

## **Thorn in Your Side**

Namoli Brennet (2004)

Some people look, some people stare, some people turn away,  
Stumbling over words as if their tongue was in the way.  
Some people act as if their mind was made up anyway.

Some people talk, some people shout, some people shut their mouth.  
Some people's ears are tuned out from living underground.  
Some people laugh, some people act as if they're looking down.

Some walk in safety, that is if they ever walk at all.  
Some people see a world where life's as fragile as their mind is small,  
Living in big glass houses with their big glass walls.

I'm not the thorn in your side.  
I'm not the break in your heart.  
I'm not the speck in your eye.  
I'm not the falling apart.  
I'm not the floor.  
I'm not the ceiling.  
I'm not the fear.  
I'm not the fear.  
I'm not the feeling.

Some people like to find a box that they can live inside.  
Some people never understand, some people never try.  
Some people's minds are just as narrow as the truth is wide. (We ought to know)

Some people stay, some people flee, some see the enemy.  
Some people find a solace in their ideology.  
Some people see a world encumbered by diversity.

I'm not the thorn in your side.  
I'm not the break in your heart.  
I'm not the speck in your eye.  
I'm not the falling apart.  
I'm not the floor.  
I'm not the ceiling.  
I'm not the fear.  
I'm not the fear.  
I'm not the feeling.