

# 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