

The Bully

The Lemon Twigs

Shane, I'm waiting
For you inside the bathroom stall
Anticipating
Your footsteps coming down the hall

As I stay still
Something makes me I'll
My eyes grow wide and fill
They fill with tears

Visions haunt me
Just as they did when I was young
My poor father
Was given Robert as a son

Robert being me
Shamed the family
Slow as slow could be
While his father had a PhD

Please have mercy
I'm doing everything I can
Robert Senior politely
Asked his son to stand

Do you wanna know why
Your mother died?
When you were born
She couldn't bear to raise a boy like you
She just couldn't hack it
Her body attacked itself
By the time the birth was through
She was gone!
Gone!

Shane, I waited
To smash your head against the wall
My self-hatred
Makes me feel like I want it all

Unclose my eyes
Listen to your cries
And try to feel my size
But my father's voice just won't subside

Ahhhhhhhh
Bah-aahhhhh
Ahhhhhhhh
Bah-ahhhhhh