

## **Seven Mary Three "Found My Center"**

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My tired eyes are blackened wicks  
Razor tucked under my chin  
Quit, quit, quitters started quitting  
One last time

Take me down to the other side  
Where all the lights are handed out  
Mine is empty, mine is shattered  
Powered down

How she cuts from the inside  
Whispers everything's all right  
Late star, rising up  
To me the shine

She found my, she found my  
She found my, found my center

I'm the bellyache in time  
The bootstrap cough of the family line  
All that history that was never meant to be

I hold my head together with  
Re-connective little pills  
That look like cars that swallow  
Everything they see

How she cuts from the inside  
Whispers, everything is mine  
Late stars that rise above us start to shine

She found my, she found my  
She found my, found my center

I concentrate so I can find myself  
I can't get back all this time I wasted  
She keeps, she keeps an eye on me

Found my, she found my  
She found my, found my, found my center

