

Goldfinger, Carlita

Well after today I'll never see you
and you'll be left with your life
Collecting all your souvenirs
I'll never get it right

Empty man hollow man
I call myself a hermit
My self esteem contingent on
the way you look at me

I'm hanging on your words
yeah I'm reading
all your thoughts
If only I could be you now
cause you got the control

Empty man lonely man
I call myself depressed
I'm finding ways to avoid you
at the expense of sanity
I'm hanging on your words
and I'd like to share a thought
I know I can't be you now
but I'd like to stay a while