

Bad News

Owen

Whatever it is you think you are
You aren't:
A good friend, unique, well-read
Good-looking, or smart
Well now you know

Well I hate to be the one to bear such bad news
I know it hurts to hear
But it's true
You don't mean anything
To anyone but me
And even I think
That you're blinded by conceit
So now you know

Free beer
And basement shows
Don't mean you've made it
It's what you do
Not who you were, what you wear, where you've been
So do something

Whoever you think is watching you dance
From across the room
They aren't
If anything, they feel sorry for you
'cause you try so hard

I know it hurts to hear
But it's the truth
So you might as well hear it
From a friend
You're a has-been
That never was
I know it's mean to say
But it's something I've been meaning to say to you
For a while
You're a has-been
That never was
Or will be