

I'm Confessin'

Cam Meekins

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I
I took the one less travelled by
And that has made all the difference

I'm not the man you expect me to be
I'm not the man that smokes the most amount of weed
I'm not the man who's always hanging with a bitch
I'm not the man who's got five damn kids
I'm not Mac Miller and I'm not Asher Roth
I'm not Eminem I'm not Aesop Rock
I'm not jaded and I'm not full of myself
I'm not perfect and I'm not in need of help
I'm not apposed to going out at night
I'm not the one to instigate the party
I'm not the guy who's getting hammered in the back
I'm not the guy who's always tryna get naughty
I'm not the guy the ladies talked about until now
I'm not the guy who's always switching up his style
I'm not the guy who sold his soul for a record deal
And I'm not comfortable with letting you know how I feel

And I don't need your expectations
I'm a do just what I do
If you keep talking shit I might have to
Write this song
If you wanna call me something
Label me whatever you want
I know when I get home to my mirror
I know what I'm not