

# Julia Marcell, Jack The Ripoff

Every buster in the room is staring at me  
I wanna stop hurting their ears but  
Im afraid of what silence could bring  
I got a head full of melodies  
I got sounds coming out of my mouth  
But none of these melodies I can call mine  
And I cant sing aloud  
And I would do most anything  
To write something that sounds like its mine  
But I just keep on singing  
The melodies I have in my mind  
And I-Im starting to think Id better  
Put my piano down  
In some hidden place  
And forget  
And it does hurt me  
Sure you dont wanna feel like I feel  
Do you wanna know, know, how much it hurts me  
Cause it feels so unreal  
And it does hurt me  
Sure you dont wanna feel like I feel  
Do you wanna know, know, how much it hurts me  
And I hate days like these cause they  
Make me feel like I cant write a thing  
And I would do most anything  
To write something that sounds like its mine  
But I just keep on crying and laughing  
I think Im just losing my mind  
And I-Im starting to think Id better  
Put my piano down  
In some hidden place  
And forget  
I know good song is heaven sent  
I write it down and my passion spent  
But my hearts falls apart  
And pianos rent  
I see my future in a tent  
And it sounds like this  
And it sounds like that  
Oh, it sounds like this  
And it sounds like that  
And it sounds like this  
And it sounds like that  
Oh, it sounds like this  
And it sounds like that  
And it sound like its  
Not mine at all  
And it sounds like this  
And it sounds like that  
And I sound like Regina Spektor at times  
But it sure doesnt sound like it is mine  
And if you feel like that  
Didnt you want to hide away  
Not that I feel the same way  
Not that I feel the same way too