Glue, Sock Drawer Blues

(I am trapped) Repeat 12X
(I am...)

Hey mom, look at me. No mismatched socks on my feet.
Everything's in perfect order. There's no chaos underneath
This huge grin (uh, oh). I guess my sarcasm's been sighted
And once again, it looks to me that you need to be reminded
About getting me after soccer practice
Attach this note to your forehead
But your reflection's been distorted.
Ever since you lost sense of what's really important
I've been trapped by myself in this adolescent fortress.
What's in store for my milestones?
How come I think so adult?
Why do I look around and see no one else?
Why do they obey like they were born robots?
I can't do that. I fight back with glares in sidewalk cracks.
Life would be better if I could find this amusing,
But every minute, another war ends ends with me losing.
And I hate fighting, but I can't tell my relatives about this struggle;
They expect me to have a high IQ and bruised knuckles
(Look at me!) So look at me, the super glue of disturbing ideas,
Determined to let kids everywhere see me survive their fears.
Save up my lunch money to buy a bus ticket to the land of no-parents.
See, There I will be king and rule the voiceless victims
They haven't figured why medicine can't make me whole,
And I'm only 8 years old and let music kill my soul.
Hey, hey, HEY! Don't you step out of line, young man.
Look into my eyes. Do you even know who I am?
All this and they have no idea I exist in this skin
Every thing's figured out between my ears and within
And I have to answer to humanity's aching diseases
And I can communicate with all of God's creatures
Yet I still have recess and sit in front of this TV,
Waiting for the time to come when I can leave this helpless body
So have your teacher conferences and find a solution,
But I dare you all to find one respected institution
That can understand how I feel when I'm not even real.
And life is judged by their naive views and minutes that they seal.
I don't use these ideas that my teachers can't relate to
Because I know there's no science to explain what I've been through.
In these short years, my existence has been completely bare
From having this curse since the first second I breathed air.
I dream in historic episodes that I never forget
As if I'm being trained to understand what hasn't been found yet

All of this while eating breakfast at 7 am (7 am).
With my family surrounding the table, ending in amen.
All of this while eating breakfast at 7 am (7 am).
With my family surrounding the table, ending in amen.

They tell me to smile in school pictures but I have nothing to smile about
My heads been saturated with questions marks and doubts
That were obviously last years passed my graduation
And no kid will ever feel what I can't get away from
I want simple pleasures in bed time and playing in the sun
But I know the Universe is coming down on everyone
And mom is late to get me up today, that figures
You know it's embarrassing not to depend on what I have to live with
And I wish I could tell her that none of it matters
But they believe that dumbing down hides them as really good actors
Playing the role of parents but I see them as temporary teachers
Finding me with reason to hide from the miracle seekers
They use this as a reason to thank God and ask for repentance

But I am not the cause for them to finish their sentence
It's a total understanding of all that is existing
My feet walk to a different theme, lifted on a pedestal
By invisible strings, the wood sings when I climb the walls
Writing the meaning of life in crayons until the night falls
I understand what life is and what it has to offer
But I've been deprived of shapes to stand at the alter
My years last three times as slow
My body will never catch up to my mind
Acting like toys and video games excite me
And I play like it's all fine
I hear them talking around me as if I don't understand
Using words incorrectly and lying about their fellow man
Well there's no prophecy in my voice and even if there was I wouldn't care
I've been given gifts of healing but have no one to share
Prepare for the future as I live the normal routine
Fooling everyone I encounter, acting like a human being
Late again, sometimes she acts like I don't exist
Same routine and everyday it's just like this
From the back seat I tell her "It's OK to hold my hand"
But she laughs and says "Honey it's OK, you wouldn't understand"
It drives me insane to know that if she only realized
That I can see the answer in her tired eyes
Hopefully dad will see it and won't let her slip away
But it destroys me seeing this happen and there's nothing I can say
My curse of comprehension in his premature form
With the ability to see damage and hear the silent alarms

All of this while eating dinner every night at 7 pm (7 pm)
With the family surrounding the table, ending with amen
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With the family surrounding the table, ending with amen