Laps Around a Picture Frame

Broadside

In my head, I feel you stare
Is it my lips or my dark hair?
I'm used to it, been there a few times
I don't know
Are these thoughts really mine?
I can't, can't take
These demon's hands
From pulling my mind beneath my mess
This room is growing so cold
I'm in my head
I'm hardly dressed
Say I beg for attention
You don't see my reflection
The person I am ain't the girl I was raised to be
I live my life on this image that you built for me
I hate myself, I have no friends
Just a blurry reminder of being second best
This room is growing so coldThe room is growing so cold, cold
Not every treasure's made of gold, gold
What do you want from me?
I try my best to be more than my anxiety
Not every treasure's made of gold
Woah oh, gold
I know that you've been there before
You felt that you've cried on that floor
Feeling left out, so stressed out, baby
But I promise you've got so much more
Than loving to lose up on war
Gotta stand up, just get a little more
Gotta stand up, just get a little moreThe room is growing so cold, cold
Not every treasure's made of gold, gold
What do you want from me?
I try my best to be more than my anxiety
Not every treasure's made of gold
Woah oh, goldI'm falling apart inside
Do you really care if I live or die?
And I just wasn't by
Just to pass the timeThe room is growing so cold

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

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