

Wizard Needs Food, Badly

Five Iron Frenzy

I know that you're probably mad at me.
I've come to expect that.
You know that you'll never have all of me,
you've come to resent that.
You say "tomato", I say "video games",
you're acting so solemn.
You'll take the precious remote control from me.
Do I sound like Gollum?
(It's) not that I'm escaping,
you charm me like the flame does moths,
it's just that you'd prefer me docile,
like a narcoleptic sloth.

The wizard needs food badly,
the Voltron can't be incomplete.
The things I love, you hate so madly,
I must not go down in defeat.

In the hunter-gatherer societies,
I'd bring home the bacon.
Public thought says men should try and be tame,
stirred but not shaken.
I say "baseball" then you start to cry,
I'm sorry I grieve you.
I think a motorcycle's a good way to die,
this must bereave you.
I know that you try so hard,
and I'm not saying it's a sin,
it's just that they don't feel my pain,
in Vogue or Cosmopolitan.

And I'm sure you have your reasons,
but listen to me please...
I want the G.I. Joe with the Kung-Fu action grip.
I want Nintendo with the extra-graphics-microchip.
Tackle football with rocks, and sticks, and knives, and pain...
I want a truck with the four wheel drive train.
You'd rather see me get good at bookkeeping,
I could clean house in the time that I'm not sleeping.
I live to serve you, and I don't want to be rude,
but you should see that the wizard needs food.