

Philadelphia, Starting Point

I'm sick of people telling me
You've got nowhere to go and nothing to see
Stop living life like you're gonna get somewhere
It's hard to make it when you just don't care, and
It's hard to try, when no one's on your side
Sometimes I feel like caving in...

Where do I begin?
Where do I begin?
My walls are closing in
Where do I begin?

I'm tired of losing sleep
Over little things that shouldn't matter to me
Do people notice I don't come around?
It's hard to get up, when you've been shut down, and
It's hard to try when no one's on your side
Sometimes I feel like caving in...

Where do I begin?
Where do I begin?
My walls are closing in
Where do I begin?

The rooms are getting smaller by the second (smaller by the second)
And I'm feeling short of breath (of breath)
Such is the tragic story of me (tragic story of me)
There's only one remaining question left

Where do I begin?
Where do I begin?
My walls are closing in
Where do I begin?

Where do I begin...?