

Amanda Marshall, Everybody's Got A Story

La la la la la la

Ohhh...yeah.

Huh

You walk up to me and say

Feel like I know you baby

And then take a sip of your cherry coke now

Now who drinks a cherry coke

Maybe you're nervous

I see that bead of sweat dancing on your cheek

Your words are like cheap champagne.

I get the point but it's much too sweet.

I'm so tired of the dance

This carousel of superficial conversation

Gets me nowhere

So you can see my bra, underneath my shirt

Watch the wind, underneath my skirt

But that ain't the picture, it's just a part

Everybody's got a story that could break your heart

See my eyes, don't see what I see.

Touch my tongue, don't know what tastes good to me.

It's the human condition that keeps us apart

Everybody's got a story that could break your heart

Yeah, everybody's got a story that could break your heart

Na na na na na na

Now who could read the mind of the red-headed girl next door

Or the taxi driver who just dropped you off

Or the classmate that you ignore

Don't assume everything on the surface is what you see

Cause that classmate just lost her mother.

And that taxi driver's got a PH.D.

I'm so tired of the fear

That weighs us down with wrong assumptions

Of broken hearts, a natural function

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La la la la la la....

So dig deep

Deeper than the image that you see

Dig deep

Lift the veil and let your true self breathe

Dig deep

Show the world the beauty underneath

See my bra, underneath my shirt

Watch the wind, underneath my skirt

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