

Glen Phillips

"Professional Victim"

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Well it took five neighbors
To get him in the hall
And down the three flights of stairs
Out the building's door
I know that it's easy to say
That it couldn't be worse
But now she's in her apartment
Alone for the first time since the last jerk

And once you let them get to you
It never washes off
'Cause they can smell the weak ones
And just pick you off like a pigeon
And each one is worse than the last one
Until you're a professional victim

You get everything backwards
Learning how to survive
You treat the little wounds first
Let the big ones fester for life
You've done it enough
You would think that you know what you need
But it doesn't get any better
When you've got such an eye for the bad seed

(Chorus)

And if you take a look you can see the cracks
In the story told where the logic lacks
All the pretty girls and the stupid boys
Make the same mistakes until they've got no choice

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