

Dream Theater "Burning My Soul"

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- Mike Portnoy

"Pawn is in the womb???"
(Burning my soul)

A thorn in my side, a chip on my shoulder
A lump in my throat, the size of a boulder
The chill up my spine, can't get any colder
And you wonder why I can't smile

A knot in my gut, an ape on my back
In the heat of the moment
I'm knocked off the track
You drop the ball, I pick up the slack
And you ask me why my hair's gray

Twisting, turning
Losing all sense of yearning
Living and learning
The pressure keeps on burning my soul
Burning my soul
Burning my soul

I say it's green and then you tell me it's red
Keep your thoughts and ideas
Locked inside of your head
We've got someone
Who can think for you instead
And he sounds just like the last one

Twisting, turning
Losing all sense of yearning
Living and learning
The pressure keeps on burning my soul
Burning my soul
Burning my soul
Burning my soul
Burning my soul

Responsible thinkers
Throw caution to the wind
But I find myself

Speaking from within
I can't live my life
Walking on eggshells
To stay on your good side

Using your words
Controlling my life
Can't you see it's my words
That gives you your life
So I hurt your feelings
Well I'm really sorry
But I don't give a shit, no...

Twisting, turning
Losing all sense of yearning
Living and learning

The pressure keeps on burning my soul
Burning my soul
Burning my soul
Burning my soul
Burning my soul
Burning my soul
Burning my soul, yeah

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