

Playing Solitaire

Here I am, in the dark, playing solitaire
When she rolls over, does she notice that I'm not there?
Or should I trust this feeling that I can't escape;
That I haven't managed to imprint her with my shape...

CHORUS

I've been free too long... (oooh)
I've been free too long... (oooh)

I haunt myself, there's a ghost in my skin
And camouflage to hide the room that I'm kept in
I'm not shaking, it's the world that won't hold still
Don't believe my mouth when it tells you that I've had my fill

CHORUS

I'm so thin, I'm transparent
Feels like I can see right through my skin
And when I leave, I'll take nothing with me
For lack of place to put it in...

And when I'm done, will my voice still be ringing
Even though I'm no longer the one singing?
Or am I only drawing pictures in the sand?
Is there a stone to mark the place where I make my stand?

CHORUS

I've been pulling shackles off for ages (lukafresh)
To show the world that I don't need them
Now I'm locked up in my freedom
These open spaces are a cage

I've been free too long...