

Evil Genius

Eleventyseven

They were so ecstatic when the letter arrived
A certified genius at the age of five
They planned his future so carefully
He was everything they'd hoped he'd be He was a model child, a devoted son
Loved and admired by everyone
He played out every role, a "T.V. Hero"
He lived his life in a video fantasy He was good at school, never failed a grade
They gave him hopes and dreams and taught him not to hate
He had rules he learned to break for fun
Now he's hidin', 'cause there's fingerprints on the gun Why'd ya have to do it, Evil Genius?
Was it justified in your mind?
Why'd ya put us through it, Evil Genius?
Was it justified in your mind, any time you held a grudge? Was it something said that pushed you over the line?
Your best interests were in our minds
You kept it so well hidden, we never knew
No one ever expected anything like this from you Why'd ya have to do it, Evil Genius?
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