

# Exception

Token

There they go again, harassing this kid so easily  
His name is Andy, he grew up right down the street from me  
I barely know him though, I just see him in school while passing  
Usually followed by two kids giggling in back of him  
I don't know why I feel the need to interfere and I'll be honest  
The kid is obviously a little weird  
He's got a stutter, plus always talks to himself, but it is clear to me they  
shouldn't mess with him  
He probably wishes they'd disappear  
Like yeah, he's different, so?  
He ain't causing harm to anyone  
Yeah he might annoy them, not on purpose though  
He's never done something intentionally offensive like these other kids  
Like yelling "stop being a retard!" when they see him mumbling  
Or called him a faggot when he's saying something awkward  
Yeah, he lives with it, but he shouldn't have too any longer  
He's just a kid like any of us  
Matter of fact, next time I see him I'm gonna say something and have his bac  
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The next day ain't any better, they're abusing him  
Every day gets worse 'cause people accept it as they become used to it  
And he doesn't stand up but what can you do with that hate against you  
You call 'em out, he's called a spaz with some anger issues  
They hear but they don't listen, senseless  
They're hearing that bullies are everywhere thinking that there must be the  
exception  
But it's so alive and its so true  
They got open eyes but they don't view  
They got growing minds that they don't use  
And it's pulverizing our whole youth  
But to be honest, most of these bullies don't mean any harm  
They're just kids like any of us, they like to be in charge  
They like attention, but just lack guidance in getting it  
So they put others down, none of us are always innocent  
But that doesn't make it right, cause again I'm watching Andy get tortured b  
y two of his peers with no reason in sight  
And I know he knows I watch and he sees me paying attention  
And It's getting worse and worse, I hope he knows that I respect him

The next day Andy didn't show up to school and I was nervous  
He always came to this class, I wonder what was the purpose  
The same class had the two kids who been messing with him  
But without a target, both of them just blended right in  
Twenty minutes later, the class was pretty quiet  
As Andy walks through the door, he was shaking and crying  
As all heads slowly in sync turned, he pauses  
Then pulls a pistol out of his front pocket  
The girls screamed, the boys sat there terrified  
Nobody expected this but everyone knew the reason why  
And before anyone could say something fully  
Within seconds, two bullets flew into his bullies  
More screams as the bodies collapsed  
I felt I should say something cause I was the only one who had his back  
I said "It's over Andy, they're dead! You had your wish!"  
He turned to me and said "You? You were the third on my list"