

# Tune, Crackpot

You hate my face  
You think I'm mad in the brainspace  
You say I fail if I don't seize a day  
You're tired of my ignorance

You want me to chase  
Your pretty friends in the rat race  
But I don't feel I am part of the team  
I'm not the flesh and blood machine

You'd like to know why  
I get so jaded cold and aching  
This brave new world is for the taking  
but I'm occupied by things you just can't see

You wonder why I  
Still complicate when it's so easy  
Still slay my demons like diseases  
And cannot face this new reality

But I'm just a crackpot  
Don't really care if you like it or not  
Another man in my head I've got  
You can't halt my crazy train of thought

I'm just a crackpot  
Pretty immune to the pills you've brought  
Way out of line and man I like it a lot  
Can't hurt me please take your best shot

I'm just a crackpot  
Trying hard to find a place to call my spot  
No office space, no Mac, no iPod  
Don't go to clubs and jobs is not my god.

I'm just a crackpot