

Shawn Mullins, Locked In My Room

Sometimes it's hard to stay sane
dogtags like shackles on my brain
We've got a language of our own
you learn to talk bad
when you're far from home.
Dusty books on my shelf
it's kind of like running from yourself
Five years between the two extremes
I lived my life in books,
or so it seems.
And all I could see was an older me
I had to reach down inside
before life took me for a ride
I lie awake at night,
I don't know wrong from right
and no one really knows who you are
but they're all telling you
that you're gonna go far
And all I could hear
was a ringing in my ear
boxes of words
locked in my room
but I never wrote the tune.