

Five Iron Frenzy, Wizard Needs Food, Badly

Wizard needs food, badly

I know that you're probably mad at me
I've come to expect that
You know that you'll never have all of me
You've come to resent that
You say "tomato", I say "video games"
You're acting so solemn
You'll take the precious remote control from me
Do I sound like Gollum?
Not that I'm escaping
You charm me like the flame does moths
It's just that you'd prefer me docile
Like a narcoleptic sloth

The wizard needs food badly
The Voltron can't be incomplete
The things I love, you hate so madly
I must not go down in defeat

In the hunter-gatherer societies
I'd bring home the bacon
Public thought says men should try and be tame
Stirred but not shaken
I say "baseball" then you start to cry
I'm sorry I grieve you
I think a motorcycle's a good way to die
This must bereave you
I know that you try so hard
And I'm not saying it's a sin
It's just that they don't feel my pain
In Vogue or Cosmopolitan

And I'm sure you have your reasons
But listen to me please...
I want the G.I. Joe with the Kung-Fu action grip
I want Nintendo with the extra-graphics-microchip
Tackle football with rocks, and sticks, and knives, and pain
I want a truck with the four wheel drive train
You'd rather see me get good at bookkeeping
I could clean house in the time that I'm not sleeping
I live to serve you, and I don't want to be rude
But you should see that the wizard needs food

Wizard is about to die