

# Amanda Ghost, Cellphone

It's about how she feels. Like shes wrapped in a clear substance, people can see how she carries  
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