The Bodybuilder

Wild Nothing

Place the bookmark
I'm on a kick I shouldn't feed
Desperate for your attention
To get you listening
Hot air and artifice
I wish I didn't feel the need
To impress you quite so much
Been too long on my knees

I might need a tune-up
Might just need to get dolled-up
Dying to show you a reflection of my dreams
You know down there I beat my chest
You know my heart rate never rests
I am the bodybuilder, a Nobel scientist

'Til the robin chirps
'Til my son, he stirs
Balloon meets needle
And I'm right back where I belong

Folded corner
Pacing just outside the screen
Can't say how long it's been
Here waiting for my scene

I might need a tune-up
Might just need to get dolled-up
Sometimes I don't need nothing
Sometimes I need it all

Sometimes I need it all
Sometimes I need it all
Sometimes I need it all
Sometimes I need it all

Going back for more, I know just what I'm looking for
Pump my ego up, I'm feeling big, I'm feeling smug
Wish I had the sense to keep my nose clean out of it
Stop the car, I'm getting out
Stop the car, I'm getting out

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