

# What About Me

Shayne Ward

Oh, there's a little boy waiting at the counter of a corner shop  
He's been waiting down there, waiting half the day  
We never ever see him from the top  
He gets pushed around, knocked to the ground  
But he gets to his feet and he says What about me? It isn't fair  
I've had enough, now I want my share  
Can't you see I wanna live?  
But you just take more than you give Well there's a pretty girl serving at the counter of the corner shop  
She's been waiting back there, waiting for her dreams  
Her dreams walk in and out, they never stop  
Well, she's not too proud to cry out loud  
She runs to the street and she screams What about me? It isn't fair  
I've had enough, now I want my share  
Can't you see I wanna live?  
But you just take more than you give So take a step back and see the little people  
They may be young but they're the ones  
Who make the big people big  
So listen, as they whisper, "What about me?" Now I'm standing on the corner of the world's gone home  
Nobody's changed, nobody's been saved  
And I'm feeling cold and alone  
I guess I'm lucky, I smile a lot  
But sometimes I wish for more then I go What about me? It isn't fair  
I've had enough, now I want my share  
Can't you see I wanna live?  
But you just take more What about me? It isn't fair  
I've had enough, now I want my share  
Can't you see I wanna live?  
But you just take more, you just take more  
You just take more than you give What about me?  
What about me?  
What about me?

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