

Relient K, The Stenographer (Demo)

I got in a fight with a stenographer
Afterwards she read me like a book
I have tried to get along with her
But my temperament was quickly overlooked

On the weekends we can
Sneak into this courtroom
And you'll offer me
Some sort of bargain plea

Yeah, Smith and Weston Jr. was a son of a gun
He pressed his nose up to my head.
Yeah, I was sweatin' bullets but I dodged the one
That was not as much sweat as was lead.

Oh I still love you
Oh I still love you
Though I know you
Want me dead

And when I turn my other cheek
Though I'll beg and I'll plea
But this time
You might just kiss it instead

This is my story
And like the glue on the binding
I'm sticking to it

If you want to implore me
To change my tune
Well I just won't do it

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