

Token, Exception

There they go again, harassing this kid so easily
His name is Andy, he grew up right down the street from me
I barely know him though, I just see him in school while passing
Usually followed by two kids giggling in back of him
I don't know why I feel the need to interfere and I'll be honest
The kid is obviously a little weird
He's got a stutter, plus always talks to himself, but it is clear to me they shouldn't mess with him
He probably wishes they'd disappear
Like yeah, he's different, so?
He ain't causing harm to anyone
Yeah he might annoy them, not on purpose though
He's never done something intentionally offensive like these other kids
Like yelling "stop being a retard!" when they see him mumbling
Or called him a faggot when he's saying something awkward
Yeah, he lives with it, but he shouldn't have to any longer
He's just a kid like any of us
Matter of fact, next time I see him I'm gonna say something and have his back

The next day ain't any better, they're abusing him
Every day gets worse 'cause people accept it as they become used to it
And he doesn't stand up but what can you do with that hate against you
You call 'em out, he's called a spaz with some anger issues
They hear but they don't listen, senseless
They're hearing that bullies are everywhere thinking that there must be the exception
But it's so alive and it's so true
They got open eyes but they don't view
They got growing minds that they don't use
And it's pulverizing our whole youth
But to be honest, most of these bullies don't mean any harm
They're just kids like any of us, they like to be in charge
They like attention, but just lack guidance in getting it
So they put others down, none of us are always innocent
But that doesn't make it right, cause again I'm watching Andy get tortured by two of his peers with r
And I know he knows I watch and he sees me paying attention
And it's getting worse and worse, I hope he knows that I respect him

The next day Andy didn't show up to school and I was nervous
He always came to this class, I wonder what was the purpose
The same class had the two kids who been messing with him
But without a target, both of them just blended right in
Twenty minutes later, the class was pretty quiet
As Andy walks through the door, he was shaking and crying
As all heads slowly in sync turned, he pauses
Then pulls a pistol out of his front pocket
The girls screamed, the boys sat there terrified
Nobody expected this but everyone knew the reason why
And before anyone could say something fully
Within seconds, two bullets flew into his bullies
More screams as the bodies collapsed
I felt I should say something cause I was the only one who had his back
I said "It's over Andy, they're dead! You had your wish!"
He turned to me and said "You? You were the third on my list"