

When I was only nine years old  
I had a poster  
And with that alone I had the education  
The motivation  
I knew what I wanted to be  
Wanted to be  
Even though, each year  
It never was the same location

Started getting older  
I took it on myself  
To find out why  
I'm the way that I am  
But I cant find a conclusion  
No I think I'm getting closer  
Yeah I know I'm getting closer  
My whole wall is filled with posters  
My whole life if filled with posters

I used to be outspoken  
Doing anything for someone's attention  
And when that changed I guess you thought  
That I was no longer me  
Although I finally found me  
So take the other bodies  
And put them by the TV

You make real friends quickly  
You make real friends quickly  
But not me...