

Caroline

Jawbreaker

Caroline has a dime, she tries to call a friend now
But none of her calls are getting through
She lives in a room alone, her best friend's her imagination
She has dreams instead of moments now Caroline on the line, never getting through
She's getting tired of reaching out
Every day the same display, the world caught in her eyes
Caroline always seems to cry She has a window there, it looks into a world of terror
The glass is several miles thick
Her sleep is dangerous, it keeps her mind from her body
And now she never wants to wake
Caroline on the line, never getting through
She's getting tired of reaching out
Every day the same display, the world caught in her eyes
Caroline always seems to cry

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