

Ann Beretta, Mad At The World

Here I am so take it all or leave it
stepping back leaves no room to breathe
in this day's over and I'm not coming back again for more
fake it, break it, anyway you take it
bite the hand that feeds
we might make it a pill
I've swallowed one hundred thousand times before and again...
here I go with no one to follow, a second chance is harder if swallowed
mixed up growing up
anyway you hold up
picking up the pieces in the line up, we all fall down just like they told us we would
you're not what you used to be and you might think the same of me
you're just not what i'm looking for today
I'm mad at the world today.