

I'm one of those things you save forever but never need  
Like an old newspaper no one has time to read  
This child has grown into a dead end  
Since I lost the power to pretend

But it's alright, that's who I am inside  
Not much to say on this non-toxic, ordinary day

That's no superhero standing right in front of us  
So take this pocket full of kryptonite and beat it back to Metr  
opolis  
There's only room for one on this microphone  
In my finest hour I'm still alone

But old news can change, as memories float downstream  
So don't judge me by my failures, only by my dreams