

Window Shopper

The Parlotones

You bury your dreams deep inside
It's up to you to breathe in life
The chemicals of goosebumps
The chemicals of butterflies in stomachs
It's up to you to realise

If you never try, then you'll never fail
If you never fail, then you'll never gain
And you'll be a window shopper
Don't just stand there window shopping

You're a secret master of disguises
Pretend to be happy, you big fat liars
The formula of "could've been's"
Swallowed up by cautious routines
Changing Mr. Compromise

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Are you marching, are you marching
Are you marching to someone else's drum?
You bore me with sorrow
You bore me to death
If you're still window shopping

And we're born as dreamers
Amongst the non-believers
Who are called a genius
And it's easier said than done
The man in the mirror says
I am a window shopper