

## **Pain**

# **"Comeback"**

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He was a drunk  
He was a punk-ass useless slob and he didn't even  
wanna get a job.  
He'd forgotten how to be himself.  
They say the world is a stage and every man must play  
his part,  
but he didn't make the call-back list.  
He had a five o'clock shadow on his heart.  
He was so weak he couldn't even make a fist to punch  
himself.  
She came along, and right away he felt a little less  
wrong, subsequently just a little more strong - This  
anomaly flipped his lid.  
He checked his hair, and smoothed out the ruffles in  
his shirt because he suddenly remembered how to flirt.  
He took a Tic-Tac (he knew it wouldn't hurt!), he put his  
lips on yellow alert, and he said "Hello, how are you?"  
and he shook her little hand. (Whoa!)

These days he don't know that much about much but  
here's his summary: God is great, the devil is bad, and  
somewhere in the middle there's you and me...  
In the wreckage and the ruin (standing side by side)  
and they know what they're doin'.  
In fact he feels like he is finally pulling away from the  
devil since he met her.  
His strength is coming right back like a prodigal son,  
like a prodigal son.

He checked his couch, and his pockets, and his car's  
ashtray, and he found enough dinero to pay for things  
from the Goodwill Store like soap and Listerine to make  
him fresh and clean, and a pretty decent old black  
comb (he found it on the street on his way home).  
He borrowed some SpeedStick from the guy in the  
apartment behind him.  
He didn't tell him, though I hope he doesn't mind him,  
he really shouldn't leave his door unlocked, because  
he also took a pair of his socks, and a Falco tape, I'm  
sure he didn't play it anymore. (Whoa!)

Shaved face, smooth as onion, dressed in out-of-  
fashion clothes, ready for their secret tryst about which  
everybody knows....  
And that's perfectly cool.

He's always been a big fool.  
But thanks to her, he thinks he's finally pulling away  
from the devil, he's just begun;  
His strength is coming right back like a prodigal son,  
like a prodigal son.  
(breakdown:)  
One step forward, two back. (Plastic loser falling  
behind)  
One step forward, two back. (No dice, he chose the  
moves that he made)  
And the moves that he made led him away, away from  
the game.  
Same old same old, but further away...  
And he still finds life perplexing but he submits his  
thesis humbly: God is great, the devil is bad, and  
somewhere in the middle there's you and me...  
In the wreckage and ruin (standing side by side) and  
they know what they're doin'.  
She is the oil can to his tin man, the extra stuffing to his  
scarecrow, the gamma rays to his Incredible Hulk  
(though that sounds crude)  
And he feels like he is finally pulling away from the  
devil since he met her.  
I wrote this to express the gratitude of a punk-ass  
useless dude.

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