

Pea Sized, Strange

It feels so strange to be the one I am,
whatever that is.
It feels so strange sometimes to live this life,
that seems to belong to me.
When I walk along the street,
and your look meets my eye,
what do you see?
What do you see?

I'm the one that opens up,
I'm the one that doesn't show,
how it is to be me,
how it is to be me.

I'm the one that is happy and ready to cry.
Which one do you chose?
What do you wanna see?

That's why it is so hard to be someone,
a single one.
That's why I'm never sure of what I see
and what you wanna be for me.

When there's no identity,
what do you see?
What do you see?

Am I just a reflection,
an anticipation of what you think about,
of what you think about me?