

Linkin Park "Forgotten + Sweet Child O'mine (Live)"

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From the top to the bottom
bottom to top I stop
at the core I've forgotten
in the middle of my thoughts
taken far from my safety
the picture's there
the memory won't escape me
but why should I care?
From the top to the bottom
bottom to top I stop
at the core I've forgotten
in the middle of my thoughts
taken far from my safety
the picture's there
the memory won't escape me
but why should I care?

Theres a place so dark you can't see the end
skies cock back [back]
and shock that which can't defend
the rain then sends dripping
acidic questions
forcefully
the power of suggestion
then with the eyes shut
looking through the rust, and rot, and dust
a small spot of light floods the floor
and pours over the rusted world of pretend
and the eyes ease open
and it's dark again

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bottom to top I stop
at the core I've forgotten
in the middle of my thoughts
taken far from my safety
the pictures there
the memory won't escape me
but why should I care?

In the memory you'll find me
eyes burning up

the darkness holding me tightly
until the sun rises up

Moving all around
screaming of the ups and downs
pollution manifested in perpetual sound
the wheels go round
and the sunset creeps behind street lamps
chain link and concrete
a little piece of paper with a picture drawn
floats on down the street
till the wind is gone
the memory now is like the picture was then
when the papers crumpled up
can be perfect again

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the picture's there
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In the memory you'll find me
eyes burning up
the darkness holding me tightly
until the sun rises up

Now you got me caught in the act
you bring the thought back
Now you got me caught in the act
you bring the thought back
Now you got me caught in the act
you bring the thought back

Now you got me caught in the act
you bring the thought back
I'm telling you that
I see it right through you (7x)

In the memory you'll find me

eyes burning up
the darkness holding me tightly
until the sun rises up
in the memory
you'll find me
eyes burning up
the darkness holding me tightly
until the sun rises up

Oooh, she's got eyes of the bluest skies
As if they thought of rain

Oooh, she's got eyes of the bluest skies
As if they thought of rain
I hate to look into those eyes
And see an ounce of pain

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