

What About Me

Shannon Noll

Well there's a little boy waiting at the counter of the corner
shop
He's been waiting down there, waiting half the day,
They never ever see him from the top
He gets pushed around, knocked to the ground,
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 want to 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 a dream,
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

More than you give

Take a step back and see the little people
They might be young, but they're the ones that make the big people big
So listen as they whisper:
"What about me?"

And now I'm standing on the corner, all 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 than I've got

What about me?
What about me?
What about....me?