

# 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