

Sister Hazel, World Inside My Head

On the road to safe
I kinda tripped along the way
It just seemed like a nasty hassle
The path was greener on the one less traveled
That's where I remained

People so high they think
I can't hear the whispers
I can see it falling off their face
Their trying to shoot down my plane of grace
It seems like it's already hard enough

But the paint on me is beginning to dry
And it's not what I wanted to be
The weight on me
Is Hanging on to a weary angel

So tell me what it is about me
Where did everybody go without me
So, I like to fantasize
And watch the sunrise like it's a big surprise
Life moves and I stopped to taste it

I drank it up till it left me wasted
But my rains have bled
A softer red
Oh you should see the world inside my head

You can shackle me away
And try to wrap around my dreamer
I feel better when I paint my days
With purple seas
And left out grays
Strange is just a different point of view

But the paint on me is starting to dry
And it's not what I wanted to be
The weight on me
Is holding onto a weary angel
[Chorus]

I feel better when I paint my days
With purple seas
And left out grays
Strange is just a different point of view

But the pain on me is beginning to dry
And it's not what I want it to be
So wait on me
Wait on me
[Chorus]

You should see