

Cyclops

All

Save your mundane platitudes for those who give a shit
I'll burn in hell and be through with it.
I've got a life; it ain't big, but it's a life.

And I've got clothes and heaven knows that I've still got my health.
I look good if I do say so myself.
I've got a soul, it ain't yours but it's a soul.
Chalk up my lack of fire to self-control.

All the dicks with night sticks, poison boys in blue.
All the dumb and uglies in your wrecking crew,
They make me bleed, nothing I can do.
I wouldn't be so sure if I were you.

Weren't you the guys with get-
lost eyes who made my high school great?
You found me again, but this time you're here too late.
I paid my dues when I wore corrective shoes,
When I earned the right to ignore you.

Toughest kid in gym class, terror in the hall.
Necking with the prom queen, captain every fall.
You can't cut me now because your knife's gone dull.
It must piss you off to know it all