

So here I am inside My-Space
There's not a soul around, no embrace
I lurk alone behind the screen
Nobodies waiting for me

And it would be my fantasy
If I could show my vanity
So there's a new world here for me

And I feel so special, gotta feel so special
Who is Peter, who is Paul, read their writing on the wall
Because they're special, gotta feel so special
Do I like it? I don't know
How about this sloppy Joe?
Yeah!

I shift the darkness into light,
Turning it on again, feel so right
No I don't need no privacy
Who could be spying on me?

There's just so much that one can
show with just a picture from long ago
Don't want to be just some "John Doe"

And I feel so special, gotta feel so special
Look at where I am today, got my dinner on display
And I'm so special, gotta feel so special
Take a look at my new phone in the bathroom all alone
Because I'm special, and I'm bifacial
And I am so sensational

And I feel so special, gotta feel so special
There is so much on my mind with a meaning undefined
And I'm so special, gotta feel so special
Here's a picture of my friend getting sick on me again
Because I'm special, I ain't no rebel
Do you think that's special?
Because I'm special, so sensational
Do you think that's special?