

Super Smash Bros Confession

Dan Bull

This is a song about Super Smash Brothers
Although, I don't think it's the one you want to hear
But still, I'd like it if you, maybe, stay a while and listen
To this confession from the heart, prepare for my admission
All of my life, I'd never liked Smash Bros
I've been lying and tricking
I tried to pretend to like it just so I could fit in
I'm inside a pit, a dark pit of despair
I thought my life would be a peach but this isn't fair
Everyone else around me seems to play this game
Man, they really rate it
But the more that they praise it
The more I feel alienated and naked
I was at a party once, we gathered 'round the television
For a tournament, all taking turns to sit and get a hit in
I'd never win, I'm not competitive, at best; indifferent
I don't possess sufficient reflexes, I'm inefficient
I just don't get the benefit when it's forever hidden
Can't see the meaning when it's Greek to me as Hellenism
Am I uncivilized or do I see reasonless hedonism?
I'm pretending it's incredible, but in my head, it isn't
I don't really mean to be an endless well of pessimism
I'm just a mope and moaning is my coping mechanism
And admitting to this is the single best decision
I f*cking suck at Smash Brothers, oh, bless, forgive him
While critics are lavishing, damn their religious praise
I'm struggling understanding the physics
Knocked off a platform, then hopping right back up
That's not very accurate gravity, is it?
Every win I predict, I fail
My world shakes of the Richter scale
I hate this damn franchise, how long will it prevail?
I feel like a villager lost in a city of hustle and bustle

Impossibly busy
Can't comprehend what I'm watching, it's trippy
Feel anxious and jiggly, puffing a ciggy
I'd rather be sitting on top of the lickeys
Now hand me a cloth, 'cause I'm washing the pity right off
Won't be rid of the alien until I'm solving the riddle he's got
And it's rippley
Whether I'm Fox or Sonic or Chrom
Or Yoshi or Robin or Donkey Kong
I'm probably gonna be wrong
And feeling like God has just strung me along
It's not that simple
There's shades of gray in sinner or saint
But I'm just a cunt and I want it to end with minimal pain
When will I have any rest?
I'm happy to die a valiant death
I see your hands directing the characters as if they're marionettes
While I'm an uncoordinated hell of a mess
Who hasn't the stamina to carry stress
Or brainpower to hazard a guess
What are we doing? I dinna ken
So, I suppose you win again
Don't worry your little head about it, Dan

You're just being a friend
A snake in the grass, a wolf at the door
Damn, there's a lot to unpack, man
The black clouds of conformity part
I vow to take my last stand
Alarm bells are ringing
And I'm seldom singing
From the heart with such wrath
But now, I'm coming out swinging
I made a song about it
Probably may be wrong about it
But now, I'm tired of keeping secrets
And I want to shout it
Don't stop me now
Don't stop me now
Don't stop me, don't stop me, don't stop me
Don't stop me, don't stop me, don't stop me
Don't stop me, don't stop me
Is the bell icon toggled on?
I've got an inkling
Do you like the tune?
Link's in the description