

A Certain Type of Genius

Say Anything

there is a certain type of genius
who is proud to know so much
he skipped a thousand showers
cause he doesn't need to touch
he hides his bastard faces
behind thick panes of glass
they're all that separates him
from the apish lower class
and the stench of love keeps sneaking up his nose
through all the snot his sinuses can hold
believing all the lies that he's been told
grows old, so olda friday night alone with friends
he's got but one or two
they're geniuses like him, you see
nothing like all of you
they banter and they languish
with all ostentatious plea
they're all so trendy and which
they're underground machines and he won't be there when jesus comes around
he'll write a book on what his studies found
and deep inside he'll learn to fear the sound
of hope, of hope he says why should i even try
i will let the oil soak in my face
until the pimples shine
like tiny mountains set in place
this lonely valley, mine
between the hills of opulence
they grow with strength and time
scarlet clusters spring from skin
to hide my missing spots and he won't be there when jesus comes around
he'll write a book on what his studies found
And deep inside he'll want to hear the sound
of hope, of hope when the world stabs you in the back
the worst thing you could do
is become indifferent to
there is no 'they'
no idiot brigade
only a thousand yous
equally as bruised

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