

Vera Lee

Insane Clown Posse

I was never nothin' popular, and neither was she.
She was kind though, always had a smile for me.
I never thought much about her, didn't see her that way, and she was always out sick, missin' every other day.
Now that I think about it we was always sayin' hello, I always thought it was cuz we were both people alone.
I hardly knew her at all, she sat behind me in some classes, what was really goin' on behind her glasses?

When I heard she passed away I must admit that I was sad, of all the angry faces hers was sweet and always glad.

I hardly knew her for nothin', I only knew she was cool, a quiet soul so fragil slippin through the hallways at school.

Now that she's gone... I can hear her crying my name, although it doesn't make sense to think about it's insane, but what if I was something special to her just because I said hi?

What if she would always dream about if I was her guy?
And what if all those hellos we shared went a long way?
What if she felt for me...like in a strong way?

What if she was low but always tried to make it in?

And why is (Vera Lee haunting me, here with me, Vera Lee, watching me, carefully *repeats*)

Whyyy? Is she calling out to meee??? To meeee? Whyyyy? Is she callin' out to meee??? To meeee???

She was pale, she looked ill and so frail, maybe she looked at my life and how it's so stale and thought that we're both outcasts, maybe we can have each other.

It flew right over my head, I never even bothered, now it's too late, now every night, I hear her in my head...beggin me to join her with the dead.

To think about it's so strange, I hear her singing my name, Vera Lee is haunting my brain. I hear her in the rain!

Whyyy? Is she calling out to meee??? To meeee? Whyyyy? Is she callin' out to meee??? To meeee??? (repeats)