

Dover, 27 Years

Band on the run
Was all that I could sing
This isn't right!
All I know is that you're picking on me
Making me starve
For another year
This isn't fair!
Tell me what do you want from me
Now I know and you'll see
Would you black my eyes for me?
Cause I can't forget my fears
Well they've been in me for 27 years
Band on the run
Wish that you were here
I didn't hurt
All I wanted was to be thin
Making me cry
For an entire year
This isn't right
When will I ever get out of this?
Now I know and you'll see
Would you black my eyes for me?
Cause I can't forget my fears
If I did I'd feel so weird
Well they've been in me for 27 years
For 27 years