

## C 21

### "Miss Y"

Visit "[Miss Y](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I feel like a substitute,  
Sitting on the sideline,  
Clicking every single finger,  
Waiting for the right time.  
I feel like a substitute,  
Sitting pretty in my prime,  
I'm about to play the game,  
Guess I'm running out of time.  
Drop your knees to the floor,  
Hands to the sky.  
Give a round of applause for,  
The great Miss Y.  
I walked all night 'round in the dark,  
Just to be standing here.  
Only to feel like nobody,  
I'm Miss Y am I here?  
I walked all night 'round in the dark,  
Just to be standing here.  
Only to feel like nobody,  
I'm Miss Y am I here?  
And the lights make me stronger,  
The longer that you have to wait,  
For the honour, the honour to be great.

Woah-oh-oh, oh-oh,  
Woah-oh-oh, oh-oh,  
Oh-oh oh, oh.

I feel like I'm stuck inside a race,  
Feel like I'm catching up,  
Oh Marina! What a shame!  
You didn't make the upper cut.  
I feel like I'm stuck inside a race,  
Feel like I'm catching up,  
Oh Marina, we're so sorry,  
But you didn't make the cut.  
Drop your knees to the floor,  
Hands to the sky.  
Give a round of applause for,  
The great Miss Y.  
I walked all night 'round in the dark,

Just to be standing here.  
Only to feel like nobody,  
I'm Miss Y am I here?  
I walked all night 'round in the dark,  
Just to be standing here.  
Only to feel like nobody,  
I'm Miss Y am I here?  
And the lights make me stronger,  
The longer that you have to wait,  
For the honour, the honour to be great.  
Woah-oh-oh, oh-oh,  
Woah-oh-oh, oh-oh,  
Oh-oh oh, oh.

Woah-oh-oh, oh-oh,  
Woah-oh-oh, oh-oh,  
Oh-oh oh, oh.  
Drop your knees to the floor,  
Hands to the sky.  
Give a round of applause for,  
The great Miss Y.  
I walked all night 'round in the dark,  
Just to be standing here.  
Only to feel like nobody,  
I'm Miss Y am I here?  
I walked all night 'round in the dark,  
Just to be standing here.  
Only to feel like nobody,  
I'm Miss Y am I here?  
And the lights make me stronger,  
The longer that you have to wait,  
For the honour, the honour to be great.  
Woah-oh-oh, oh-oh,  
Woah-oh-oh, oh-oh,  
Oh-oh oh, oh.  
Drop your knees to the floor,  
Hands to the sky.  
Give a round of applause for,  
The great Miss Y

Visit [C 21](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.