

# Dorling, (Bit)

I had a problem  
It couldn't be fixed  
We had to sort it out  
My feelings were all mixed

I know I'm better  
Since this came along

Now I am peaceful  
Hoping for a song

I had this won  
A long time ago  
I nearly lost it  
But now we are one

Back in the store room  
Hidden with the lies  
You can see my scapegoat  
She just sits and cries

She has been used up  
Abused by my way

But now, I am peaceful  
Forget her in a day

I, have recovered  
This, my inner self  
I think that I'll be fine now  
So leave me on the shelf