

Alexipharmic

"Kings"

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You know the guy who gets his beauty tips from Maxim
And talks to his bros before he takes any action
And claims that your passion trumps his need for sex
But leaves you if you don't put out the day after next
He's got his ego on his chest, hat with the sticker on
Standin on a chessboard are the only bigger pawns
Loves nothing more than nut pumping giving orders
And thinks a big man but he packs a roll of quarters
Makes narcissism look humble by inspection
And gets off by whacking it in front of his reflection
Sensitive when you're alone, an asshole in public
Only you know what he means to say and doesn't
Jealous when you hurt his pride by talking to the other
guys
Only lie he told you's when he said he never lies
He cries in your arms when you say it ain't workin
And tells you that you never understood him as a
person

He's a great big douche, but you love him just the
same
Because you're afraid of finding any change

You know the girl who gets her beauty tips from Cosmo
And leads you on at first then wants to take it slow
And if you don't slow your roll will leave you in an
instant
Back together with her ex though she claims that she
isn't
Drives a better car than you can ever afford
While you plug along bored in an 86 Ford
And claims that masturbation's something only for hos
Til you find a wardrobe stowed with lube and dildos
Slaps your mouth shut if you ever mention breakup
And goes two face with no makeup to make her face up
And claims trust is something that you earn in the end
Then you walk in on her in your bed with your friend
Hot and she knows it and acts like she don't
And questions your manhood when she says that she
won't
She walks all over you and you worship that ground

No hope for your lost balls, they'll never be found

She's a great big witch, but you love her just the same
Because you're afraid of finding any change

You know the kid that sat in the back of the class
And was shy to grab ass at the middle school dance
And he rarely took a chance out of fear of rejection
And turned to words and music just to find some
protection
A nice guy that always had girls as friends
Never as girlfriends, though he would pretend
Fashion tips from Goodwill, chivalry from a single mom
So if he didn't treat women well then she would break
his arm
Daydreamed about meeting a queen, but missed the
obvious
Common sense to be her king he simply needed
confidence
Until that day came, he came on his own
Rock hard enough to turn Medusa to stone
But now he's grown, now he's boned, now he sits upon
a throne
Overcompensating for what he's never owned
He wonders if his lovers will ever be his friend
And he's become the asshole he's always condemned

He's an imposter, and it seems he'll stay the same
Because he's afraid of finding any change

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