

Kim Wilde, Fit In

Written by Kim Wilde

Fit in, fit in

I'm spending nights just dreaming

And playing the music loud

They're banging on the ceiling

They're praying that I'll soon be out

I almost thought of leaving

Get away from the glares and their unfriendly stares

And now I'm all alone

And the telephone teases and dares

I'll get away from them all (oh oh)

So pride comes before a fall

But I'm not for giving in

Fit in, Fit in

They're kicking up a storm in ...

Some strange place they know out of town

Why won't I go along there

It's crazy they're all doing it now

But right now it's the last place

That I wanna see - It's my way to be free

And I'm getting bored

Of the way they expect me to be

You gotta be, you gotta be

I'll get away from them all (oh oh)

So pride comes before a fall

But I'm not for giving in

Fit in, Fit in

Fit in, fit in

I'm holding on so tightly

But I don't want to take any more

'cos what they say just bites me

And gets to me down to the core

A ring and kids invite me

Or a house and a home

And a car and a phone

And a video

Won't they ever leave it alone

You gotta ring, you gotta ring

I'll get away from them all (oh oh)

So pride comes before a fall

But I'm not for giving in

I won't fit in, fit in

I don't fit in, fit in

I don't fit in, fit in

I don't fit in, fit in

Oh no, I don't fit in, fit in