cause it feels so unreal And it does hurt me  
Sure you don't wanna feel like I feel  
Do you wanna know, know, how much it hurts me  
And I hate days like these cause they  
Make me feel like I can't write a thing And I would do most anything  
To write something that sounds like it's mine  
But I just keep on crying and laughing  
I think I'm just losing my mind And I-I'm starting to think I'd better  
Put my piano down  
In some hidden place  
And forget... I know good song is heaven sent  
I write it down and my passion spent  
But my heart's falls apart  
And piano's rent I see my future in a tent...  
And it sounds like this  
And it sounds like that  
Oh, it sounds like this  
And it sounds like that  
And it sounds like this  
And it sounds like that  
Oh, it sounds like this  
And it sounds like that And it sound like it's  
Not mine at all...  
And it sounds like this  
And it sounds like that And I sound like Regina Spektor at times

But it sure doesn't sound like it is mine...And if you feel like that  
Didn't you want to hide away  
Not that I feel the same way  
Not that I feel the same way too

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