

# Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, The Great Comm

My own intent's not easy to see.

I'm not the great communicator that I used to be, apparently;

But I know what it means when I hear screams.

And it's the sonics, not the phonics, and it's all in the delivery.

Now I'm learnin' 'bout what lies underneath,

So if you catch me speaking through my teeth, ow-- you gotta stop me now.

I keep my ear to the street,

And I keep on reading lips and looks as I'm looking for that perfect beat;

But I know it's all down to me,

And if something's lost in the translation, I know I shouldn't take it so personally.

But your "esses" look like "effes" to me,

We been Ebonic since we been thirteen, how ya like me now?

They get detached from what's been goin' on.

They feed ya crap you can't keep growin' on.

They give ya stats that tell you nothin' at all bout who ya wanna be.

Now your "esses" look like "effes" to me.

We been Ebonic since we been thirteen, how ya like me now?

They get detached from what's been goin' on

They feed ya crap you can't keep growin' on

They give ya stats that tell you nothin' at all bout who ya wanna be

Who you wanna be?