

Lagwagon, Who Am I

Lying idle in my room, telling my thoughts to the moon:
Why do I always feel so unimportant?
To other egos my mind clings and inside these voices ring
That I'm just a carbon copy of everyone else

And now I'm searching out my own identity
Something down inside telling me that I'm like no one else but me
But as of yet I still don't know
Who is this guy that I am and for his life what does he have to show? Who am I?
What am I for?

I wait for answers from the sky, the only audience I find
But no comfort finds my ears just silent mocking
And I know I was created but I just can't figure out why

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Still searching. Who am I? Some answers I don't ever find
I just want to know I have a place
Come from and return to dust, but I don't want to feel that useless
I want to see something in me that is unique. I just want to know. Who am I?
What am I for?