

Who'll write books about me if I ever make it?

I'm not sure how I got there. All roads, they lead me here

At least im trying

Who could ever leave me, darling? But who could stay?

I'm wonderstruck, dancing around all alone

I'm no one special, just another wide-eyed girl

I'll stare directly at the sun but never in the mirror

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When I was drowning, that's when I could finally breathe

You squeeze my hand three times in the back of the taxi

DEAR READER:  
Burn all the files, desert all your past lives

The only thing that keeps me wishing on a wishing star

