

# Walls

Quinn XCII

I find it hard updating you where I've been  
Just know I'm there, just know I'm there  
All these credit cards judge me on what I spend  
I sense you stare, I sense you stare

All jokes aside, don't tell me the way that I feel  
'Til you're inside, you won't know what's lies and what's real  
Or if there's something wrong  
Assuming the things you hear 'bout me's a done deal  
There's more to us than what we choose to reveal or what we don  
't

See, behind these walls, it's different  
You judged off these minor glimpses  
I'm still the same old kid you used to know  
Behind these walls, you don't see  
You make up your own stories  
Still do the same old shit we did back home  
Behind these walls, behind these walls

You find it strange you're not here, but I'm living anyways  
Constantly complain it's not fair that I'm seeing better days  
Last time I checked, you were throwing knives at me all around  
Whispering words, but when I confronted you, there was not a so  
und

All jokes aside, don't tell me the way that I feel  
'Til you're inside, you won't know what's lies and what's real  
Or if there's something wrong  
Assuming the things you hear 'bout me's a done deal  
There's more to us than what we choose to reveal or what we don  
't

See, behind these walls, it's different  
You judged off these minor glimpses  
I'm still the same old kid you used to know  
Behind these walls, you don't see  
You make up your own stories  
Still do the same old shit we did back home  
Behind these walls, behind these walls  
See, behind these walls, it's different  
You judged off these minor glimpses  
I'm still the same old kid you used to know  
Behind these walls, you don't see  
You make up your own stories  
Still do the same old shit we did back home  
Behind these walls