**‘Not Ready To Make Nice’**

**Dixie Chicks**

Forgive, sounds good

Forget, I’m not sure I could

They say time heals everything

But I’m still waiting

I’m through with doubt

There’s nothing left for me to figure out

I’ve paid a price

And I’ll keep paying

I’m not ready to make nice

I’m not ready to back down

I’m still mad as hell and

I don’t have time to go round and round and round

It’s too late to make it right

I probably wouldn’t if I could

‘Cause I’m mad as hell

Can’t bring myself to do what it is you think I should

I know you said

Can’t you just get over it

It turned my whole world around

And I kind of like it

I made my bed and I sleep like a baby

With no regrets and I don’t mind sayin’

It’s a sad sad story when a mother will teach her

Daughter that she ought to hate a perfect stranger

And how in the world can the words that I said

Send somebody so over the edge

That they’d write me a letter

Sayin’ that I better shut up and sing

Or my life will be over

I’m not ready to make nice

I’m not ready to back down

I’m still mad as hell and

I don’t have time to go round and round and round

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What it is you think I should

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They say time heals everything

But I’m still waiting

‘Prisoner of Words Unsaid’  
Alicia Keys

I'm a prisoner

of words unsaid

Just lonely feelings

Locked away in my head

I trap myself further

Every time I stay, quiet

I should start to speak

But I stop and stay silent

And now I've made

My own hard bed

Inside this prison of words unsaid

P.O.W.

That's what I am

Not a prisoner of war

A prisoner of words

Mostly I say what you wanna hear

Could you take it if I came clear?

Or would you rather just see me

Stoned on a drug of complacency and compromise

M.I.A.

I guess that's what I am

Scraping this cold hard earth

For a piece of myself

For peace in myself

It'd be easier if you just put me in jail

You know, if you locked me away

I'd have someone to blame

But these bars of steel are of my making

They surround my mind

And have me shaking

My hands are cuffed behind my back

I'm a prisoner of the worst kind, in fact

A prisoner of compromise

A prisoner of compassion

A prisoner of kindness

A prisoner of expectation

A prisoner of my youth

Run too fast to be old

I've forgotten what I was told

Ain't I a sight to behold?

A prisoner of age dying to be young

To my head is my hand with a gun

And it's cold and it's hard

Cause there's nowhere to run

When you've caged yourself

By holding your tongue

I'm a prisoner

Of words unsaid

Just lonely feelings

Locked away in my head

It's like solitary confinement

Every time I stay quiet

I should start to speak

But I stop and stay silent

And now I've made

My own hard bed

Inside a prison of words unsaid