

Wuss

King Missile

1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4I was a teenage wuss.
In junior high school, I had oily, stringy hair and lots of pimples.
I wore really wussy clothes.
Most of the other kids called me a faggot.
Even some of the other wusses called me a faggot.
There was maybe five kids in the whole school who were wussier than I was.
I was really wussed out.
I was afraid of girls, and guys scared the shit out of me.
They used to say to me, "What are you, fucking queer?"
They wanted me to fight, to prove I wasn't a faggot.
But I didn't fight, I ran away.
{cussing in the background}
I was a wuss.
I was never into any sports at all.
I never took showers after gym class.
I wore my gym clothes under my regular clothes,
So I wouldn't have to change in front of everybody else.
I was afraid to realize my full potential in school because,
To the other kids,
The smarter you were,
The wussier you were
I was a hopeless wuss.
Wuss, Wuss, Wuss.
I was into science fiction and math and chess.
It was not fun being a wuss, and even now,
Now that I'm not nearly as much of a wuss as I once was,
I still feel kind of wussy from time to time:
Residual wussiness-
The kind of thing you can never really leave behind.
That's the way it goes.

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