

Staind "Nutshell"

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We chase misprinted lies

We face the path of time

And yet, I fight

And yet, I fight

This battle all alone

No one to cry to

No place to call home

Ooh... ooh...

Ooh... ooh...

My gift of self is raped

My privacy is raked

And yet, I find

And yet, I find

Repeating in my head

If I can't be my own

I'd feel better dead

Ooh... ooh...

Ooh... ooh...

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