

You spend your days on your own
Thinking about troubles of your own
You dream of the day
You will accept your reflections all alone

You're not the only one
To feel that way you know
I'm not the only one
To feel that emptiness in me

You know that's why
I'd like to be somebody else
Somebody without feelings
Only sensations and money

There is nothing within my range
That can bring this radical change
Everyday's the same
The story's rather tame

Among everyone I know
No one ever shows
What in their heart grows
Or I guess I don't want to know
I'm afraid of what I'd see
People disgust me
When I find out what they're all about

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...Only sensations,
Sensations, sensations, and money