

# Son Of Dork, Slacker

My friend's a computer hacker  
But in school everybody said he was a slacker  
He writes science fiction novels  
He builds whole towns and villages from cola bottles

He does equations just for fun  
Eats low carb ice cream with his Mum  
Sews Cub Scout badges on his sweater

He's just a feeling you ignore  
A dumb computer hacker  
Trash can on the floor  
A pitiful disaster  
Cried to sleep at night  
When he never got it right  
Cos he never realised  
It doesn't even matter  
Later on in life  
He's drowning in his laughter  
Three kids and a wife  
He's happy ever after  
Stoked to be alive  
With his dream up at Nasa  
Loving everyday  
Well, I guess it really pays to be a slacker

He stays up all night playing Tetris  
Asteroids, Pacman written on his 'games to get' list  
Wasted nights spent up in his bedroom  
Tough times, long nights  
Must have been a lot to get through

He's getting sharp pains in his wrist  
In his world girlfrien's don't exist  
Cna't even get an ad on 'My Space'  
(poor guy)

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He's the one all alone in despair  
He's the one who thinks life isn't fair  
He's the one sitting right over there  
He's the lonely guy on the side  
Looking kinda shy  
You could see him ride  
Passing by on a pedal bike  
He's the funny type  
Kinda like 'Napoleon Dynamite'

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It pays to be a slacker!  
(And that's the truth)