

Geek

Bettie Serveert

Rich, dumb, white kid thinks that he's everything
Loud mouth, bold headed geek's got a song to sing
 Turn him inside out on the kitchen floor
Soon find out that he doesn't wanna sing no moreAs always, the same affair
 But who really cares for God's creations, his amputations
 The tight-assed mum and dad got a lot to say
They stick their nose into every game we playTurn them inside out on the kitchen floor
 And soon find out daddy doesn't have a clue no more
 As always, the same affair
But who really cares for God's creations, his amputationsDown, down in the basement of our cares
 There's always a phony, count the stairs
 Like, like us as something as we come
 And like, like us as rumpus as we run

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