

# Seven Mary Three, Lame

There's a tall mullato boy i know  
and he comes to every party, stands alone.  
In viewing them the rest, the corner of his glance,  
it gets so clear. He's not judging anyone.

The way his arms float around his cage, he's caged.  
Canary sings, silently brings his voice to rage.  
the way they stop and stare, the way they turn their heads,  
it's enough to make him want to run away,  
but he stays, he stands his ground.

And I, I'm so damn lame.  
The way I condescend without ever knowing his name.  
He keeps it in a box,  
hangs it from his ear,  
looks at everyone  
without the slightest fear;  
it's making me so ashamed.

Slender body slipped through his glance;  
I don't give it a single chance.  
The way he's rocking back and forth  
makes a buzzing in my ear,  
constantly reminding me  
that I never stopped to hear  
him say, "hello." (hello)

And I, I'm so damn lame,  
like a moth bumping off his godless flame.  
I cannot condescend, even apprehend what comes over me  
when I see his shameless face.

So rage, please rage against me.  
Beat me down, beat me down  
forgive me for what I've done.  
I'm so lame, I'm so lame, etc...