

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