# Grudge

## Pain

In the eighties, I had a radio.
I had a real bad haircut
And nowhere to go except Aladdin's Castle and Eckerd Drugs.
She had sweat bands, she liked to break dance.
She wore a pair of shiny parachute pants.
I was geek and she was a superstar.
Was it just, was it just, was it just too much to ask?
Worlds were in the space between us.
I guess I should've made a sacrifice
Or tried to meet her set of standards.
I had a pretty good collection of Masters of the Universe.
I had Boba Fett and Greedo and I was pushing seventeen.
She had tapes of Chaka Khan and Kenny Loggins,
She knew how to backwards skate.
She had eyes that looked around for the boys
Who I had lately grown to hate.
At the time I was working on a novel
Just another fruitless side distraction.
I sometimes wondered what she would think of that
What if I had wowed her with some fiction
Over wine and crackers by a lakeside?
Would she have just stood back up and moonwalked home?
was it just too much to ask?
Worlds were in the space between us.
I guess I should've made a sacrifice
Or tried to meet her set of standards.
But she didn't have respect for the Stray Cats,
I didn't have respect for that.
Rubik's Cubes were not my style and they're still not
I was into D&D.
Nanananananananananananana
Solo
When I look back upon the eighties
I never get pissed off at Ronald Reagan.
I never paid attention to him back then.
But that chick who wore the parachute pants,
The one who broke my heart, the one who broke danced.
I just hope that one day we'll meet again.
I'm not sure, I'm not sure, I'm not sure, no I'm not sure.

I'm not sure what I would do,
I'm not sure if even matters
Because I know wherever she is
She's got something stuck up in her ass
And the closer to the shore that my ship gets
She can only, she can only, she can only eat herself alive
Eat herself alive.
Nanananananananana

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