

# 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.