

Oh, sod it, it hurts but I'll reveal the truth
Sometimes I'd like to curl up and be a recluse
I mean it, it isn't simply an excuse
I'm really feeling too weak to deal with you
Do you see what I've been reduced to?
A shadow of myself with the bleakest future
I zone out, open myself
And only hope someone else knows what I'm about
It's lonely when you've felt so low you can't help
But want to go for broke, and throw in the towel
Go to the cabinet, open the tablets
Overdose and lay comatose in the bath with the tap running
That's not what I planned when I had hope though
I once was the man in the photo
Laughing with no load on my back and no hassle
And the path to my happiness, that was still open
In the past had I known that all that was over
Perhaps I'd have known how to claw back those years
I was sober, no drugs, I had a girlfriend
But now I'm a loner that hopes the world ends
How did I fall into all this torment
I never portended this result then
I wanted four kids, a mortgage, a crib with all the fittings
But all I'm getting's more bored and morbid
According to laws of physics actions all cause others
Yeah? So howcome I don't have some sort of lover?
It's all just rubbish, all religions and philosophical offerings
Of knowledge on the source of our suffering
It's just a thing thought up by people who lie to decieve
All the world to lie at their feet
So I'm actually beginning to believe
That perhaps it's time for me to leave

Cos I'm a misfit - I'm not an alpha male
Misfit - my health's too frail
I'm a misfit - worn out and pale
Misfit - I'm bound to fail

I'm a misfit - your inane conversation
Misfit - puts a strain on my patience
I'm a misfit - please take me away from all
Misfit - this pain and frustration
I'm a misfit

Do I freak you out with what I speak about?
Like I'm not even allowed to reveal myself
Cos it breaches how people seem to chat
It seems they really don't want to hear the real Dan
But piss off, I'm just not interested in small talk
I'd much more discuss thoughts on Bush, war and such
All the fuss all you fucks all get flustered with football
Means fuck all to me cos it's just sport, and that's all
Don't you ever sit and think about the bigger things
And how to figure things out that aren't just physical?
The little bit of history we fit into
How we're writ into it, and what it means to us
I feel I don't ever belong, what a misfit

But see, don't get me wrong, I'm not a thick kid
Cross my fingers, I've got witnesses of this
I think it's some kind of condition or sickness
That inhibits my ability to fit in with hip kids
Sit and sip drinks without feeling ridiculous
Is there something I've missed, is this all just a trick?
Can you all just admit that you're being pricks
For shits and giggles? It itches and niggles
This list of questions, riddles and things
That fill my head and inner sense with visions of maliciousness
With this malevolence I'm stripped of my innocence
The pinnacle thing beginning my wishlist's
A vision in which I'm just hindered with less stress
So if I sink into and addiction and alcoholism
Can I be forgiven for wishing to skip this
Abyss of decisions? This piteous pit
Full of pissy and shit citizens
Cos if this planet I've seen's the epitome of existence
Then shit, you can literally sit and spin on it

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