

# School For The Dead, Thug

Suzy's still woozy from the helicopter flight  
Pilot new where to land cause she's a search light  
She's got a notion that something isn't right  
When the neighbors shut their shutters  
And the kids stay out of sight

She's going down to the beach from her bungalow  
She hears a sound in the street that she doesn't know

Suzy's still choosy and it's sometimes absurd  
She still doesn't know what that noise was that she heard  
A farm boy wagers he can tame a lady bird  
She said put up your dukes those letters sound like a word

She's gonna drown in that wave if she doesn't run  
She's looking down at her name and she's almost done

She's not a thug, she's not my drug  
She's not a desert island  
She's not my book, she's not a rook  
She's not a pitcher plant, a super hero, a scissor fingers  
She says, Don't make it so complicated.

Suzy says a doozy's when you step out and see  
Hardly anybody even notices me  
She says she doesn't have any respect for that street  
It's a miniature sun but she can still feel the heat from it

She's looking down at the town from her secret place  
She's hears a sound in the ground and she starts to pace.

She's not a thug, she's not my drug  
She's not a desert island  
She's not my book, she's not a rook  
She's not a pitcher plant, a super hero, a scissor fingers  
She says, Dear God, don't make it so complicated.