

Flashlight, Fatso

Thought that I was nothing more than one of your pawns
While you stormed your ladder rung by rung
Though your conscience bled about everything you said
I sincerely hope you had a little fun
And I bet it felt swell to damn me to hell
While the rest of us lost our cool
Yet still I live despite what you did
Because I know that I am uglier than you

Fight the power, fight the future, fight the CDA
Fight your conscience, fight your Jesus, lose me on your way
Something came around the corner
Something went a little wrong
Call me fag, have some class
Come on fatso kick my ass

Break for a lunch of model glue punch
And a thermos of your mother's Pam
You made it quite clear you didn't want me near
And I faked it like I didn't give a damn
And Sonia Bianchi never lost touch
With the way you never lost your cool
And although you're a prick and make people sick
I guess this world doesn't need another fool

Now in the end I'm forced to contend
That my personal war is through
Now I'm dumped and your ego's pumped
Cause somebody wrote a song about you