

# Nutshell

## Alice In Chains

We chase misprinted lies  
We face the path of time  
And yet I fight  
And yet I fight  
This battle all alone  
No one to cry to  
No place to call home Ooh... Ooh...  
Ooh... Ooh...  
My gift of self is raped  
My privacy is raked  
And yet I find  
And yet I find  
Repeating in my head  
If I can't be my own  
I'd feel better dead  
Ooh... Ooh...  
Ooh... Ooh...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>