

**Irina****"Living On The Inside"**

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Books are stacked on my table, I've got books filling  
my shelves  
Day and night I've been trying to unravel myself  
But I've been looking for answers that don't seem to  
wanna be had  
And people don't live too long when they're feeling this  
bad

So I don't wanna know about nothin'  
Unless it's something I can see or touch  
'cause I've been living on the inside too much  
I miss those Labor Day picnics like the ones that we  
used to have  
Where no one's worrying about nothing, no one's  
feeling bad  
I wanna roll down the hillside, lay dizzy in the cool  
green grass  
And jump around like a frog in a gunny sack

And I don't wanna know about nothin'  
Unless it's something I can see or touch  
'cause I've been living on the inside a little too much

My friend has got some babies and she loves them with  
all of her might  
They run around all day, they keep her up at night  
But she can kiss those faces and she's the one who  
gets to see them smile  
I'm thinking maybe that'd beat this by a pretty long mile

And I don't wanna know about nothin'  
Unless it's something I can see or touch  
'cause I've been living on the inside a little too much

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