

Carlos Lyra, I See Me Passing By

I see me passing by
Oh, why can't I be just me?
Guess I'm afraid to try for
All my mind has dreamed--

Like that walkin', talkin' late at night,
Smilin', runnin'--out of sight
Hung-up on hang-ups, I know
In a private world I go

Down dusty, sun-splashed streets
I've caught within my own mind.
I know the kind I meet there
Has to be my kind.

If I'm makin', fakin' people out,
Got to know what I'm about,
Walk out on hang-ups and go
In a private world I know.