

The Censor

Cursive

It's not a song about old friends,
backstabbers, leeches, or cretins.
It's not about you, and it isn't true.

It's not a song about family,
how the lack thereof can be crippling.
It's not about, and it isn't true.

These songs are getting smothered
by the consideration of others.

It's not a song about another girl,
an old flame I'd like to rekindle.
It's not about you, and it isn't true.

It's not about our conversations
(don't worry, I'm not taping).
It's not about you, and it isn't true.

Some stories can get so dull,
so you get a little personal...

Lately, I've been afraid,
maybe I say too much.
Maybe the ones involved are feeling the rub
-- while I play dumb.

I'm sure this sentiment
could come off as arrogant;
to assume you're all hung up
on such triflin' melody.
It's not you -- it's me with whom I'm concerned...
What have I done?

...censored.