Marooned

Bill Baird

I know from a lesser tribe
I suppose the range of my intelligence
is way too wideAnd you don't see me
'cause I don't have much to sayMy emotional outlet
is consuming the better part of me
And apart from the wrong words
a tortured cry is making me seeThat you don't see me
'cause I don't have much to sayhours and hours fo jealousy
are passing me by
Although hollow silence
is the only wave
going through your brainAnd you don't see me
'cause I don't have much to say

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