

## Yellow Me

Elin Sigvardsson

I keep the summer in a frame, forget the fall outside  
That's how I make a living  
I keep on running my own game, I let no one inside  
This is where I'm driven  
You know nothing about my aim, you know nothing at all  
And that's the reason why I'm hiding  
Sometimes I can feel afraid, but I was told to let nothing on  
And anyway, I'm too old to be crying  
An maybe I'm just being too sensitive  
But things can seem overly intensive  
Withdrawn life, yelling world  
Yellow me  
No, I ain't expecting nothing of anybody else  
But too much of myself  
And I've managed to hold on the past two years  
Holding back forbidden tears and hidden fears  
I watch the sunset from my bed  
I watch the sun come up again, and that's what makes me older  
My only friend is at the end of the world  
The girl is just like me, and that's the reason I never call he  
r  
An maybe I'm just being too sensitive  
But things can get overly intensive  
Withdrawn life, yellow sun  
Well, old me  
Yellow me  
And I'm too scared to seattle down  
I can't find the nerve to find my place in this forgotten town  
Your voice on the line again asking how I'm doing  
That's a tough question  
I guess we're getting to an end  
An maybe I'm just being too sensitive  
Or you were born overly intensive  
Withdrawn life, jealous man  
Yellow me  
Yellow me  
Yellow me