

All the geeks from high school
go on to become rock stars
All the others reach their peak
and then don't know who they are
You can always find them at
the bar downtown talkin' 'bout the old days

You bully boys would chase him
down the halls of that school
The teachers didn't care
'cause they all wished they were cool
You know you'd beat him senseless
if you could, and you always could

Kill the weak, lone star
We all want to be popular
Run him down and by some miracle
We will all become beautiful...

Then the day comes when you hear
his song on the radio
You realize he never made it to the
five-year reunion a few years ago
Where you sat back and drank a beer
to the old class geek who's probably queer

And the fat girl at the prom
the one who had her mother's dress on
She's smiling on the video
and you're the cashier down at the old Texaco

Kill the weak, lone star
We all want to be popular
Run him down and by some miracle
We will all become beautiful...

So you got the day off today from that job that you hate
Your ex-wife is leaving messages on your machine
about how your alimony payment is late
But the big arena's filling up for the show
and you and the boys are gonna go

Kill the weak, lone star
We all want to be popular
Run him down and by some miracle
We will all become beautiful...

Tell all the pretty girls in the beer line
how you are an old good friend of mine....