

# William Beckett, Compromising Me

Early in the morning, feet stuck on the ground,  
Got to fix my cup of caffeine then I'm turning things around.  
Climbing up the mountain, a piano on my back,  
Got to cut it loose, throw away the noose,  
And forget about the past.

I know you're gonna say I'm not cool enough,  
Tell all your friends I screwed it up,  
I couldn't give to shits just let me breathe.

I don't, I don't care what you're saying about me,  
No I don't care.  
I don't, I don't care what you think about me,  
No I don't care.  
Well I can't let you be this constant compromising me.

(Comatose bones into silicon drones)

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Leaving it behind me, snake skin in my tracks,  
The venom could have killed me, I sucked it up and spat it back.  
When you finally close the window, you find an open door,  
But it's up to you, will you walk right through and forget about the fall.

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