

Mr. Nobody

Buck 65

Mr. Nobody. Real life, fake lotus.
Break focus. Way too normal to take notice.
Women and rage. Sugar, salt, cinnamon, sage.
The city throbs. Endless shitty jobs and minimum wage.
It's nonsense. Flashy patterns, polka dots and gold checkers
Cold efforts. Avid collector of old records.
Mostly poor. Little things you have to look closely for.
I hate kids and standing in line at the grocery store.
I'm divorced. Exile enforced. New fears
A few beers. I haven't had sex in over two years.
I've tried to trust. It's useless. I wallow in my disgust.
Why discuss it? No car, I ride the bus.
Steel doesn't decide to rust it just does.
Words written out with your finger where the dust was.
Clich'. He-say she-say. So funny
Forgot to laugh. Go study. Call me Mr. Nobody.

The invisible man.
I'm hiding in the bushes.
The invisible man.
I'm stewing in my own juices
The invisible man.
Writing letters to the editor.
The invisible man.
Riding a bike with a flat tire...

Unfurled young girl. Stand up. Strike back.
Get dressed. Don't hold yourself open like that,
It's terrible. Carryin on. Precarious position.
Jumpin', kissin'. I look in your eyes and I see that somethings
missing.
You've been punished, brainwashed. Pain squashed,
Haunted and hunted. You could have had anyting you wanted.
Now you're ruined. Screwing around with a villain.
If I ever find out who did this to you, I swear to God, I kill
him.

The invisible man.
I'm hiding in the bushes.
The invisible man.
I'm stewing in my own juices.
The invisible man.
Writing letters to the editor.
The invisible man.
Riding a bike with a flat tire...