

Even Superman Shot Himself

Powerman 5000

Goddamn, even Superman shot himself
Blew his mind couldn't save the wealth
I said, maybe he read the Sunday paper
Murder front page death and rape I can't see through the haze of the hazy
It's the little things, it's the little things
It's the little things that drive a man crazy
Yeah, yeah, yeah You know what I mean I know why he did it
Too slow to outwit it, get it
His cape was red, yeah, but so was his blood
Man of steel fell with a thud Taken out by the villain who's willin'
To stand in line and do the time you hated
'Cause life brings death that life has created
And do you understand when I say It's the little things that break the man
By the way are you feeling it bit by bit, piece by piece
They're stealing it bite the dust hit the deck
They're dealing it, you've got to give it up Goddamn, goddamn, yeah
Goddamn, goddamn, even Superman shot himself
Goddamn, goddamn, yeah
Goddamn, even Superman shot himself Sometimes I feel so stupid, sometimes I feel so low
Sometimes I think of all the things, yeah, that I'll never know
Sometimes I don't know what to do
But most motherfuckers don't have a clue
Sometimes I don't know what to do
But most motherfuckers don't have a clue, yeah Most motherfuckers don't have a clue
Most motherfuckers don't have a clue
Most motherfuckers don't have a clue
Most motherfuckers don't have a clue Goddamn, goddamn,
Goddamn, yeah, goddamn, even Superman shot himself
Goddamn, goddamn
Goddamn, goddamn, even Superman shot himself Come on, come on, come on
Check this out, check this out, check this out Open your eyes see out the inside
The point of the point of the point you can't hide
From the shit that's all around funky ghetto
Of the mind that brings you down Can't shake it 'til you give it up, yeah
Sell your soul, or don't give a fuck
Takin' you out superhero style
Your finger's on the trigger wishing you were bigger All the while you've got the soul with rigor mortis
Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"
You've got the soul with rigor mortis

Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"
Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"
Like Travis Bickle said, "Suck on this"
The grip on the neck and the snake bite kissAnd I burned for twenty-five years

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>