

Stefanie Sun

"Someone"

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My hair was long and shiny... you said you can't believe...
How could I walk out that door, or walk along the streets...
You told me I should, you know, do some bing bang curly wirly afro thing...
I took your word and did... looked in my mirror, "who's that freak?"
Why does the world deceive?
Why do I make believe?
Took my heel and made Achilles out of me...
Still I would want to be
Someone who'd answer to me.
Someone who sees like a child, gives like a saint,
Feels like an angel—never mind the broken wings,
And speaks like a picture, cries like the rain, shines like a star,
As long as the fire remains.
The vase beside my bed, it's empty beside my bed, it's empty—almost dead.
It's for all the flowers I'm gonna give you," he said,
And now it's collecting dust instead
Why does the world deceive?
Why do I make believe?
Took my heel and made Achilles out of me...
Still I would want to be
Someone who'd answer to me:
Sees like a child, gives like a saint,
Feels like an angel—never mind the broken wings,
And speaks like a picture, cries like the rain, shines like a star,
As long as the fire remains.

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