

Self, Sucker

Yoda forsaw this cause it came from nowhere
I'm well unprepared
Lighter than arosal that's stained into
The hair berets on the wall
The perfect contestant
All afraid and alone
I ordered by phone
All of life's secrets and a custom
storebought, homemade piece of mind

Am I the Sucker here for the punching?
Am I the only one dumb enough to stick around
Till the fighting ends
And the next round begins it can't be
Am I the Sucker here for the punching?
Am I the last one left to admit
That I know the Sucker in the mirror
Staring back at me

It's quite a collection of hearts you got there
In need of repair
Modern day aeroplanes are combing
Every corner of the sky
Hooked a detector to the lies in my head
Said I'm better off dead or buried alive

-chorus-

She could throw parties on my grave
She could make this whole town her slaves
She could dance upon my grave

Am I the Sucker here for the punching?
Am I the only one dumb enough to stick
Around with all your high school friends
And your stupid split-ends and pig tails
Am I the Sucker here for the punching?
Am I just too blind to see
That I know the Sucker in the mirror
staring back at me