

The Chain

Mr. Big

I hear their voices inside my head
There's no denying it's my private hell as
I lie in bed
I take a look around and see myself
In twenty years will I be them
I've taken all I can stand
Afraid of what kind of man I am
Does everything stay the same
Or will I break the chain
Secrets, emotions, and wounds concealed
Spirits are broken, the deepest scars that I'll never heal
They'll be back handed down from father to son
A closet full of skeletons
I've taken all I can stand
Afraid of what kind of man I am
Does everything stay the same
Or will I break the chain
I will get by
With a little understanding
'Cause it's my own life after all
I've taken all I can stand
Afraid of what kind of man I am
Does everything stay the same
Or will I break the chain