

Ann Beretta, Untitled

walk around with a chip on your shoulder
but it looks like you've done it again
everyday you seem a little bit older
but you learn that you can't win
you can't be what you were
when everyday's a struggle and you're running down yesterday's dreams
you can't be what you were
here we go again trapped inside
the same four walls everyday seems a little bit clearer
in this world you feel so small..
i wont let it break my spirit
i don't want to live my live in vein.