

Everybody's Dancing And I Want To Die

Deaf Havana

I had a plan at 10 years old
To try my best do as I'm told
But that don't catch the pretty peoples' eye
I didn't have the coolest hair
The newest clothes or the richest parents
So I sat alone as the pretty girls walked by
I tried my best at making jokes
Only to trip over my words and choke
So I ran back home and stayed inside my room
I swore I'd never go back alive
Shallow talk breeds shallow minds
But that was just a jealous boy's excuse

'Cause everybody's dancing and I don't feel the same
This room is full of people who barely know my name
And I don't feel like dancing on my own again
Another year without a friend
Another year when I just close my eyes and dance inside my head

With age comes insecurity
Embarrassment and tragedy,
Increasing fear of growing old lonely.
I said I'd put on my dancing shoes
But I've got two left feet and no good moves
And the pretty girls found cooler kids than me.
So I sat and waited patiently until the day I'd finally be asked,
But it never came, no, it never came!

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And I found it hard to take some time out of the days that I spent wishing I could be
Anyone but me

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