

Roper, Hello Lamewads

Feel the burn and the fury of my pen
feel the fire, as I fan the flames again
brace yourself for the mediocre
Hail the king of the almost good enough
nothing bold, nothing's flying off the cuff
things might change, but don't hold your breath yet
Try floating with the flow,
try not to run too slow
be average, not below, Let's go

[Chorus:]

Hello lamewads, I'm with you
raise your fists if this rings true
Hello lamewads, never quite our best or finest
hello lamewads, I'm predicting a C minus, now.

Hello lamewads, hello.
Like a shoelace slowly coming loose
like a flashlight running out of juice
save your necks, with some lame excuses
I'm neither friend or foe, I'm never going pro
does this sound apropos?
Let's go.

Niether hot nor cold this is getting old.

crbt2('Roper','Hello Lamewads')

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Artist Info