

Dedicated to anyone who's ever had an irrational crush!

ALWAYS OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

I still dream my life can be more
than this dull, empty hearted pure bore.
So I found me a crush, with a beautiful toosh,
who has rendered my dreams so impure.

My everyday life and reality
have reached new heights of monotony.
For this man I admire, he has started a fire,
that I question my actuality.

How can I go on this way?
Oh, something's got to give!
I can't hide these feelings now,
it's not a life to live. Oh, no.

I'm always outside looking in (looking in),
always thinking of what could have been,
this world, it seems, exists in only dreams,
for now I'm outside, looking in.

What if it's best left unsaid?
Things are easier left in my head.
What if what I have dreamed is not what it seemed?
Am I better to put it to bed?

How can I go on this way?
Oh, something's got to give!
I must learn to hide these feelings now,
oh, what a life I'll live.

I'm always outside looking in (looking in),
always thinking of what could have been.
This world, it seems, will only be in dreams,
always outside, looking in.

Trapped in between uncertainty and hope.
Do I let it die or learn to cope?
Forever drifting and waiting to begin,
when you're outside, looking in.