

## Norma Jean

### "My Intentions"

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I'm trying  
To mold this into something that works  
I've been  
Tearing down these walls I once stood  
With these hands  
Are callused from failure attempts of construction that  
Never end  
(Never)

This assembly line can't move any faster  
The steady course we've had  
Is nearing it's decline  
(It's decline)  
(Decline)  
Unless we pick up production  
I never wanted more than to be satisfied  
Am I capable?  
This feels so far away  
(Far away)  
So far that forever seems closer

It's too late  
I'm sorry  
Don't believe the stories  
I can't control what is said  
I'm here now for what it's worth  
I'm hurt and honest explanations feel useless

And I can remember  
The bliss of ignorance  
No need to compromise heart and mind  
I'm spoiled by  
The opposition forced to face this endeavor  
Will I succeed  
In managing the impossible?  
Someone help me out  
I'm miserable

It's too late  
I'm sorry  
Don't believe the stories

I can't control what is said  
I'm here now for what it's worth  
I'm hurt and honest explanations feel useless

Believe this  
If nothing else I'm true to my word  
I'm true to my word  
I'm true to my word

It's too late  
I'm sorry  
Don't believe the stories  
I can't control what is said  
I'm here now for what it's worth  
I'm hurt and honest explanations feel useless

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