

# My Secret Origin

## Ookla the Mok

There was a boy who knew  
he could be anything that he wanted to.  
Everybody told him he had a singular destiny.  
Everybody said he'd go far--  
everybody said he'd be a star.  
They said he could be anything he wanted to be--  
then he turned into me.  
Now it seems increasingly unlikely  
that I'm gonna grow up to be Luke Skywalker--  
not gonna be Indiana Jones.  
And after all this time  
it's probably not gonna turn out  
that I'm the super-powered heir  
to a world that isn't there anymore.  
But somebody told me I was special.  
Somebody told me that I could be  
anything I wanted to be.  
How could they have known the dreams I had  
were not the dreams they had for me?  
They said I could be what I wanted--  
they had no idea what I wanted.  
And I don't mean to seem ungrateful  
for all their encouragement and praise.  
I just meant to say that I don't intend  
to stay and spend  
another wasted year, cause at the end  
I bet I'd still be sitting here  
wasting time and waiting.  
I'm waiting for my Lady of the Lake  
to come and crown me king.  
I'm waiting for my rocket to land  
so I can get my power ring.  
I'm waiting for my radioactive meteorite to fall.  
I'm waiting but I ain't got no meteorite at all.  
I'm waiting for my story to begin.  
I'm waiting for my... I'm not done.  
Don't count me out of it--  
my story isn't over yet.  
I'm not the son of some Roman god but anyway

I think I'm gonna be okay.  
And looking back I find it seems  
I've always had unlikely dreams  
but I can't let that stop me now,  
it's time to grow up anyhow.  
And I may not be Hercules  
but here's my new philosophy:

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