

You spend your days on your own  
Thinking about troubles of your own  
You dream of the day  
You will accept your reflections all alone

You're not the only one  
To feel that way you know  
I'm not the only one  
To feel that emptiness in me

You know that's why  
I'd like to be somebody else  
Somebody without feelings  
Only sensations and money

There is nothing within my range  
That can bring this radical change  
Everyday's the same  
The story's rather tame

Among everyone I know  
No one ever shows  
What in their heart grows  
Or I guess I don't want to know  
I'm afraid of what I'd see  
People disgust me  
When I find out what they're all about

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...Only sensations,  
Sensations, sensations, and money