

Incubus, Favorite Things

I'm thinking of my soul's sovereignty,
and I know everything you hate in me.
Fill me up with over-pious badgerings,
to throw them up, oh, one of my favorite things.
Remember all the lessons fed to me?
Me the young sponge, so ready to agree.
Years have gone; I recognize the walking dead,
now aware that I'm alive and way ahead.
Too bad the things that make you mad
are my favorite things.
And I'm so happy.
I see you looking, I know that you're thinking
that I'll never go anywhere.
The things that I've done and the things
that I've seen, I don't really expect you to care.