

Jack the Ripoff

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Every buster in the room is staring at me
I wanna stop hurting their ears but
I'm afraid of what silence could bring I got a head full of melodies
I got sounds coming out of my mouth
But none of these melodies I can call mine
And I can't sing aloud And I would do most anything
To write something that sounds like it's mine
But I just keep on singing
The melodies I have in my mind And I-I'm starting to think I'd better
Put my piano down
In some hidden place
And forget... And it does hurt me
Sure you don't wanna feel like I feel
Do you wanna know, know, how much it hurts me
Cause it feels so unreal And it does hurt me
Sure you don't wanna feel like I feel
Do you wanna know, know, how much it hurts me
And I hate days like these cause they
Make me feel like I can't write a thing And I would do most anything
To write something that sounds like it's mine
But I just keep on crying and laughing
I think I'm just losing my mind And I-I'm starting to think I'd better
Put my piano down
In some hidden place
And forget... I know good song is heaven sent
I write it down and my passion spent
But my heart's falls apart
And piano's rent I see my future in a tent...
And it sounds like this
And it sounds like that
Oh, it sounds like this
And it sounds like that
And it sounds like this
And it sounds like that
Oh, it sounds like this
And it sounds like that And it sound like it's
Not mine at all...
And it sounds like this
And it sounds like that And I sound like Regina Spektor at times

But it sure doesn't sound like it is mine...And if you feel like that
Didn't you want to hide away
Not that I feel the same way
Not that I feel the same way too

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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