Caroline

Jawbreaker

Caroline has a dimeBut none of her calls are getting through
She tries to call a friend now
She lives in a room aloneHer best friend's her imaginationShe has dreams instead of moments now
Caroline on the line but never getting throughShe's getting tired of reaching outThe world caught in her eyes
Every day the same display
Caroline always seems to cryShe has a window there
It looks into a world of terrorThe glass is several miles thick
Her sleep is dangerousIt keeps her mind from her bodyAnd now she never wants to wake

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