

Story

Toxique

I saw you standin' on the street
Waitin' for me to be complete
That's not reality, that's not true
I haven't ever had a chance to say I love you

My boy has never bought me anything
Just tell me what did he bring
No flower no power no lust no fun
I'm not satisfied with what he's done

No man it's a kind of story
About the boys in my day
Sir give me a little glory
The resolution is stay away

I like the people who I've met
But I always have to prove that
I have no stress good dress no scare
And that I do well, while I'm there

Hey guys it's kind of story
About how I feel at school
Mister give me a little glory
I'm swimming in an endless pool

Carefully listen as I pray
Comprehend my current situation
I'm wandering what you will say
To my exclamation short creation

Flowing from insecurity
My mood is time to time grey
Struggle in use lookin for my quality
I have to come into play

I can bet you will try to set a trap (on me)

No man it was a kind of story
Bout my life day by day
Those are just a little troubles, don't worry
Best not to say more but anyway
That's what I wanted to say