Oh, not even a year Has gone by already You've got him I want to see Where I am

When I live
In the newer places
I'll make sure
I'm further from you

The problems come To my tooth (?) I know it's Not the truth

Is this how it ends?
I so want to be here (?)
Obsessed with ideas
That leave no one impressed

Often nights and in the morning for me out on the floor where I see more of me (?)

Is this how it ends?
I so want to be here
Obsessed with ideas
That leave no one impressed

Oh, not even a year Has gone by already You've got him I want to see Where I am