

Sewing With Nancie

"What Doesn't Kill You Makes You Grow"

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(White/Armstrong)

Another night alone on a dark road somewhere far
away

from my home. The summer's on my mind, so far
behind.

Face in a sink reflects these caffienated insides.
It's life scenarios you think of while you're alone,
and on my own. Like if my parents paid for everything
I own I could be somewhere in a classroom taking
notes

of things that I already know (or think I do). What
doesn't kill you makes you grow. This nine to five
turns into twenty-four hours. It seems that escape
from this cold, dark prison is a dream. My priorities
are forgotten, stuck in a cycle on your knees. I
deliver in spite to my friends and my enemies. Some
days I stay and lie awake in bed just to breathe my
quickenened heartbeat. I hear noises overhead, but this
face isn't strong enough to sleep. I have a dream
that I can sleep on my own. These days my pale
reflection can't pretend that this is all I have to
offer. I hear noises overhead but this throat isn't
strong enough to scream, or so it seems. Now I scream
on my own. This cup off coffee burning my insides,
and sip after sip I grow and come to realize that this
is moving on.

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