

## Off Topic

### "Detail Specific"

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Johnny found a penny on the ground when he was five  
He stuck it in a empty coffee can and taped the lid shut  
Slit the top and labeled it with masking tape: Free  
Money  
Now he's got good reason to pay attention to details  
Understands potential of the little things in life  
That most people arrogantly pass by on high horses  
Too caught up in the ride, too wide-eyed  
Too lost in a head of pointless thoughts to realize  
That deaf ears mute traditional voices  
He was smart kid  
Knew enough to keep his head straight  
Despite his crooked optic, he's cycloptic  
Collects change off the ground after people drop it  
Add it to the Maxwell House account  
Nobody knows about  
Not the kids on the playground  
They knock him down  
But he sees more with one eye than those guys  
He'll survive the hurt pride and the broken nose dives  
Til the miracle medical procedure eliminates the need  
for  
Prescription monocles and trips to the hospital  
Every Monday for a physical  
College graduation looking like a normal citizen  
But he never quite fit in, he was a freak til age eleven  
Never told his secret, never looked at pictures  
Never had a girlfriend  
Never trusted mirrors  
Never liked two eyes to dry tears  
Johnny goes to work every day  
He's a salesman, has to sell himself  
To sell enough to make commission  
Legal prostitution  
He hates himself for the first time, breaks down and  
cries  
Is this why I worked so hard to hold on to this life?  
To get shit on by people that I don't even like?  
Used to be that everyone expected me to fight  
Now they're like, "Play nice"  
And on his knees he sees shiny new quarter

In the grass  
And all the walls start to collapse  
He makes about eighty bucks a day, good pay  
Stops at the bank and gets wrappers for twenty years  
of found change  
Cuts the lid off can he's got hid in his apartment  
It's mostly pennies but it weights a ton  
He rolls a fifty stack, then he rolls another one  
It's about a hundred bucks, but he's see more than that  
It's free money, found money  
Got one day of his life back  
One day to face facts, one day to react  
His forced happy-faced personality is officially  
detached  
He calls out, step one of a crack plan  
He'll break even by the contents of his coffee can  
Breaks out the pistol from the nightstand  
And breaks out for downtown scouting pedestrians  
Gouged out his new eye with the pen he signed the  
waiver with  
And sprayed off a whole city's worth of school kids  
Screaming "Fuck the future, my past is where I wanna  
live!"  
Takes a cop helicopter down with a well-shot round  
They can't catch him, as he bobs and weaves through  
the underground  
They can't believe how many clips he's got stashed in  
his belt  
He's on the train tracks trembling staring down the  
barrel  
Eliminates the one eye and dies, made headlines  
He saw more than you and I, and it was too much  
He snapped  
How much can I take before I lose my mind?  
Cross the line between psychopath and justified

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