Sebadoh, Mr. Genius Eyes

Rest now Mr. Genius Eyes, your work has all been done Speak in special riddles, standing pointing at the sun behind you There is no way around you (I wish I never found you) À bitter gifted girl, look at what she's done Making fun of boys on the other side of the sun I'm here to be used Try to be confused with someone It's no one; the special boy is only no one I should be free to be what I am As you should have what you need But if you see what you need in me Then you can't have what you need It's not fair to expect that from me 'Cuz that's not what I am You think I reject you, but I never wanted to hurt you Now you want to hurt me 'cuz I won't set you free That's what you see, but that's not what I am I'm a genius (X6)