

Phatty-Gurl

"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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