

You Don't Know What It's Like

Tal Bachman

Fortune frowned on me
She's a big girl and she got me
Now I'm down the hall
I'm the last door on the east wing

You don't know what it's like to be like me
You don't know what it's like to go between
I'll write a weekly letter and keep you wondering what it means
To be like me

But someday I'll be strong
I'll find a nice girl and a new car
Escape my destiny
I'm gonna break out, I'm gonna shake out

You don't know what it's like to be like me
You don't know what it's like to go between
I'll move to a strange and distant land
And change ever after who I am, who I am

You don't know what it's like to be like me
You don't know, you don't know what it's like to go between
I'll never get much better but I don't mind