

Everybody is leaving from this town and from me.
They've got the burning flame, they sure achieve their aim.
You know that's tough for me to see.
Oh, how I wish I could do the same as them and go.
Just pack my bags and good-bye,
get out fast or fade away real slow.

What you see is what you get right here,
where a change is nowhere near.
What you see is what you get from me.
In this duckpond, leave me be.

I pretend my life is perfect like the faces on TV.
Yeah, that's the only way to face another day,
try to deny the misery.
But those are the ways of lonely's and like a clown,
yeah, I do act.
No matter where I could be or would like to go,
I'm stuck here. That's a fact.

I'm too weak I'm down on my knees.
Too feeble for something new.
Feels like there's nothing I can do.
Keep on laughing 'bout me,
keep on doing your own,
But someday I will be that one.

Be that one.
Yeah, someday I will be that one...