I Keep Looking

Back when I was young Couldn't wait to grow up Get away and get out on my own And looking back now Ain't it funny how I've been trying to get back home, yeah

When my low self esteem Needs a man loving me And I find me a perfect catch Then I see my friends Having wild weekends Then I don't wanna get quite so attached Just as soon as I get what I want I get unsatisfied Good is good but could be better

I keep looking, I keep looking for I keep looking for something more I always wonder what's on the other side Of the number two door I keep looking Looking for something more

Well, the straight haired girls They all want curls And the brunettes wanna be blonde It's your typical thing You got ying you want yang It just goes on and on They say, hey, it's only human To never be satisfied Well I guess that I'm as human as the next one

Oh, I keep looking I keep looking for I keep looking for something more I always wonder what's on the other side Of the number two door Yeah, I keep looking Looking for something more

Just as soon as I get what I want I get unsatisfied Hey, good is good but could be better

I keep looking I keep looking for I keep looking for something more I always wonder what's on the other side Of the number two door I keep looking Looking for something more Oh, looking for something more