

## **Rkl** **"Balls"**

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Sitting' at a table Thanksgiving day when you were  
three,  
Your father hit you in the mouth and you started to  
bleed.  
You were punished 'cause you weren't really hungry!  
Ten years old and you're making everyone ashamed,  
'Cause you'd rather play guitar than be the star in the  
game.  
I don't want to be a nobody.  
I put my head in the sand 'cause I don't want to face it,  
Lonely know without you.  
You still don't understand why it's myself I been  
hurting,  
For you, I never measured up to you  
Oh Lord, set me free!  
It ain't over now.  
Hurtin' myself 'cause you ain't here to do it.  
Still ain't over now.  
Hurt me so badly inside.  
It ain't over now.  
Hurtin' myself 'cause you ain't here to do it.  
Still ain't over now.  
Hurt me so badly inside.  
Oh Lord, set me free!  
Stare in the mirror, take a long hard look at myself  
The reflection paints a picture of somebody else.  
Should I really feel ashamed just to see it?  
Judgement was something you had taught me to  
believe.  
You tried to make me be somebody that I couldn't be.  
Should I really feel ashamed just to be it?  
I put my head in the sand 'cause I don't want to face it.  
Lonely now without you.  
You still don't understand it's myself I been hating.  
You, I never measured up to...  
You! Go Away! Away.

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