

My Crime

Deviates

Connotation, a word, a phrase, my crime.
You can kiss my connotation, a word, a phrase, my crime.
Free to speak my mind.
They find you face down and they start to look around.
They turn you face up and you say that you're proud.
You know and handle your shit, they question what you have to say.
Put on trial for self-expression, you smile and walk away.
Before you speak why should you have to look around?
Say what you mean, say fuck, a verb and a noun,
a complex, flexible word- it's said.
It's heard and then it's gone.
Hang a man for what he says today;
tomorrow you'll hear it in a song.
All these words that you love to hate are not necessary for me.
But then again I won't change my ways,
I won't change to meet your needs.
Told to hold your tongue and watch what you say,
choose your words wisely;
Freedom is the price you have to pay.
Give your shit to me. Give your shit away.
Now you're put in your place and in your place you'll stay.
Fuck is a word that doesn't mean shit to me.