

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