Some will say it's too late so don't change the story There's too much at stake to grow Yesterday was so great, just bask in the glory Don't let your feelings show

And I say, oh yeah, like a man with a condition I wait for my heart to stop They say, stay down, gotta plan, hold that position You can't afford a flop

Pack my suitcase with my game face Stay the same pace and put away the dreams I?ve had Let my hair grow, find some old clothes Let the world know that my politics are plaid

I'm not asking for permission
Are you ready for me to be me?
Just pass that ammunition
This prisoner's about to bust free from your chains

For so long you told me to keep it familiar Just play what they all would buy I can wear this blindfold, stick to your story But I gotta ask myself why

And I play those songs for so many seasons
Till I'm sure I'm losing my mind
And I say, oh no, gotta have a much better reason
To leave all my dreams behind

I must change it, rearrange it Stay the same thing and become your favorite fad With the scene through, I gotta be true I can't be you, polyester comes in plaid

I'm not asking for permission
Are you ready for me to be me?
Lord, pass some ammunition
This prisoner's about to bust free from your chains

I'm more than just excited
Like a hundred pounds of monkey off my back
I got to find myself
Now everyone's invited to ride this train
Till we run clean out of track, clean out of track

With the scene through, I gotta be true I can't be you, polyester comes in plaid

I'm not asking for permission
Are you ready for me to be me?
Better pass some ammunition
This prisoner's about to bust free from your chains

I'm more than just excited
Like a hundred pounds of monkey off my back
I got to find myself

Now everyone's invited to ride this train Till we run clean out of track, oh

I'm not asking for permission
Are you ready for me to be me?
Just pass some ammunition
Prisoner's about to bust free from your chains

I'm more than just excited
Like a hundred pounds of monkey off my back