

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...