

One True Thing, Will I Make It?

Sweet like a peach, with a mouth like a truck.
Little Miss Starlight is down on her luck.
Nothing else matters, when you're on your own.
No one else cares, they just leave you alone.

Will I make it, will I fall?
Will I even remember at all?
If I stumble, will I cry
or will I die?

Lost in a lie, that no one believes.
No one will know till they've seen what you've seen.
Been through the bramble, I've been through the brush.
Came out with nothing and nothing's not much.

Will I make it, will I fall?
Will I even remember at all?
If I stumble, will I cry,
will I die?

Will I make it, will I fall?
Will I even remember.