I ask myself the question what is wrong with me can't figure what it is or why it's never me they want when will my turn come about and when will justice see me why all these stupid questions they never help me you never notice me you never seem to see when I'm walking by you never ever say hi I don't know nobody that I don't want to know but I'd sure like to know you and I'd like to show you how the way I am and things that matter much to me how I say I am I usually how those things don't seem