

# Self, Sophomore Jinx

Give 'em what they want,  
When they want,  
When they know what they want,  
I'm sick of thinking for myself so I'll play along,  
Stick me in a room full of books, suits, and record deals,  
Be sure to make some coffee with your cream and ask me how i feel,  
It's been a long, lonely wait,  
Oh, we can hardly wait to hear the tunes you have made,  
I'll bet they're really great,  
There's something to the way you find time to create,  
The second album is late,  
Where is it anyway?

Here I am,  
Believe the sound you breathe,  
I'm in up to my knees,  
Disregard everything 'cause now I'm over my sophomore jinx,  
You're crowding my dollar signs,  
Make everyone sing,  
Your little songs I'll call mine,  
My sophomore jinx,  
Get to the back of my line,  
Love turns to hate,  
When I stand a million to one,  
To one / x amount of dollars for my head,  
Should I say commodity,  
Help me get Madonna off my bed,  
She's just too drunk to sing,  
Management's explaining, entertaining to the industry,  
They've heard the same spiel a million times,  
Maybe two or three,  
The illusion is sealed,  
The band's all wrapped in chains,  
Wish their vibe was still real,  
Now it all sounds the same,  
And all the grooves that they steal,  
All the blues down on Beale,  
Prolific wisdom,  
English poets often write,

Here I am,  
Believe the sound you breathe,  
I'm in up to my knees,  
Disregard everything 'cause now I'm over my sophomore jinx,  
You're crowding my dollar signs,  
Make everyone sing,  
Your little words, they don't rhyme,  
My sophomore jinx,  
You've wasted all of my precious time,  
Love turns to hate,  
When i stand a million to one,  
Long, lonely wait,  
Instant replay