

Mr. T Experience, Thank You (For Not Being One

You're so swell and I can tell you love me, amazingly, and I love you as well. Day by day, come what may, you don't hesitate to exaggerate and say that it's okay. Everybody else is trying to push me around, kicking my ass and picking on me, running me down, knockin off my glasses and stomping them into the ground. When they've been doing it again, I've got to thank you for not being one of them. As it stands, there's still a chance you'll hear me calling as I'm crawling from the garbage cans. The kids are having fun, proud of what they've done. Later that night we hold each other tight and plot their destruction. Hey hey faggot hey cry baby cry I hate them all and I want them to die you whisper to me sweet techniques we could murder them by. When they've been doing it again, I've got to thank you for never joining in. Thank you for not being one of them. Oh oh oh...