

Upper Room, The "Portrait"

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We hate everyone we meet
Cause they think that they are sweet
Live together in a house
Life is easy in this town

And from the day that you were born
You made it clear that you are torn
Between joy and misery
Happy times, agony
Or is that just me?

This is a portrait of a life
This is a photo on the wall
This is the sharp edge of a knife
Ending it all
Ending it all

We hear laughter all around
Cover ears, escape the sounds
But feel guilty later on
Cause we know that we are wrong

And from the day that you were born
You made it clear that you are torn
Between joy and misery
Happy times, agony
Or is that just me?

This is a portrait of a life
This is a photo on the wall
This is the sharp edge of a knife
Ending it all
Ending it all

Oooh...

This is a portrait of a life
This is a photo on the wall
This is the sharp edge of a knife
Ending it all
Ending it all

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