

Dillinger Four, Fuck You, Ms. Rochelle

he was preaching at the bus stop, he was drunk,
drunk on mouthwash, talk shit
he a for a cigarette i gave him a mint
a lady asked will the six soon
he asked her if shed like to take a trip to the moon
his sarcasm reeked of loneliness

and i know i hated him through the snow i could see a reflection
fragile is the hell we make for ourselves when we acknowledge that the spotlight's on.

he was getting more obnoxious and he wouldn't quit
even though our faces read you're full of shit
and then she split for another stop
he was asking for a smoke and he was pissed i said no
he made a fist so i pulled out my dick "try smoking this"
so similar it was killing me, so full of shit at only 15.

fragile is the hell we make for ourselves when we acknowledge that the spotlight's on.
he was me in high school, a stereo-type, a well-trained tool
but since then i've learned that all clowns aren't fools

but if the me of then could see me now, i'm sure he wouldn't listen up anyhow
he'd say "i knew you when you used to matter"
but i've known him since he wasn't so easily flattered