

## **Sewing With Nancie (The Reason) "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  
quickened 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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