

Geth

The pressure of fitting in at times can be overwhelming
There isn't a manual or special book that teaches us magic rules
That would be easy right?
But that's not life

The pressure to fit in got you buying off the captain
what do you call it?... slush
but you keeping it hush hush
Not telling anyone
because the questions would be too much
Am I right?

Don't tell me....
You were stashing it in the spare room
Thinking that was clever
But mum is tamping
you should've known better

All this just to be accepted and fit in
But why fit in when you were born to stand out
Maybe in a world so big
We're all looking for our tribe
We're all looking to fit in

The secret is it all starts with you
You don't have to believe others
Because, guaranteed, they don't have a clue too
Don't buy into the fake narrative

You made a mistake
But that can be amended
In time
And mum and dad will calm down
And all will be fine
You're their son after all
with the power and potential
to grow so tall.