

Wuss

King Missile

I was a teenage wuss.
In junior high school, I had oily stringy hair and lots of pimples.
I wore really wussy clothes.
Most of the other kids called me a faggot.
Even some of the other wusses called me a faggot.
There was maybe five kids in the whole school who were wussier than I was.
I was really wussed out.
I was afraid of girls, and guys scared the shit out of me.
They used to say to me, "What are you, queer?"
They wanted me to fight, to prove I wasn't a faggot.
But I didn't fight, I ran away.
I was a wuss.
I was never into any sports at all.
I never took showers after gym class.
I wore my gym clothes under my regular clothes,
So I wouldn't have to change in front of everybody else.
I was afraid to realize my full potential in school because,
To the other kids,
The smarter you were,
The wussier you were
And the wussier you were,
The more they beat you up.
I was a hopeless wuss.
Wuss, Wuss, Wuss.
I was into science fiction and math and chess.
It was not fun being a wuss, and even now,
Now that I'm not nearly as much of a wuss as I once was,
I still feel kinda of wussy from time to time:
Residual wussiness
The kind of thing you can never really leave behind.
That's the way it goes.