

Stephen Covell, The Kid

Nobody liked the kid who was always right
'It's lonely up here on the top,' he thought,
'If only I could get a little conversation
Like the ones I love on the radio station'

Oh, nobody liked the kid always in fights
Bloodied lips and power trips
Caught hell after that night
If only he could get a little faith in learning
I'd go pickin' up the bricks from the bridges he's burning

And once he found the middle ground
Doors flew open the way we were hoping they would
We all came out to see what the fuss was all be about

Tapped on his shoulder as I pushed through the crowd
But he just stood there in the street smiling at the clouds

Like a sun flower
Outside the window leaning in
Keeps me up at night
He's my favorite little sin
He's way too bright to look directly at
But he's more than just that

He's my friend

Nobody thought his bluff would amount to much
When he said his goodbyes, all he got back were tired eyes
'I'm a rock,' he cried
'It's time to roll,' we sighed

Could it be that the world outside this room is just imagined?
Canvas back drops to hide the life he's trapped in

He's like nothing I've ever seen
So maybe he's just a dream