Madita, Wannabee

Compressing down my spine To my childhood size Pressure steals my shine And now I'm not, not mine

Wannabe so rushed out Wannabe so washed out Wannabe so screamed out Wannabe so freaked out

Comparing to my time
As flashy butterfly
I didn't have to climb
And gasping like I'm not fine

Wannabe so rushed out Wannabe so washed out Wannabe so screamed out Wannabe so freaked out