

# Wide Mouth Mason, Corn Rows

It might take some time  
But I'll do it on my own  
YOu act as if it's a crime  
Like I'm bad down to my bones  
But I sleep at night time  
And I can't understand how you ever did  
Sounds cliché I can't live a lie  
I was feeling old and tired  
Now I feel like a little kid  
I think you're suddenly blind  
Only see what you want to do  
Good God man where's your mind  
You don't see me but you're so easy to see through  
Now I'm slipping through the corn rows  
Now I'm slipping through the corn rows  
You can't see me any more  
Now you're slipping through the corn rows  
Slipping through the back rows  
Can't see me anymore, can't see me anymore