

I'm feeling restless and I don't know why
Feels like time is standing still
So many people and I'm feelin' shy
I would with pleasure pass away
(no one can complain)
I don't care it is a saturday
I'll spend rest of day at home
Won't go home and spoil another day
This is my chance to be not me

I got a feeling that I'm breaking
and my hands are shaking
My heart is bumping
and I'm trying to relax or something

I feel like stone when someone talks to me
Can't get a word out of my mouth
It is bad habit it will always be
I would with pleasure pass away

Slipping in corners like I've made something
Which has made me feel so small
I know I haven't got that dignity
This is my chance to be not me