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Ursprungligen skriven någon gång 2000-2002 men fortfarande min personliga favorit.

Misfits

In every time, In every place you'll find someone like me
A lovely soul in need of love but that you cannot see

'Cause all that's in your eyes are beauty or some wits
And men like me will always seem to be some kind of misfits

We're millions strong and everywhere but can't seem to succeed
We are the losers in this world, A crippled lover's breed

What can we do or say to find someone that wants our love
I've searched for it on the ground and in the skies above

I guess there's nothing left to do I've tried it all before
So darling when you leave this room be sure to close the door

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