

# Dream Theater, Burning My Soul

A thorn in my side, a chip on my shoulder  
A lump in my throat, the size of a boulder  
The chill up my spine, can't get any colder  
And you wonder why I can't smile

A knot in my gut, an ape on my back  
In the heat of the moment  
I'm knocked off the track  
You drop the ball, I pick up the slack  
And you ask me why my hair's gray

Twisting, turning  
Losing all sense of yearning  
Living and learning  
The pressure keeps on burning my soul  
Burning my soul  
Burning my soul

I say it's green and then you tell me it's red  
Keep your thoughts and ideas  
Locked inside of your head  
We've got someone  
Who can think for you instead  
And he sounds just like the last one

Twisting, turning  
Losing all sense of yearning  
Living and learning  
The pressure keeps on burning my soul  
Burning my soul  
Burning my soul  
Burning my soul  
Burning my soul

Responsible thinkers  
Throw caution to the wind  
But I find myself  
Speaking from within  
I can't live my life  
Walking on eggshells  
To stay on your good side

Using your words  
Controlling my life  
Can't you see it's my words  
That gives you your life  
So I hurt your feelings  
Well I'm really sorry  
But I don't give a shit, no...

Twisting, turning  
Losing all sense of yearning  
Living and learning

The pressure keeps on burning my soul  
Burning my soul  
Burning my soul  
Burning my soul  
Burning my soul  
Burning my soul  
Burning my soul, yeah