Someone Else

saw an old friend just this evening we go back a real long way conversation kept returning to the same old things we always say

getting tired of myself wanna be someone else

and he asked me an opinion and i couldn't say for sure had a head full of ideas don't care what i think no more

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if only children knew
the lives their dreams eventually resolve to
i wonder what they'd do

saw another perfect stranger would have once meant everything didn't even raise an eyebrow it's just the way it's always been

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