

A Letter From Janelle

Chiodos

We make the sun shine, we make
Come on and move with me, move with me
Move with me, move with me Don't you think I could tell
That you were trying to, trying to
Make a fool out of me, a fool out of me Don't you think I could tell
That you were trying to, trying to
Make a fool out of me, a fool out of me
To remember who you really are It's so easy to get lost in constantly
Having to present whatever face you believe
A person wants to see, rather than your own Yet we hesitate to surrender all of our insecurities
Move with me, move with me
Only the ones we are most comfortable relinquishing
Move with me, move with me Don't you think I could tell
That you were trying to, trying to
Make a fool out of me, a fool out of me Don't you think I could tell
That you were trying to, trying to
Make a fool out of me, a fool out of me Such a paradox, isn't it, isn't it?
Such a paradox, isn't it, isn't it?
Such a paradox, isn't it, isn't it?
Such a paradox, isn't it, isn't it?
Such a paradox, isn't it, isn't it?
Isn't it, isn't it? Isn't it, isn't it?

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