

Saint Vitus, Born Too Late

Every time I'm on the street
People laugh and point at me
They talk about my length of hair
And the out of date clothes I wear

They say I look like the living dead
They say I can't have much in my head
They say my songs are much too slow
But they don't know the things I know

I know I don't belong
And there's nothing I can do
I was born too late
And I'll never be like you

In my life things never change
To everybody I seem strange
But in my world now something's died
So I just stare with these insane eyes

I know I don't belong
And there's nothing that I can do
I was born too late
And I'll never be like you