

Sr71**"oxic"**Visit ["oxic"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

I'm one of those things you'll 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 all right, 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
Metropolis

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

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