Questions and Answers

Lou Doillon

Oh I am weary,
Oh I am torn
And I try to smile,
And I swallow the thorns,Ooo I am acid
And broken down,
And I try to pretend
I'm fine, on my own, on my own, on my own.How many times,
Can you stumble to the ground
And get back up?
No, don't you bother I'm fineOh the lights you adore,
They're burning me down,
And as hard as I try,
I can't hold your hand, hold your hand, hold your hand.Cause the chips on my shoulders,
They're dragging me down,
Like leaded wings
They keep me shackled to the ground,And as hard as I try,
They don't lift me that high
So I'll hide at the bottom,
And I'll rest for a while, for a whileOh I am tired and blue,
And I can't pretend,
I can't pretend,
It's because of youOh the arrows they blow,
They're striking me down
And as hard as I try,
I can't make a sound, make a sound, make a sound
I can't make a sound, make a sound, make a sound
No I can't make a sound, make a sound, make a sound
I can't make a sound, make a sound, make a sound.

Songwriters
LOU DOILLON, ETIENNE DAHOPublished by
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