

Stephen Colbert

"The Kid"

Visit "[The Kid](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

No body liked the kid who was always right
It's lonely up here on the top he though
If only I could get a little conversation
Like the ones I love on the radio station

Nobody liked the kid always in fights
Bloodied lips and power trips
Caught hell after that night
If only he could get a little faith in learning
I'd be Pickin up the bricks from the bridge he's burning

And there he found the middle ground
Doors flew open the way we were hoping they would
We all came out to see what the fuss could be about

Tapped on his shoulder as I pushed through the crowd
But he just stood there in the street smiling at the
clouds

Like a sun flower
Outside the window leaning in
Keeps me up at night
My favorite little sin
He's way too bright to look directly at
But he's more than just that

He's my friend

Nobody thought his bluff would amount to much
When he said his goodbyes all he got back were tired
eyes
I'm a rock he cried
It's time to roll we sighed

Could it be that the world outside this room is just
imagined
Canvas back drops to hide the life he's trapped in

He's like nothing I've ever seen
So maybe he's just a dream

Visit [Stephen Colbert](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.