

Suckerpunch

Five Iron Frenzy

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Coke bottle glasses,
I'm sitting in the corner with my finger up my nose,
And my shoelaces untied again,
Another day of school with no friends.
A social outcast,
Two grades ahead in math, with my highwater pants,
Giving meaning to pencil-necked-geek,
A dork or so to speak, tongue-in-cheek.
They're all sucker-punching me,
Get in line for a wedgie.
All I want and all I need,
Is someone who believes in me.
A song sung for underdogs, for all the left out.
A flag flying for losers, somewhere in the Heavens.
The God of ever-lasting comfort, believed in me,
Loved me when I was faithless, he still died for me.
Junior High schooler
With pencils in my pockets, and my Trapper Keeper busted,
Spilling papers and books on the floor,
Not wanting seventh grade anymore.
Another class-clown,
Acting like a goof to be accepted by my peers,
Giving meaning to pencil-necked-geek,
a dork or so to speak, tongue in cheek.
They're all sucker-punching me,
Get in line for a wedgie.
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Is someone who believes in me.
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