

Five Iron Frenzy, Suckerpunch

Coke bottle glasses
I'm sitting in the corner with my finger up my nose
and my shoelaces untied again.
Another day of school with no friends.
social outcast
two grades ahead in math with my high water pants.
Giving meaning to pencil-necked geek
a dork or so to speak
tongue in cheek.

They're all suckerpunching me.
Get in line for a wedgie.
All I want and all I need is someone who believes in me.

A song sung for underdogs
for all the left out.
A flag flying for losers somewhere in the heavens.
The God of everlasting comfort believes in me.
Loved me when I was faithless He still died for me.

Junior high schooler with pencils in
my pocket and my trapper keeper busted
spilling papers and books on the floor.
Not wanting seventh grade anymore.
Another class clown acting like
a goof to be accepted by my peers.
Giving meaning to pencil-necked geek
a dork or so to speak
tongue in cheek.