

## Boy Meets Girl

### "Still Waiting For The Punchline"

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We rely on subtle points  
And stabs at biting humour  
To reveal our tired roles  
Of slave and domination

Who did you enlighten today  
Humiliate to sell your point of view  
Create an image for mass consumption  
Insecurity as intellect

See your soul  
In your eyes  
Hope your trophies  
Will not mind

I'm sick of this grain of salt  
That i must take you with  
I wanna lash out but i bite my lip  
The talk gets older and the lines get stale  
Your chance at godliness has already failed

You can't deny  
Your thirst and drive  
For your time  
In the spotlight

Why  
Are you so damned sure that you shut your friends out  
I have learned to shut out every hateful word

You'll never  
See the friends you've lost  
From behind your transparent mask

I haven't grown to hate you  
I've just grown to forget you  
You label me class rank and station  
Your intellectual masturbation  
You're absolutely intoxicated  
By your own mouth running in circles  
Your tongue always tends to lose it

Every chance you get you abuse it  
You now have spent a lifetime  
Killing time

I'm sick and tired of your reaction  
Why don't you shut the fuck up

When you discover  
Just how easy  
It is to impress  
Without demanding  
All the attention  
For no reason  
Maybe you'll believe me

Your own will to power has come back to haunt you

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