

## Electric President

### "I'm Not The Lonely Son"

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I'm not the lonely son

I'm the ghost of what the world protected

I'm not the lucky one

I'm what happens when the world forgets we're here

And we stopped on the tracks

Caused a train wreck

But now they've come to point the finger

Lost in the wake of my own invention

I burned enough

And I learned to burn you back

'Cause when there's nothing to do

I'll come crawling to you

With my hopes on my sleeves

And scabs on my knees

And then maybe you'll smile

And I can dream for a while

I'm not the one to blame

For looking past all the calls for attention

They've got such heavy hands

They're forced to point when it's too much to swallow,  
dear

So break them off  
I don't need their pointed words  
It's more than enough  
That they so gladly cut me down  
We broke our teeth  
On the ones who gave up first  
And rest our hands into those who let us down  
'Cause when there's nothing to do  
I'll come crawling for you  
With my hopes on my sleeves  
And scabs on my knees  
And then maybe you'll smile  
And I can dream for a

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