

7 Mary 3 "Lame"

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here's a tall, a mulatto. boy i know
and he comes to every party - he stands alone
viewing them the rest, from the corner of his glance
it gets so clear, he's not judging anyone
the way his arms float around his cage, he's caged
canary sings, silently brings, his voice to rage
the way they stop and stare, the way they turn their
heads
it's enough to make him want to run away
but he stays, he stands his ground

and I'm so lame
the way I condescend without ever knowing his name
he keeps it in a box, hangs it from his ear
looks at everyone without the slightest fear
it's making me so ashamed

slender body, slip through his glance
I don't give him a single chance
the way he's rocking back and forth
makes a buzzing in my ear
constantly reminding me that I never stop to hear
him say hello, hello

and I am so lame
like a moth bumping off his godless flame
I cannot condescend or even apprehend, what comes
over me
when I see his shameless face

so rage, please rage against me
beat me down, beat me down, forgive me
for what I've done, I'm so lame, I'm so lame, I'm so
lame
so lame, so lame, so lame

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