

GymClassHeroes

"Petrified Life and the Twice Told Joke"

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(Verse 1)

I walk on decrepit bricks and kick sticks and rusty soda cans

Simply for lack of better stimulation

Motivation comes and goes like gas station patrons

So sedation compensates for unexpected vacations
(thank you)

That's my pre-gratitude

Post-please leave me alone that's just my rude attitude

No dysfunction flipside, I'm just your ordinary citizen

They're waiting patiently for me to sin again, but then again (shit...)

I'm really mommy's little angel

But that angel on my shoulder got strangled

For trying to tangle with his nemesis he caught him on the wrong day

And got cut like DJs spinning doubles (let the fucking song play)

I'm on my way to the store ignoring the city

To purchase a pack of Marb' Reds with a stack of rolled pennies

I could go for Denny's, and my stomach holds plenty

But my pockets got holes, I guess the goal is to stay empty

Quite simply put: me and my pockets share interest

I'll never fall in love with that pretty green-eyed temptress, twice (yeah right)

I learned my lesson the first time

I just couldn't keep up with that ever-changing Jordan line of foot apparel

Parallel to many clones, my eye's vision monochromes
With seven shades and twenty tones

Plus I breath artistic, they eating everything I'm feeding them

Put myself in every painting and use my spit as mat medium

And results of my children, we share the same genes

Cast the same reflection and interpret the same dreams

Like whoa, like whoa, like whoa..

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa..

(Chorus)

And at night, I roam these streets with absolutely no
purpose (absolutely no purpose)
Feeling like I'm worthless (feeling like I'm worthless)
But contrary to my last statement, I feel fine
Content with the fact that I know this city's mine
And at night, I roam these streets with absolutely no
purpose (absolutely no purpose)
Feeling like I'm worthless (feeling like I'm worthless)
But contrary to my last statement, I feel fine
Content with the fact that I know this city's mine

(Verse 2)

I walk down dead end streets like I didn't see the sign
Just to turn around and walk back
That's fine and dandy, but what's whack is the fact I'm
still walking
Like "Thank God for walkmans."
I'm only yawning cause these simply minded mortals
make me sleepy
So what do I do? I resort to T.V
In the seemingly lousy attempt to numb myself with
lackluster images
And insignificant information like "Willis was really Ty
Bridges"
Just to have the upper hand in monotonous
conversations
And for lack of better stimulation
I'm painting portraits of dysfunctional families with
gloomy faces
Rockin' "Don't Worry, Be Happy" t-shirts, and you're
assuming I'm tasteless?
You misconstrue it but your babies will embrace it
The basic essentials of a very bitter young man
That kicks rusty soda cans and walks on decrepit bricks
With a permanent pair of headphones trying to make
these lectures stick
I'll let the protestors picket, like they are gonna make a
difference
And watch them die before they realize that their cause
was nonexistent
Like their cause was nonexistent..

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3)

I walk on shitty city sidewalks stepping on every single
crack
Reminiscent of that joke we used to say when we were
snotty nose
My purpose got defeated when my mind turned
paraplegic
Plus I failed my civil service exam, they said I cheated
Not to mention tainted urine samples and the attention
span of a second-grader
More fascinated with building blocks than wasting time
stressing his daily lesson
Hence the ridilin, I've been gone with the wind like
lucky lottery tickets since day one (one)
I stepped on the left cause right's wrong (wrong)
So what do I do? I resort to friendly games of ping
pong and sing a song in "Sixpence"
I'm "None the Richer", I just kiss her on the lips and
keep trucking

(Chorus)

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