

## Phil Coley

### "Starting Point"

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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...?

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