Wound Up

Mark May

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 worldI pray to the heaven to try to save her soul
'Cause that sweet little angel is not the girl I knowShe gets wound up
She gets higher by the minute
Turns the sound up
To drown out all the painThey all think they know her
But no one really knows
That she goes a little crazy sometimes
[Incomprehensible] sometimesShe 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 rainNice dress, nice smile
What a wonderful child
If they only knew all the lies shes told them
It's too complicated for her to explainShe prays to the heaven to try to save her soul
'Cause the sweet little angel is close to letting goShe gets wound up
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