

Avail, Lombardy St.

Lately I've been thinking Not about what you said But what you did If you're behind it You decide I'll
And I'm walking though the alleys In the morning and I'm trying To do some thinking I've gotta know
Tell me why I'm feeling pressured Tell me why you feel alright But still I don't
I caught myself believing Every word that was said And that's fine I'll learn To depend on myself in
'Cause I've made some quick decisions That just barely left me with an opinion Or identity of my own
Tell me why I feel below you Tell me why you feel alright But still I don't
Would you feel like a stranger If I turned and walked away? Would you care if I stayed? The many
I don't want your lines And I don't want your sympathy 'Cause I'm trying to break old habits And I want
Tell me why I'm feeling pressured Tell me why you feel alright But still I don't