

The Creatures, Standing There

Hey creepo's... I'm talking to you
I've got a message to give to you
You've got a problem... we know
But there's something you ought to know

Standing there across the thoroughfare
They stand and stare with that gormless air
So funny to see how dumb some grown men can be

An unwanted weed, a dying reed
Left to consider life as it passes by
Ignoring your calling, ignoring your taunting,
Ignoring your feelings of self hate and loathing
How empty and pointless your life must seem

See them standing
See them staring
See them wearing that same stupid face

Sticks and stones may break bones
But these taunting crones only cause inner groans
We ignore all your calling, ignore all your taunting
Ignore all your problems of self hate and loathing
Somebody should show them where to go

See them standing
See them staring
See them wearing that same creepy face

Standing there in the thoroughfare
They stand and stare with that gormless air
Does what you won't understand scare and make you mad?
Resentful and envious, don't you disgust yourself?
So funny to see how pathetic some men can be

See them standing
See them staring
See them wearing that same stupid face
Ignore all their calling, ignore all their taunting,
Ignore all their faking, their self hate and loathing
Somebody should show them where to go.