

Dillinger Four

"Fuck You, Ms. Rochelle"

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HE WAS PREACHING AT THE BUS STOP, HE WAS
 DRUNK,
 DRUNK ON MOUTHWASH, TALK SHIT
 HE ASKED FOR A CIGARETTE I GAVE HIM A MINT
 A LADY ASKED WILL THE SIX SOON
 HE ASKED HER IF SHE'D LIKE TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE
 MOON
 HIS SARCASM REEKED OF LONELINESS

AND I KNOW I HATED HIM THROUGH THE SNOW I
 COULD SEE A REFLECTION
 FRAGILE IS THE HELL WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES WHEN
 WE ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON.

HE WAS GETTING MORE OBNOXIOUS AND HE
 WOULDN'T QUIT
 EVEN THOUGH OUR FACES READ YOU'RE
 FULL OF SHIT
 AND THEN SHE SPLIT FOR ANOTHER STOP
 HE WAS ASKING FOR A SMOKE AND HE WAS PISSED I
 SAID NO
 HE MADE A FIST SO I PULLED OUT MY DICK '...
 'RY SMOKING THIS?

SO SIMILAR IT WAS KILLING ME, SO FULL OF SHIT AT
 ONLY 15.

FRAGILE IS THE HELL WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES WHEN
 WE ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON.
 HE WAS ME IN HIGH SCHOOL, A STEREO-TYPE, A WELL-
 TRAINED TOOL
 BUT SINCE THEN I'VE LEARNED THAT
 ALL CLOWNS AREN'T FOOLS

BUT IF THE ME OF THEN COULD SEE ME NOW,
 I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T
 LISTEN UP ANYHOW
 HE "SAY 'I' KNEW YOU WHEN
 YOU USED TO MATTER?
 BUT I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE HE

WASN'T SO EASILY FLATTERED

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