

When I was only nine years old
I had a poster
And with that alone I had the education
The motivation
I knew what I wanted to be
Wanted to be
Even though, each year
It never was the same location

Started getting older
I took it on myself
To find out why
I'm the way that I am
But I cant find a conclusion
No I think I'm getting closer
Yeah I know I'm getting closer
My whole wall is filled with posters
My whole life if filled with posters

I used to be outspoken
Doing anything for someone's attention
And when that changed I guess you thought
That I was no longer me
Although I finally found me
So take the other bodies
And put them by the TV

You make real friends quickly
You make real friends quickly
But not me...