The Fray, Little House

She doesn't look, she doesn't see Opens up for nobody Figures out, she figures out Narrow line, she can't decide Everything short of suicide Never hurts, nearly works

Something is scratching its way out Something you want to forget about

A part of you that'll never show You're the only one that'll ever know Take it back when it all began Take your time, would you understand What it's all about what it's all about

Something is scratching its way out Something you want to forget about No one expects you to get up All on your own with no one around

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