

## Good Charlotte

### "Eye Examination"

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I never had real friends 'til now  
I never had to steal endz 'cause that's foul  
I walk the streets with the baseball bat feelin' secure  
but I try not to incite fights that's immature  
actions that come back to haunt  
I work hard to get the things that I want  
and never flaunt  
never post where the most guys post high  
I keep my focus towards the ground  
and pound  
any brother who's my ace to my face  
even if snakes on the unda'  
I try not to wonda'  
trainin' my brain wit' mental anguish  
strange, it's rather eerie  
clearly  
just a whim  
I adjust the hymn  
deal with the dealers and the squealers and the  
jockeys  
I can take the fizz out the carbonated copy  
imprints are made in the sand as I walk  
dim hints reveal rather grand as I talk  
small individuals seem larger  
when they take charge of  
their antics  
makin' them gigantic  
so you never suspect their neck bein' strained  
so many situated thoughts in the brain  
heavy weight gain  
so I weight train  
'cause to me the weight gain  
is a great gain  
and I hate sane individuals  
close they nose to new aromas  
I got the smellin' salts that are prone ta'  
clear the nasal, daze  
you'll probably make a raise to a new level  
and see the true devil  
any color ya wish because the devil takes any shape,  
any form

any swarm  
ride over your dish like a picnic  
I think the sick shit  
I had my wrist slit  
like a suicide  
but I survived  
and you can too  
plan to  
live a full life free of anxieties  
while you're at it try to keep an eye on me

[BRIDGE]

The man with meditation skills  
wastin' spills, lyrical liquid  
fillin' streams  
wit' dreams  
and I will cream whoever seems wicked  
oral floral arrangements  
is strange since  
you don't have the comprehension  
I will stop and lynch them  
I'm not the one promotin' gun totin'  
'cause I contain within my brain these computations  
just as potent  
the mental torturer of course you will acknowledge me  
'cause Mr. Twister places pictures, mental fixtures of  
photography  
shitty little bitties never get their clitties done, but I  
don't think  
they'll resist  
Mr. Twister  
when I flex my verbal techs.  
exit  
mental anorexic  
I don't cater to the imbecile so you can bet this  
is a brain buster  
pain thruster  
strain twister  
overwhelming pressure between the temples when I  
touch the microphone  
I might condone  
the usage of abuse if it is convenient  
I slant and lean it  
like a lever when I leave ya mutilated  
by my enuciated cleaver  
I survived the ither and the either  
now let me take a breather

(PAUSE)

From my own little world,  
little girls, little boys  
stay free of hurries  
free of worries  
that's riddle poised for posterity  
where are we  
goin' from here  
as a ho  
and I don't know  
and that's the biggest feeaaar  
when I'm flippin' into daaarknesss  
now I'm askin' can I spark this?  
It's D-E-L y'all  
from Hieroglyphics y'all  
sayin' peeeeeeace. . .

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