

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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