

# Self, Placing The Blame

Yesterday I met the postman  
Bringing packages from England  
I smiled as to not provoke him  
Then asked "What's up with the gun, man?"  
Its been so hot in here for days  
The ice creams melting  
Given the means and the ways  
The sex is helping  
I lost directions to the microwaving meals  
And my Captain & Tenelle

"Now I try to keep my head above my shoes  
Especially in front of new wave Hair-Do's"  
A dying man said to me  
With his dead lips  
Selling crack in Eubonics  
As not to offend or annoy  
Or strike a bad note  
As not to damage or destroy  
Or say a bad word  
I gave directions to the nearest Coffee Shop  
So maybe he'd stop, so maybe he'd stop

Wake up World it's time to go  
'Cause this life can bring you down, so down  
Wake up World it's time to go  
And turn around the opposite way

Are you man enough to take the blame for this  
-repeat-