

# Jane's Addiction, Chip Away

I chip away  
Cause I'm not ok  
So I  
I chip away  
Poked a hole right into myself  
And inside I found someone  
Who said I was O.K.  
Still I don't feel easy

On this tree  
Among the blossoms  
Caustically  
I am the thorn  
Close my eyes to take up spare time  
I wish I just  
Could be where the crowd goes  
With the crowd  
They must be going somewhere

Up from the catacombs  
I ran into the angel again  
He took the high road  
And I took the low road  
We both were dirty faces  
We both were dirty faces

I don't  
I don't  
I don't  
Don't feel easy  
I don't  
I don't  
I don't  
Don't feel easy