

## Master of None

Beach House

You always to the parties  
To pluck the feathers off all the birds  
On your knees  
I will not beg you please

I want your picture but not your words  
You know they want it, but there's no verse  
On your own  
But you can not call it your all

We always wrung our heads too much  
We know the reasons, but such and such  
On your own,  
You will not catch your unknown

We run our fingers together  
you know it's easy, devil's plan  
On your own,  
You can not call me your all

Jack of all trades  
Master of none  
Cry all the time  
Cause I'm not having fun

You always want to be forgiven  
The devil does what you ask of him  
On your knees  
But you can not; you will not agree