

Forty Deuce, Wanted

I pick up the telephone and I hear about all that you have done
I turn on my television and see what you have become
I could say that I'm happy for you, but I
I wanna know...

How does it feel when you're wanted?
Do you fight it all that let it go to your head?
How does it feel when you're famous?
Is it happiness or isn't it in your head?

I look at theses broken pieces
And feel the distance between us
I've got all our old pictures, they are faded
But they still have meaning
How can you forget your past so easy?
I remember mine...

How does it feel when you're wanted?
Do you fight it all that echo to your head?
How does it feel when you're famous?
Is it happiness or is it in your head?

Do you remember our first trip to LA?
Do you remember the things we used to say?
It seems to me that you're happier alone

How does it feel when you're wanted?
Do you fight it all that echo to your head?
How does it feel when you're famous?
Is it happiness or is it in your head?

Oh, you're wanted, tell me how it feels.
Oh, you're wanted, I wanna know...
Oh, you're so wanted, tell me how it feels.