

Loser Geek Whatever – Be More Chill

I already know what it's like to
Be the loser
I should find out what it's like to
Not be the loser, or the geek,
Or the whatever
I think I felt inconsequential
Since middle school began
I knew I had no potential
To be the leading man
But based on how today's going
I'm finally gaining ground
I even got some blood flowing
With no computer screen around
Which was cool
But what really felt good
Was doing something that
I never thought that I could
It's not only school that's rough
Being lonely's stupid tough
Now, I think I've had enough
Of being the loser, the geek, or whatever
Michael thinks that weird is rad
But feeling weird just makes me sad
And I deserve to not feel bad
From being the loser, the geek, or whatever
Sick of being the loser,
The geek or whatever - yeah!
Woah! Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh!
Woah! Uh huh, uh huh!
Dad taught me
"Follow your instincts!
Trust your inner voice!
Listen to your heart!"
And such
My whole life I've followed my instincts
Well guess what!?

My instincts suck so much!
So now I'm taking direction
From another voice
If my instincts have an objection
Then that means I'm making the right choice!
Behaving this way feels bizarre
But if things keep up the way they are
Then soon enough I'll get real far
From being the loser, the geek, or whatever
If Brooke can look me in the eye
Like I'm some normal handsome guy
I owe it to myself to try
Not being the loser, the geek, or whatever
Sick of being the loser,
Geek, or whatever - yeah!
Woah! Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh!
Woah! Uh huh, uh huh!
Prompt me, command me, and I'll obey
I have the bandwidth to do as you say!
Especially now, since I clearly see
The problem has always been me
Take a breath
And get prepared
But still I'm just a little scared
For who gets cut
And who gets spared
When I'm the cool dude, the hero, or whatever
If Christine likes me in the end
Will I be able to pretend
I didn't fail my one real friend?
But that's the shit I normally would think
Get over it, get priorities in sync
Just mute the voice inside your head
And connect to another source instead
I've earned a right to selfishly
Be all for one and one for me
I've wasted all eternity
Just being the loser, the geek, or whatever
I'm steady and the game's begun
I'm ready, set, I'm player one!

The future's now, I'm freakin done
With being the weirdo, the wuss, the underdog
Being the misfit, the old school analog
Being the odd-ball, the weakling freak
The failure, the sucker, the
“please don't speak!”
Oh, I can hardly wait for the moment when
I'm not the loser, the geek, or whatever
Oh, I'm not the loser, the geek, no never!
No! I'm not the loser, the geek, or whatever
Ever again!



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych