

Flashback Of Anger

"Don't Look Much Like A Girl"

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Lost my cool at a brand new school
Where the kids all smelt kind of strange
And I threw my chair when I caught the teacher's glare
As she called me little Mary-Jane
All the ribbing that I god-damn took
From the kids left my ego in a whirl
And the kids would say while I sat and watched them
play
Hey there kid are you a boy are a girl
Praise the day I'm old and grey
And don't look much like a girl
And the kids all come and dance in the streets
Proclaiming me the king of the world
Figured it'd be fine when I hit grade nine
And I'd grow a big beard really soon
Till the first day of gym when I met father tim
And he sent me to the girl's change room
Illustrate my weekly pass come across as feeling crass
Submit for credit or just share your thoughts
Search my archive for a joke a thousand drives and
beers and hopes
Look out god I'm gonna die
My black candle won't stop smoking even though I blew
it out
My stigmata are signs of disease
Reputation as the finest burnt your bridges to be sane
Look out god I'm gonna die
Now in the end I will surely transcend
All the things I was never meant to be
So with some skill and a little good will
Out on ladies night I'll get in bars for free

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