

A Global Threat, I Dont Want It All

It's all just a game, right? But I forget the fuckin' shifty rules
I'm not a poet I suppose if the elite defeat the meter of my prose
And in no uncertain terms mines is a faith that isn't confirmed
Ask the Berkeley position and what you're hearing isn't worth the listen
But I don't want it all
I just want you
Don't get me all wrong, the scars were defensive wounds
I won't make a great liar, can't debate a taste I can't afford to acquire
Won't stoop down to clean up well
if your parents and friends think I looks like hell
So strike a proud pose
You drew the long straw just to cram it up your nose
You want a suit and tie to make band and multiply
Join the unsatisfied
You know what?
You're just not my type