

Amanda Ghost, Cellphone

It's about how she feels. Like shes wrapped in a clear substance, people can see how she carries I
Nobody moves me
I've been through this life
with no place that I can call my own
thinking above me
I never seem to find anybody that can feel like home
and I try and I try and I try
Funny how it feels
when there's nothing to say
trapped with my ideals
I can't contain
I'm wrapped in cellophane
I'm wrapped in cellophane
I'm wrapped in cellophane
And it knows my know name
Nobody told me
obsessive needs were always following me around
and you can't ignore me
look at my face and then tell me my place in town
and he's in and she's in and he's in and she's in
and I try and I try
and he's in and she's in and he's in and she's in