

Myself

Wide Eye Panic

You never seen nobody as divine as
She can see reflections in her own eyes
An admission of desire,
On a handsome afternoon
Is an ovation to her ego
In her everyone is everything and
everything is mine

Ms. Marceau
You don't need another,
You'll always be your own hero
Myself Ms. Marceau
You don't need another,
You'll always be your own hero

It's as if we're speaking in another language
Every word means I, Me,
Mine every hello every good (bye)
No escape to the life of the average
It's an ovation to her ego
In her everyone is everything and
everything is mine

We are very fortunate to have her here
Accounts are empty and my friends
Deserted long ago, But
She says that I'm okay... so I'm okay

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