

you think that i'm not cool  
hard to deny...what's wrong with me  
a softer side  
to compromise  
it's all i have for my teenage mind  
it's not the first time that i found  
all my friends just put me down  
i had to, force them' to understand  
that i'm not as, dumb as they think i am  
now they're still making fun of me

miami vice, my favorite show, on so many years ago  
and sonny crocket was the, man that i hoped i would be  
i bought the shades and bought the clothes  
and wore pink pastel colors so  
i could fit in, with the crowd, what was wrong with me  
they always seem... when they're around  
to make it, "a" point, to put me down  
without a trace, another case, of retro 80's so called friends  
of mine

i am, a burned out loser and  
i can, pretend, all the pressures that are  
going through my mind, i'm still captain geek divine  
now once again, i've been, the subject of my own joke played on  
me

i cannot lie, i grew a mullet to comply  
with all the fads that, everyone would try like tab one calorie  
and i would do most anything, to gain a friend or just be seen  
as a member of the in crowd, don't feel sorry for me