

# Place for My Head

## Linkin Park

I watch how the moon  
sits in the sky in the dark night  
Shining with the light from the sun  
And the sun doesn't give light to the moon assuming  
The moon's going to owe it one  
It makes me think of how you act to me  
You do  
Favors and then rapidly, you just  
Turn around and start asking me about  
Things you want back from me  
I'm sick of the tension, sick of the hunger  
Sick of you acting like I owe you this  
Find another place to feed your greed  
While I find a place to rest  
I want to be in another place  
I hate when you say you don't understand  
(You'll see it's not meant to be)  
I want to be in the energy, not with the enemy  
A place for my head Maybe someday I'll be just like you and  
Step on people like you do and  
Run away the people I thought I knew  
I remember back then who you were  
You used to be calm used to be strong  
Used to be generous but you should've known  
That you'd  
Wear out your welcome now you see  
How quiet it is all alone  
I'm so  
Sick of the tension, sick of the hunger  
Sick of you acting like I owe you this  
Find another place to feed your greed  
While I find a place to rest  
I'm so  
Sick of the tension, sick of the hunger  
Sick of you acting like I owe you this  
Find another place to feed your greed  
While I find a place to rest I want to be in another place  
I hate when you say you don't understand  
(You'll see it's not meant to be)

I want to be in the energy, not with the enemy  
A place for my head You try to take the best of me

Go away

You try to take the best of me

Go away

You try to take the best of me

Go away

You try to take the best of me

Go away

You try to take the best of me

Go away

You try to take the best of me

Go away

You try to take the best of me

Go away

You try to take the best of me

Go away I want to be in another place

I hate when you say you don't understand

(You'll see it's not meant to be)

I want to be in the energy, not with the enemy

A place for my head Shut up I'm so sick of the tension, sick of the hunger

Sick of you acting like I owe you this

Find another place to feed your greed

While I find a place to rest I'm so sick of the tension, sick of the hunger

Sick of you acting like I owe you this

Find another place, to feed your greed

While I find a place to rest

Songwriters

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