

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 beHe 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 fantasyHe 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 gunWhy'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 youWhy'd ya have to do it, Evil Genius?

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