# Irony

## Auryn

I canâ€™t look up. I canâ€™t see past my nose.
I canâ€™t give up. I canâ€™t move forward Iâ€™m too close.
I canâ€™t read in. I canâ€™t negate the meaning.
I canâ€™t accept it. But I canâ€™t reject the feeling

The secret irony that I can be
that I can be so close to letting go
when they are so full of me.

I canâ€™t relax. I canâ€™t tell lies I canâ€™t speak facts.
I canâ€™t close down. I canâ€™t smile and I canâ€™t frown.
I canâ€™t reach out. I canâ€™t keep quiet I canâ€™t shout.
I canâ€™t escape it. I canâ€™t believe that I have faith.

The secret irony that I can be
(that I can be) so full of nothing real
when others honor me.

Itâ€™s a bitter Irony thatâ€™s killing me
(itâ€™s killing me) Iâ€™m the king of nothing real
let no one honor me.

Too much silence - Too many words

I canâ€™t resist. I canâ€™t let go I canâ€™t persist.
I canâ€™t begin. I canâ€™t lose and I canâ€™t win.

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Lyrics submitted by Ward Bell.

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