## SR-71, Non Toxic

l'm

one of those things you save forever but never need Like an old newspaper no one has time to read This child has grown into a dead end Since I lost the power to pretend But it's alright, that's who I am inside Not much to say on this non-toxic, ordinary day That's no superhero standing right in front of us So take this pocket full of kryptonite and beat it back to Metropolis There'sonly room for one on this microphone In my finest hour I'm still alone But old news can change, as memories float downstream So don't judge me by my failures, only by my dreams