

Growling as I stare at smiles from the other side of the street
/is it the
speed I'm walking at or the shoes upon my feet?/I couldn't afford the baseball
boots that's not the game I play/and if you'd rather hang about
I won't get in
your way/if the words you backhand to your friend were meant for me to hear/
I'll show you a better way to spend your time over a beer/or a coffee - come
on mutant-head! let's drop the social games/call it a bluff call it enough
quit calling each other names/there's hardly any difference in the nature of
the threat/some like to be remembered by the reaction they can get/others need
security in a certain social set/bth are too aware of what they yet still have
to get/is no one ever satisfied with being what they are?/if you show me all
your barbed wire I'll only show you scars/but tell me where you got it from
and what it costs in friends/and I'll start to get a picture of a person not
a trend/ignorance and affinity to outside influence/rejects the inner feeling
at anyone's expense/what provoked attack was the nature of defence/the weak
are strong in knowing that such strength is all pretence/so while you're
staring at me I'll be grinning back at you/at various intensities we'll both
know it's true/that what each other represents is an image we've been fed/If
I'm a fucking waste of space than you're a mutant head/so let's discuss these
attitudes and find some common ground/just doing that is ground enough to
exercise the sound of insults, sights of malice, inbred scorn and ignorance/
once beyond the posing we can find the relevance