

Rasmus, Fool

I'm feeling restless, but I don't know why.
Fels like time is standing still.
So many people and I'm feeling shy.
I would with pleasure pass away.
No one can complain.
I don't care it is a Saturday,
I'll spend rest of day at home.
Won't go home 'n' spoil another day,
This is my chance to be not me.

I gotta feeling that I'm breaking
'n' my hands are shaking.
My heart is bumping
'n' I'm trying to relax or something
(Feeling low/wasting my time)

I feel like stone when someone talks to me.
Can't get a word out of my mouth.
Its a bad habit and you'll always be.
I would with pleasure pass away.
Slipping in corners like I'd made something
Which has made me feel so small.
I know I haven't got that dignity.
This is my chance to be not me.