Edith Backlund, Didn't Try

Broken mirror, seven years of bad luckI'm too supersticious to relax and let it slide A broken promise, seven sins on my back I'm so blinded by illusions that I can't keep track

of what is real and what is fiction

- what is fiction anyhow?

I read too much into reflections when

reflections only lie

Look to happy to feel sorry for the times

I didn't try

I didn't try

I didn't try

hard enough to fly

Broke the surface seven seconds too late

I'm too narrow-minded to let a winner

get away with that

Broke the rules and I escaped into a bubble

and I will stay here 'til it breaks and then I'll run

as fast as I can from what is real and what is fiction

- what is fiction anyhow?

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