

Don't Want to be Who I Am

Mustasch

I called a friend the other day
His life was easy, fine and quite okay
It made me stunned
Cause it's usually the other way around

I can hear the sound of cawing crows
I really like it when they sing their blues
I'm used to it now
Well, misery is on the house

Yet another lonely quiet dawn
In my melancholic blacked out room
And I wonder will I ever be able to close that door

It's about time for me to take a stand
Before heaven comes crashing down
Don't want to be who I am
I want to be who I imagine I am