

Pressed

Mercy Drive

The reason you lose,
the reason you cry,
there's nothing to say to make things right. Always around,
always around,
always around to drag you down. Facing the gray,
I see black and white
The colors they fade,
The blood is dry. Always around,
always around,
always around to drag you down. (Chorus)

So what, she's my girl.
She's always chasing rainbows.
So what, she's my girl.
She's counting the stars.
So what she's my girl.
She's pressed against the window-She's looking beyond. The hole in this room,
Leads to the sky.
They drown in the shade,
Of either light. Always around,
always around,
always around to drag you down. So what, she's my girl.
She's always chasing rainbows.
So what, she's my girl.
She's counting the stars.
So what she's my girl.

She's pressed against the window-She's looking beyond. (Guitar solo) So what, she's my
girl.
She's always chasing rainbows.
So what, she's my girl.
She's counting the stars.
So what she's my girl.
She's pressed against the window-
So what, she's my girl.
She's always chasing rainbows.
So what, she's my girl.
She's counting the stars.
So what she's my girl.
She's pressed against the window-She's looking beyond.

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