

## Born Too Late

Saint Vitus

Every time I'm on the street  
People laugh and point at me  
They talk about my length of hair  
And the out of date clothes I wear

They say I look like the living dead  
They say I can't have much in my head  
They say my songs are much too slow  
But they don't know the things I know

I know I don't belong  
And there's nothing I can do  
I was born too late  
And I'll never be like you

In my life things never change  
To everybody I seem strange  
But in my world now something's died  
So I just stare with these insane eyes

I know I don't belong  
And there's nothing that I can do  
I was born too late  
And I'll never be like you