

Staind, Could It Be

Well I don't know what to say
Because there's truth to what you say
I know it kills you I'm this way
There's something different every day

Could It Be that
I never had the chance to grow inside?
Could It Be that
My habit is to find a place to hide
Could It Be that
Sometimes I say things just to disagree?
Could It Be that
I'm only being me?

Not easy living in my mind
A little peace is hard to find
My every thought is undermined
By all the history inside

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I never had the chance to grow inside?
Could It Be that
My habit is to find a place to hide
Could It Be that
Sometimes I say things just to disagree?
Could It Be that
I'm only being me?

I know I hear the words you said
Over and over again
I just can't get them through my head
There's just too many voices
Must be like living with the dead
Waiting for me to begin
To do the things I have said
And for this I'm sorry

So there's some truth to what you say

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I never had the chance to grow inside?
Could It Be that
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Could It Be that
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Could It Be that
I'm only being me?