

## King Missile

### "Wuss"

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I was a teenage wuss.  
In junior high school, I had oily, stringy hair and lots of  
pimples.  
I wore really wussy clothes.  
Most of the other kids called me a faggot.  
Even some of the other wusses called me a faggot.  
There was maybe five kids in the whole school who  
were wussier than I was.  
I was really wussed out.  
I was afraid of girls, and guys scared the shit out of  
me.  
They used to say to me, "What are you, fucking  
queer?"  
They wanted me to fight, to prove I wasn't a faggot.  
But I didn't fight, I ran away.  
{cussing in the background}  
I was a wuss.  
I was never into any sports at all.  
I never took showers after gym class.  
I wore my gym clothes under my regular clothes,  
So I wouldn't have to change in front of everybody else.  
I was afraid to realize my full potential in school  
because,  
To the other kids,  
The smarter you were,  
The wussier you were  
I was a hopeless wuss.  
Wuss, Wuss, Wuss.  
I was into science fiction and math and chess.  
It was not fun being a wuss, and even now,  
Now that I'm not nearly as much of a wuss as I once  
was,  
I still feel kind of wussy from time to time:  
Residual wussiness-  
The kind of thing you can never really leave behind.  
That's the way it goes.

