

# Toad The Wet Sprocket, Know Me

Should I have believed I was still a boy  
Naive and sane, protected wholly  
Tongue-tied and restless  
Breathing of futures  
Know me; I am not a child  
though you have age  
You have not felt the pain...  
Should I have remained obedient and docile  
So far restrained  
The hands that hold me back  
Could break my bones  
As each one snaps  
I hate my home  
Far on my way  
I should know, I was born here  
Know me  
Am I just some fool? am I far from ready?  
Just let me fall and Ill believe you.  
Chained up and pampered I strain until I crack  
Know me before you kill what I want to be  
And leave me cold  
Bled white  
And feeling old  
Far on my way  
I should know, I was born here  
Know me--know all I am  
Far on my way  
I was cold then I exploded  
Know me  
Know me...