

David Cook, Makeover

Completely colorblind, these red lights are going unseen
Fall behind with words unsaid you know they're always obscene
'cause my ears, they bled before; I need to let them heal
She fell out; her broken legs won't let her walk away
From this town that couldn't give a single shit either way
And her fears, they bled before she's convinced that they're real

What are you looking for?
Are you looking for something more?
It's not me
It's not me

Lost her way from everything she swore she knew, a friend
Run away from start to finish though it never ends
In her mind she is blinded by all she sees
Close your eyes; just pretend the bullet isn't there
No surprise; no need to pretend that no one really even cares
But in her eyes you will find the very best in me

What are you looking for?
Are you looking for something more?
It's not me
It's not me

When did it all unwind?
Are you prepared for you'll find?
It's not me
It's not me