

## Linkin Park

### "Forgotten Sweet Child O'mine"

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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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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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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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