

John Waite, Gonna Be Somebody

You spin around and turn on me
Stop me in my crash
You wanna be somebody else
Say you won't be back
Your bourgeois friends call you dear
Deal you like a card
Your eyes out for the diamonds now
Experienced and scarred
You tell me gonna be somebody
Gonna be okay
Gonna be somebody someday
You're moving through a different space
Where I don't belong
Elegance gold and silver
Superficial grace
They'll pervert you
Masquerade you
Pass evil as good taste
They'll chew you up and spit you out
And put you in your place
You tell me gonna be somebody
Gonna be okay
Gonna be somebody someday
Gonna be somebody
Gonna be okay
Gonna be somebody someday
Gonna be somebody
Gonna be okay
Gonna be somebody someday
Gonna be somebody
Gonna be somebody
Gonna be somebody someday