

Melanie Garside, Young

i'm sure your mouth never looked like that when we were there
monotone syllables dancing through the air
i talk but no one hears my voice
i know how it feels i have no choice
please please free my mind free my mind
i'm sure your mouth never felt like that when we were there
monotone syllables dancing through the air
an old man cleans his hands with tar
i walk so slow i move so far
please please free my mind free my mind
do you want to?
do you want to?
do you want to?
do