# Wizard Needs Food, Badly

## Five Iron Frenzy

I know that you're probably mad at me. I've come to expect that. You know that you'll never have all of me, you've come to resent that. You say "tomato", I say "video games", you're acting so solemn. You'll take the precious remote control from me. Do I sound like Gollum? (It's) not that I'm escaping, you charm me like the flame does moths, it's just that you'd prefer me docile, like a narcoleptic sloth.The wizard needs food badly, the Voltron can't be incomplete. The things I love, you hate so madly, I must not go down in defeat.In the hunter-gatherer societies, I'd bring home the bacon. Public thought says men should try and be tame, stirred but not shaken. I say "baseball" then you start to cry, I'm sorry I grieve you. I think a motorcycle's a good way to die, this must bereave you. I know that you try so hard, and I'm not saying it's a sin, it's just that they don't feel my pain, in Vogue or Cosmopolitan.And I'm sure you have your reasons, but listen to me please... I want the G.I. Joe with the Kung-Fu action grip. I want Nintendo with the extra-graphics-microchip. Tackle football with rocks, and sticks, and knives, and pain... I want a truck with the four wheel drive train. You'd rather see me get good at bookkeepping, I could clean house in the time that I'm not sleeping. I live to serve you, and I don't want to be rude, but you should see that the wizard needs food.

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