

Wounded

Good Charlotte

Lost and broken, hopeless and lonely
Smiling on the outside and hurt beneath my skin
My eyes are fading, my soul is bleeding
I'll try to make it seem okay but my faith is wearing thin
So help me heal these wounds
They've been open for way too long
Help me fill this soul even though this is not your fault
That I'm open and I'm bleeding all over your brand new rug
And I need someone to help me sew them up
I only wanted a magazine, I only wanted a movie screen
I only wanted the life I'd read about and dreamed
And now my mind is an open book
And now my heart is an open wound
And now my life is an open soul for all to see
But help me heal these wounds
They've been open for way too long
Help me fill this soul even though this is not your fault
That I'm open and I'm bleeding all over your brand new rug
And I need someone to help me
So you come along, I push you away
Then kick and scream for you to stay
'Cuz I need someone to help me
Oh, I need someone to help me
To help me heal these wounds
They've been open for way too long
Help me fill this soul even though this is not your fault
That I'm open and I'm bleeding all over your brand new rug
And I need someone to help me sew them
I need someone to help me fill them
I need someone to help me close them up

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