

Sonya Kittchell

"Tinted Glass"

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Tinted glass

I cannot explain
Why I am this way
Precaution please leave me alone
I'm tired of hearing what you've got to say

Sometimes I like it
Sometimes I don't

But it seems I always want to be what I'm not
And I'm not satisfied with what I've got
I'm looking through a tinted glass
That changes color with each question that I ask

Part of me is new and part of me is old
I'm running fast but can I hold
Onto this dream that grows at such a speed
I don't know what I want or what I need

I cannot explain
For I do not know
Confusion is planted in my mind
And the seed continues to grow

Sometimes I like it
Most times I don't

The more I know, the more I ask
Will I find answers or is this my task
Will a day arrive, when I am sure of something

The unobtainable intrigues me
Greener grass I can see
When my vision is obscured by desire

Sometimes I must
Look deeper than the waters brim
Take a deep breath
Before I dive in
Take a deep breath
Before I try to swim

Take a deep breath
Take a deep breath

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