

## **Exit, The "Trapped"**

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"like a turtle on it's back  
like a blind man walking the streets of new york  
like a fire in a glass  
my heart is wrapped up in a cellophane bag

i seperate the memories  
i think of the things that i've done wrong  
i throw them away to conceal the pain  
it was one long night i've been beat down

trapped so deep i can't even breath  
i scream an unanswered call  
it's six forty-two in the a.m.

when the brustle meets the rush  
as the blind man walks the streets of new york  
as the fire turns to smoke  
the lack of oxygen causes me to choke

i bet you can't live life like that"

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