

Ween, Exactly Where I'm At

Let's begin
With the past in front
And all the things
You really don't care about now
It'd be exactly where I'm at
And to think
You got a grip
Look at yourself
Your lips are like two flaps of fat
They go front and back and flappity flap

I'm all staged
It's all an act
I'm really scared that I may fall back on the abstract
It'd be exactly where I'm at

If you're to be
The roaming eye
Pry it open and let me tell you why it sees
The harsh realities