



L A K E R M U S I C

Harm

Every dread that you can name
It rattles round inside my brain
I'm lucky I've got a brain at all
Beating my head against this
wall

Here I am, a walking mess
Although I walk among the
blessed
Can't count that as a certain
thing
It's fleeting as a wedding ring

Oh my..... Oh my

I want to see the sun again
I want to see the sun again
I'm getting tired of the rain
I want to see the sun again

Stops me dead right in my
tracks
I can't go forward, just look
back
At everything I've ever done
That caused any harm to
anyone

'Cause I know the past is real
and how
But it's in the rear-view mirror
now
It's been and gone and there's
something new
Up ahead and out of view

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Oh my..... Oh my