

# Lame

## Seven Mary Three

There's a tall, a mulatto, boy, I know  
And he comes to every party, he stands alone  
In viewing them the rest, a corner of his glance  
It gets so clear, he's not judging anyone  
The way his arms float around his cage, he's caged  
Canary sings, silently brings his voice to rage  
The way they stop and stare, the way they turn their heads  
It's enough to make him want to run away  
But he stays, he stands his ground  
And I, I'm so damn lame  
The way I condescend without ever knowing his name  
He keeps it in a box, hangs it from his ear  
Looks at everyone without the slightest fear  
It's making me so ashamed  
Slender body, slip through his glance, I don't give it a single chance  
The way he's rocking back and forth, makes a buzzing in my ear  
Constantly reminding me that I never stop to hear  
Him say, hello, hello  
And I am, I'm so damn lame  
Like a moth bumping off his godless flame  
I cannot condescend, even apprehend, what comes over me  
When I see his shameless face  
So rage, please rage against me  
Beat me down, beat me down, forgive me  
For what I've done, I'm so lame, I'm so lame, I'm so lame  
So lame, so, so lame

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