

# Farewell "Sucker Bait"

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Life-sentence spent in my head  
Skirting around the obvious  
Bread-dead and gone  
At least my mom thinks I'm a catch  
Three square meals served up in bed  
Too far ashamed for an audience  
A self medicated mess  
I'm the poster boy for abstinence  
Up and out of my mind  
I'm the butt of a joke  
And the last one in line  
Pull the cord and put me out of my misery  
Just a matter of time  
Grab a seat up in front and watch the decline of me  
Girl you don't know who you're messing with  
Keep running away  
Wake up calls in a cold sweat  
Treading water with lead in my life vest  
Lost cause for concern  
Crying wolf out on the ledge  
Half-hearted half-wit  
But still a few nickels shy of an idiot  
Fucked upside down and out  
(I got side effects of impotence)  
This is a song for the last picked  
For all the kids that shot and missed  
Get off the bench if you're sick of it  
Follow us  
We are the difference

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