

Wilshire, Special By Wilshire

i ride in on the train
everyday is the same old thing
it's 9 to 5
don't know if I'm dead or alive

I'm lookin for a hallelujah
I need a little something special
(something special)

My walls are grey
makes me feel like I live in a cave
i'm wearing thin
and when tomorrow comes i'll do it all again
(again again again)

I'm looking for a hallelujah
I need a little something special
I'm looking for a hallelujah
(looking for something special to get me off the cycle)
(Let me out Let Me Out)

I dream of my escape
free as a bird I'll fly away

I'm looking for a hallelujah
I need a little something special
I'm looking for a hallelujah
I'm need a little somethin special

I'm need a little something special
Yea yea
hallelujah