

## Manipulation

Chicago

You thought you had me in your pocket,  
But I never could be bought;  
I avoided traps you set out;  
Too many have been caught.  
Be it love or be it money,  
It's the bait you must resist;  
Be it milk or be it honey,  
This is one boy, you have missed.  
You knew if you could win me over,  
I would always see your side;  
Any argument against you,  
I'd never let it ride.  
I defended with devotion;  
I believed what you had said,  
But you dealt without emotion;  
Something happened in your head.