

Chantal Kreviazuk, Asylum

I get so blind
From all of these colours
Dressed up like kings and queens
But it don't mean a thing

A killer I'm not
Murderers get caught
If I'm such a criminal
Then take me away

Well I get so tired
Of the word on the wire
It's all so black and white
But how quickly it fades

We eat food for thought
And forget what we've got
She was a prisoner
Now I nearly am

Over the ocean
A world away
Ghosts from her home
Asylum can't chase away

Oh oh

Over the ocean
A world away
Ghosts from her home
Asylum can't chase away

Over the ocean
A world away
Ghosts from her home
Asylum can't chase away

Oh oh oh oh
Oh oh oh oh