

Michael Penn, By The Book

Always been horseblinded
Could never see
Past the two shades on the periphery
I ask you for mercy
And beg clemency
But something I'm thinking is sticking with me

When you're all alone
And I am not around
I know that you think me
As cold as the ground
I don't play accordion, we disagree
But something I'm feeling is sticking with me

If this ain't by the book then the book must be wrong
And maybe it is what you hoped all along
Now you didn't think I would go quietly
When something about you is sticking with me

This person I've been wasn't me I surmise
You know me too well
You'd see through a disguise
Someone must have cloned a facsimile
It bears repeating "sticking with me"

They're cutting the bull
And they're drinking its blood
Show me a patriot
Show me a scud
And that's about all I can get from TV
There's still this feeling sticking with me

If this ain't by the book then the book must be wrong
Can't we sleep in
You can wake me at dawn
We'll start us a regular royal dynasty
So long as you are only sticking with me
Sticking with me
Sticking with me
Sticking with me
Sticking with me
Sticking with me
Sticking with me
Sticking with me