

Berlin

"Soundtrack To Nothing"

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Her mother always told her
She sings just like an angel
She swears she never left that song behind
She looks just like the type she
Says she doesn't lie to
Songs are circling her mind

Lies
Are another way
To close another day
That she dedicates a song to

'cause everybody's just looking for something
To play inside their heads
And tell them that they're ok
Just a soundtrack to nothing
To play inside their heads
And tell them that they're ok

She always sings the weekends
Breathing in the deep end
So she only sees through sunday
She swallows all that she can take
From a song that she can't shake
And a melody that wont stop

Silence
And a quiet mind
Is all that separates her
From life she left behind

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