

Fuck You, Ms. Rochelle

Dillinger Four

HE WAS PREACHING AT THE BUS STOP, HE WAS DRUNK,
DRUNK ON MOUTHWASH, TALK SHIT
HE A FOR A CIGARETTE I GAVE HIM A MINT
A LADY ASKED WILL THE SIX SOON
HE ASKED HER IF SHED LIKE TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE MOON
HIS SARCASM REEKED OF LONELINESS
AND I KNOW I HATED HIM THROUGH THE SNOW I COULD SEE A REFLECTIO
N
FRAGILE IS THE HELL WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES WHEN WE ACKNOWLEDGE T
HAT THE SPOTLIGHTæ' ON.
HE WAS GETTING MORE OBNOXIOUS AND HE WOULDNæµ QUIT
EVEN THOUGH OUR FACES READ YOUæ²E FULL OF SHIT
AND THEN SHE SPLIT FOR ANOTHER STOP
HE WAS ASKING FOR A SMOKE AND HE WAS PISSED I SAID NO
HE MADE A FIST SO I PULLED OUT MY DICK æØRY SMOKING THIS?
SO SIMILAR IT WAS KILLING ME, SO FULL OF SHIT AT ONLY 15.
FRAGILE IS THE HELL WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES WHEN WE ACKNOWLEDGE T
HAT THE SPOTLIGHTæ' ON.
HE WAS ME IN HIGH SCHOOL, A STEREO-TYPE, A WELL-TRAINED TOOL
BUT SINCE THEN Iæ,E LEARNED THAT ALL CLOWNS ARENæµ FOOLS
BUT IF THE ME OF THEN COULD SEE ME NOW, Iæ¢ SURE HE WOULDNæµ
LISTEN UP ANYHOW
HEæØ SAY æØ KNEW YOU WHEN YOU USED TO MATTER?
BUT Iæ,E KNOWN HIM SINCE HE WASNæµ SO EASILY FLATTERED