

The Dingeers, Middle Man

Stay alive to see what we do and what will come up next
It's quite obvious that you're oblivious you make a breeze complex
No one wants to see you out there acting like a child
Stumbling curses on the floor still yourself outside the dive
I don't want to have to find out if you made it through the night
By some skimpy skratsh up mention in the papers homicide

Middleman I can't help you
Don't understand what you want me to do
Hold out my hand so you can take that too?
I can't settle for you

Stick around to wait and see
It ain't enough to wear your heart out on your sleeve
What we view quite vividly, a bent person coming down intentionally
What I can't seem to figure is where'd you get the heresy?
Some pharisee elitist got you mocking monkey see
Your heart ain't out in person seems it'll probably never be
You missed the point pretty close to perfect
When you're backbiting me

What's new? Hide behind an urban gesture or two
A fellow gotta rat tattle bad mouth beating you
Don't call my name, it's not brother when it comes to you