

## Kid Nothing vs. the Echo Factor

### Gym Class Heroes

Now I could, sit here and baffle you with  
shallow babble and a, bunch of punch lines you probably won't get  
Or even, use some big words that, you'd have to look up but  
I'm not a teacher so go 'head and close your book up  
I could, tell a fairy tale, so convincin  
And keep a straight face from beginnin to happy endin  
I could waste thirty-two bars tellin you how to live  
Knowing damn well I used MTV Cribs for the blueprint  
I could, bore you to death with, my past relationships  
Or, a little ditty 'bout "Jack & Diane"  
Or I could, go back to childhood, dig up them skeletons and  
Spit 'em at you with a catchy hook look  
I could, strike a nerve with some four letter words  
That'll make Richard Pryor proud; or better yet  
I could, sing a jingle that'll contort and mingle  
Every single solitary letter in the alphabet

R: I could tell you whatever you want to hear  
But if I just said hello would you listen to me?  
I could sell a blind man new ears  
If I just said hello would you listen to me?  
I'm tryin hard to make it perfectly clear  
But I'm dyin because there ain't nobody listenin to me  
Been relyin on myself on myself for more than twenty-two years  
And I ain't cryin I just need someone to listen to me  
Breaker breaker can I get some reply, or maybe some kind of sign  
to let me know that you're listenin to me?  
Just from time to time, I get lost in my mind  
It's hard to find someone to listen to me  
My ears were open when you needed some consol  
Now I'm hopin to hear sounds besides echoes  
Every time I say hello

I could talk about my duds and my thrift store scores  
But that probably wouldn't interest you and, why should it?!  
I mean, I've seen a lot of shit in twenty-two years  
But your feet in my shoes is not somethin I recall  
And I've been known to drink twenty-two beers  
Before a show cause otherwise I probably wouldn't have the balls  
I could, make references to books I never read  
For the sake of sounding conscious but, that's just obnoxious  
I could take off these bandages and, expose these papercuts  
And put 'em in the air with both, my middle fingers up  
or talk about myself in third person like I'm better than you  
Cause there's nothin else better to do  
I could, attack your character from eighty different angles  
Cleverly explainin exactly how wack you are, but  
Why do that when it's a well known fact  
You buyin this CD is potentially feedin me, c'mon

R:

Hello... is there anybody out there? (6x)