

# Edson, Before I Was Smart

Take me out and make me feel  
What it's like to be surreal  
Sticky, stingy, stiff and pale  
Wonder how I got so quail

They might save a lie  
Or a fiendish why  
In a time where the things we do scare me  
I preferred to be  
Stupid and na've  
In a time I remember just barely  
Before I was smart

On a train to my old town  
Putting on a scornful frown  
In this town I used to sing  
Sing about most anything

They might save a lie  
Or a fiendish why  
In a time where the things we do scare me  
I preferred to be  
Stupid and na've  
In a time I remember just barely  
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