

Opinion

Greg Graffin

The first thing I remember was the friction in the room and that brown spinet piano
That never played in tune the cruel impatient tyrant,
The frustrated malcontent,
The need to find the pieces,

And the absence of cement no one ever told me about the right way to love and no one ever showed me what we're supposed to be made of so don't be too forthright about what you think that I should be and I'll willingly
Accept your low opinion of me the last thing I remember was the slamming of the door and the

resonance of my imperfection broke the silence once more the selfish
Angry bastard who doesn't want to hear
I tried to learn compassion you turned the other ear
The worn out broken record who doesn't fit the mold the righteous independent,

The mood so harsh and cold momma never told me about the right way to love and daddy never showed me what we're supposed to be made of so don't be too forthright about what you think that I should be and I'll willingly accept your low
Opinion of me