

## **Powerman 5000**

### **"Even Superman Shot Himself"**

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Goddamn, even Superman shot himself  
Blew his mind couldn't save the wealth  
I said, maybe he read the Sunday paper  
Murder front page death and rape

I can't see through the haze of the hazy  
It's the little things, it's the little things  
It's the little things that drive a man crazy  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

You know what I mean I know why he did it  
Too slow to outwit it, get it  
His cape was red, yeah, but so was his blood  
Man of steel fell with a thud

Taken out by the villain who's willin'  
To stand in line and do the time you hated  
'Cause life brings death that life has created  
And do you understand when I say

It's the little things that break the man  
By the way are you feeling it bit by bit, piece by piece  
They're stealing it bite the dust hit the deck  
They're dealing it, you've got to give it up

Goddamn, goddamn, yeah  
Goddamn, goddamn, even Superman shot himself  
Goddamn, goddamn, yeah  
Goddamn, even Superman shot himself

Sometimes I feel so stupid, sometimes I feel so low  
Sometimes I think of all the things, yeah, that I'll never  
know

Sometimes I don't know what to do  
But most motherfuckers don't have a clue  
Sometimes I don't know what to do  
But most motherfuckers don't have a clue, yeah

Most motherfuckers don't have a clue  
Most motherfuckers don't have a clue  
Most motherfuckers don't have a clue  
Most motherfuckers don't have a clue

Goddamn, goddamn,  
Goddamn, yeah, goddamn, even Superman shot  
himself  
Goddamn, goddamn  
Goddamn, goddamn, even Superman shot himself

Come on, come on, come on  
Check this out, check this out, check this out

Open your eyes see out the inside  
The point of the point of the point you can't hide  
From the shit that's all around funky ghetto  
Of the mind that brings you down

Can't shake it 'til you give it up, yeah  
Sell your soul, or don't give a fuck  
Takin' you out superhero style  
Your finger's on the trigger wishing you were bigger

All the while you've got the soul with rigor mortis  
Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"  
You've got the soul with rigor mortis  
Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"

Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"  
Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"  
Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"  
The grip on the neck and the snake bite kiss

And I burned for twenty-five years

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