

# Chicago, Plaid

Some will say it's too late  
So don't change your story  
There's too much at stake to grow  
Yesterday was so great  
Just bask in the glory  
Don't let your feelings show

And I say, oh yeah  
Like a man with condition  
I wait for my heart to stop  
And they say, "Stay down  
Got a plan, hold that position  
You can't afford a flop"

Pack my suitcase  
With my game face  
Take the same place  
And put away the dreams I had  
Let my hair grow  
Find some old clothes  
Let the world know  
That my glory days were plaid

I'm not asking for permission  
Are you ready for me to be me?  
Just pass the ammunition  
This prisoner's about to bust free from the chains

For so long you told me to keep it familiar  
Just play what they all would buy  
I can wear this blindfold, stick to your story  
But I gotta ask myself "Why?"  
And I play those songs  
For so many seasons  
'Til I'm sure I'm losing my mind  
And I say, "Oh no,  
Gotta have a much better reason  
To leave all my dreams behind"

Others change it  
Rearrange it  
Stay the same thing  
And become your favorite fad  
With the see-through  
I gotta be true  
I can't be you  
Polyester comes in plaid

I'm not asking for permission  
Are you ready for me to be me?  
Lord, pass some ammunition  
This prisoner's about to bust free from your chains

I'm more than just excited  
Like a hundred pounds of monkey off my back  
I've got to find myself out  
Now everybody's invited  
To ride this train 'til we run clean out of track  
Clean out of track

With the see-through  
I gotta be true  
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I'm not asking for permission  
Are you ready for me to be me?  
Better pass some ammunition  
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