

Autobiography of an unknown singer

I'm 28 years old; I always seem to catch a cold
I've got no sense of direction, just a lot of imperfection
I used to live in the big town, too much noise for me to stick around
So my son and I moved to the countryside, where I can find some peace
Where I can hide

When I was 20 I sold my TV, travelled far to find the inner me
Five years later I turned my backpack in, even more confused of the world
within.

CHORUS:

And I'm still just as confused as I was back then
I fall, I fall and I fall again
And I'm still just as mixed up as I was back then
I break, I break and I break again
I break again.

I eat a lot when I feel alone, never gonna be one of those girls
Who're just skin and bones
I'm struggling hard to like who I am and if I don't make it soon
Then I'll be damned.

I'm a single mom trying to keep it real, trying to find babysitters
Trying to find time to feel
My head is numb, my heart's asleep
Still recovering from the most recent creep.

CHORUS

BRIDGE:

Will it always be this way?
I'm torn to pieces and then I glue myself together
But the glue just don't seem strong enough
I don't think it'll last another day
It won't last another day.

CHORUS

OUTRO:

I crawl, then I run, then I fall
And then I force myself back up
I slide, then I fly, then I hide and when my feet just want to glide
I break again.