

# 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