

# Dog Eat Dog, Sore Loser

You tried out for the high school team  
So you would have some childhood dreams  
That you and your father could share  
Football coach said you're too small  
Don't even think of basketball  
You knew you were destined to fail

Went to the track meet  
You wanna be an athlete (sore loser)  
Get back in your seat they said  
Go to the dugout  
Three strikes you stuck out (sore loser)  
And home runs flew over your head

Looking down on rock n' roll  
And you dreamed of scoring goals  
You're saving those dreams for your bed  
Thought it was cool to be a jock  
You ended up a rent-a-cop  
A dozen donuts in your hand

You're a loser  
A sore loser

Now it seems the tables turned  
The game of life you should have learned  
So try using some of your brains  
All your high school friends are stars  
Driving really fancy cars  
The irony drives you insane