

Nothing's Clear

Bodyjar

I'm still cruisin' my brain is sore.
Time is willing, it's out the door.
There's no correction, no female sport.
It's locking up inside of my mind 'cause
nothing's clear anymore..
There's no corruption, no train of thought.
Not even willing until I'm caught.
It's like a judge and jury being bought,
by someone on the opposite side but
nothing's clear anymore.
Take a look inside,
before you swallow your pride.
Take a look inside,
take a good look inside.
Stop and think about what you do,
try to understand.

- Rachel Lamb - r.lamb@mailexcite.com

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