

# 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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