

## Shawn Mullins

# "Locked in My Room"

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Sometimes it's hard to stay sane  
Dogtags like shackles on my brain  
We've got a language of our own  
You learn to talk bad  
When you're far from home.

Dusty books on my shelf  
It's kind of like running from yourself  
Five years between the two extremes  
I lived my life in books,  
Or so it seems.

And all I could see was an older me  
I had to reach down inside  
Before life took me for a ride  
I lie awake at night,  
I don't know wrong from right  
And no one really knows who you are  
But they're all telling you  
That you're gonna go far

And all I could hear  
Was a ringing in my ear  
Boxes of words  
Locked in my room  
But I never wrote the tune.

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