

Human Pinata

Voodoo Glow Skulls

Bruised and abused, but still easily amused
Can't figure why he still comes around
Nobody hates him, they just like to humiliate him
Then he'll take the shirt off his back for you
Sticks and stones can't break his bones
He'll come back swinging at you
Sticks and stones can't break his bones
Because he's the human pinata
Everyone's a character in his dreams
Nothing else can bring him down
He'll be the player on the other team
Just to make the game complete
He does things his way, not like anyone else
A strong believer in himself
The laughs on him, and it doesn't matter
He'll leave the attitude on the shelf

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