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i can\'t help,i can\'t help,i can\'t help my self

Nobody wants to speaks with me

i wrote a million sms,

noone saw,

i called them all,

noone heard,

or wanted to hear,

i cant tell the differense anymore.

You know,

i can\'t help that i\'m crying,

i can\'t help that i\'m confused,

i can\'t help that i lock the bathroom door

and try to find a reason for it all

in the sapphire blue bags under my eyes.

that\'s just my generation way of living, i guess

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