Western White Kid

Heideroosjes

He was jus fourteen and he was white A smart person? yes. A hero? Oh no not quite He had no friends, he was always on his own He wasn't accepted, he wasn't full-grown

Ugly, spoiled, pimpled, western, white kid With knock-kneed legs.

In school the kids always kicked his ass
Because he played the guitar instead of smoking grass
The pimples where all over his ugly face
If he smiled they jumped all different ways

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They called him a nerd, they called him a dweep He had his pride and they never made him weep They all humbled him, even the busschool driver Altough they tought he was a loser, he was a survivor

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