Born Too Late

Saint Vitus

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Every time I'm on the street
People laugh and point at me
They talk about my length of hair
And the out of date clothes I wearThey say I look like the living dead
They say I can't have much in my head
They say my songs are much too slow
But they don't know the things I knowI know I don't belong
And there's nothing I can do
I was born too late
And I'll never be like youIn my life things never change
To everybody I seem strange
But in my world now something's died
So I just stare with these insane eyes

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