Nutshell

Alice in Chains

We chase misprinted lies We face the path of time And yet I fight And yet I fight This battle all alone No one to cry to No place to call homeOoh Ooh Ooh OohMy gift of self is raped My privacy is raked And yet I find And yet I find Repeating in my head If I can't be my own I'd feel better deadOoh Ooh Ooh Ooh

Songwriters

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