

Here I Am

Theresa Sokyrka

Billboards scattered in a town I used to know.
Almost flattered now that I have nowhere to go.
Pity all the publicity. Pity it all for you and me.
Why do I have to see your face on every magazine?

Isn't it funny how the train keeps going,
and I stand in one spot and keep shouting here I am?
Isn't it funny how the train keeps going,
and I stand in one spot and keep shouting here I am?

Standing in the lime light, don't know what your name is.
Why does everything good have to turn out like this?
Pity all the publicity. Pity it all for you and me.
Why do I have to see your face on every magazine?

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