

Early November

"Look At Me"

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Everybody looks at me,
Like they're so surprised that I can breathe.
I need to get out of this town.
I need to run for miles now.
And all my lack of style, I blame on him.
And all I want is this: I need to have my time,
But I'm glued, I'm glued to the script.

Everybody looks at me,
Then turns to their friend and says something.
I hate this town and my new life.
I'm tired of waiting all the time.
And all my lack of skills, I blame on him.
And all I ask is this: I need to feel alive,
But you're glued, you're glued to the script.

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