

Alexandria as Our Lens

Socratic

Alexandria drives a school bus
As she stares back at empty seats
Reminds her she will never have kids
She adopted a sickness when she was young
And neglected her health for so long
She'll never drive children of her own

This acne on my face keeps me modest
Plus, I'd kill to grow just two more inches
I'm last in this line, where I stand and they hand out
Five drinks a day, just to be social
And hold up my head high enough to pray
Up to a sky that's holding me down

She plants all her seeds into concrete
And she watches all the little roses grow
With scratches. Nothing could be as perfect as her
She fed all her friends, to get really fat
So no one would notice them
All eyes must be glued on the royal Alexandria

Sexless with my friends keeps me honest
To how jealous and sorry I really am
I'm last in this line, where I stand and they hand out
Five drinks a day, just to be social
and hold up my head high enough to pray
Up to a sky that's holding me down

Hey all you screamo. What's the deal
When any talent that you lack
Is covered up by the fact that you can scream out
Really loud?
Say things that were said before
Every lyric that you sing, it sounds the same
I stay honest just enough to hate

I'll have five drinks a day, just to be social
and hold up my head high enough to pray
Up to a sky that's holding me down

I'll smoke five joints a day, just to be social
And hold up my head
I'm high enough to pray
Up to a sky that's holding me down
Down, down, down down down down

I find myself in the worst of slums
I could use some slack if you could cut me some
Well, I'll go first, oh no, I insisted
It's an orchard filled with oranges
And I'll drink myself to life