

Ann Beretta

"Untitled"

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walk around with a chip on your shoulder
but it looks like you've done it again
everyday you seem a little bit older
but you learn that you can't win
you can't be what you were
when everyday's a struggle and you're running down
yesterday's dreams
you can't be what you were
here we go again trapped inside
the same four walls everyday seems a little bit clearer
in this world you feel so small..
i wont let it break my spirit
i don't want to live my live in vein

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