

He used to be a fox-faced child
With all the ugly nicknames
Rejection encouraged his hideous smile
Now he's cultivating some of his own games

Not enough just to be normal
He needs something nobody has
A secret war that makes him hard
In a world that makes him mad

No brakes on the train
No handles on the slide
Seesaw in his brain
And there's a fat boy on the dark side

His face will be seen
In every magazine
His name will be heard
In every dying word

He used to be a fox-faced child
He knows too much of the dark side
He will feast on immortality
By swallowing your life

Part of his fear of death is yours
Part of it feels like mine
We've been in his mouth shouting at God
And begging for extension of life

No brakes on the train
No handles on the slide
Seesaw in his brain
And there's a fat boy on the dark side
His face will be seen

In every magazine
His name will be heard
In every dying word
A man who is nameless

Tomorrow he'll be famous
And he'll burn his life
Into the soft part of my brain