

# Window Shopper

The Parlotones

You bury your dreams deep inside  
It's up to you to breathe in life  
The chemicals of goosebumps  
The chemicals of butterflies in stomachs  
It's up to you to realise

If you never try, then you'll never fail  
If you never fail, then you'll never gain  
And you'll be a window shopper  
Don't just stand there window shopping

You're a secret master of disguises  
Pretend to be happy, you big fat liars  
The formula of "could've been's"  
Swallowed up by cautious routines  
Changing Mr. Compromise

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Are you marching, are you marching  
Are you marching to someone else's drum?  
You bore me with sorrow  
You bore me to death  
If you're still window shopping

And we're born as dreamers  
Amongst the non-believers  
Who are called a genius  
And it's easier said than done  
The man in the mirror says  
I am a window shopper