

American Lesion, Opinion

The first thing I remember
Was the friction in the room
And that brown spinet piano
That never played in tune
The cruel impatient tyrant
The frustrated malcontent
The need to find the pieces
And the absence of cement
No one ever told me about the right way to love
And no one ever showed me what we're supposed to be made of
So don't be too forthright about what you think that I should be
And I'll willingly accept your low opinion of me
The last thing I remember
Was the slamming of the door
And the resonance of my imperfection
Broke the silence once more
The selfish angry bastard
Who doesn't want to hear
I tried to learn compassion
You turned the other ear
No one ever told me about the right way to love
And no one ever showed me what we're supposed to be made of
So don't be too forthright about what you think that I should be
And I'll willingly accept your low opinion of me
The worn out broken record
Who doesn't fit the mold
The righteous independent
The mood so harsh and cold
Momma never told me about the right way to love
And Daddy never showed me what we're supposed to be made of
So don't be too forthright about what you think that I should be
And I'll willingly accept your low opinion of me