

Wiktoria Zwolińska, Creep

When you were here before,
couldn't look you in the eye.
You're just like an angel,
your skin makes me cry.
You float like a feather,
in a beautiful world
I wish I was special,
you're so fucking special.
But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo.
What the hell am I doing here?
I don't belong here.
I don't care if it hurts,
I want to have control.
I want a perfect body,
I want a perfect soul.
I want you to notice,
when I'm not around.
You're so fucking special,
I wish I was special.
But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo.
What the hell am I doing here?
I don't belong here
She's running out the door,
she's running,
she run, run, run, run, run.
Whatever makes you happy,
whatever you want.
You're so fucking special,
I wish I was special,
but I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo.
What the hell am I doing here?
I don't belong here,
I don't belong here.