

Staind, Nutshell (Live Acoustic)

We chase misprinted lies
We chase the tracks of time
And yet, I fight
And yet, I fight
This battle all alone
No one to cry to
No place to call home
Ooh...ooh...
Ooh...ooh...
My gift of self is raped
My privacy is raked
And yet, I find
And yet, I find
Repeating in my head
If I can't be my own
I'd feel better dead
Ooh...ooh...
Ooh...ooh...