

## Look At Me

The Early November

Everybody looks at me  
Like they're so surprised that I can breathe.  
I need to get out of this town.  
I need to run for my own now.

And all my lack of style, I blame on him.  
And all I want is this...  
I need to have my time.  
But I'm glued, I'm glued to the script.

Everybody looks at me  
Then turns to their friend and says something.  
I hate this town and my new life.  
I'm tired of waiting all the time.

And all my lack of skill, I blame on him.  
And all I ask is this...  
I need to feel alive...  
But you're glued, you're glued to the script.