

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