

Unique

GBH

You're not unique
You're just another runner
In the big time
The sour grapes of summer
And you couldn't be
Anymore dumber

You're not unique
You're obsolete
You went last a week
So crawl back under
Crawl, crawl, crawl back under your stone

You're not unique
Just a parasite
With a big mouth
And no taste for a fight
Your eyes are closed
You cannot see the light

You're not unique
You're just about finished
For the second time
Another change of image
You're a has been
You're star has diminished