

# Lykke Li, Everybody But Me

Uh,  
I stand here in the the corner, thinking over one two, what am I to do?  
Should I go home, still sober  
Or should I buy me another glass of wine and forget about time?  
But my jeans are too tight, don't feel like dancin'  
No this light is too bright, don't feel like shining  
No this room is too small,  
rather stand against the wall and hope that no one sees me  
Eh eh eh eh

When everybody's dancing, I don't want to  
When everybody's joking, I don't want to  
When everybody's laughing, I don't want to

Everybody but me

When everybody's drinking, I don't want to  
When everybody's smoking, I don't need more  
When everybody's floating, I don't want to

Everybody but me

I get the creeps from all the people in here  
I cannot breathe, it's too crowded in here,  
don't look at me. I don't want to be seen,  
touched, heard, bothered  
by the fellas, who got the look in their eye,  
they want to take me home, without knowing my name,  
they want to put it on but do they not know  
that I'm not like the others?

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Everybody but me

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