

## Folklore

James

I've seen your mouth moving, heard others here say,  
Those words are a piece of a part that you played  
That sounds like your father, a teacher, the church  
Didn't spring from the heart, but research

The only way I learn is put the fist in and get burned  
Go get burned

Old wives, mystics, hearsay  
Wise men, rich men, shamen and sage  
When you're meek on the Earth, when you die you will pay  
For accepting that lot, in the cheapest of graves  
The sexes divided, men mustn't be weak  
Sensitivity is a vice of which we shan't speak  
And women are a plaything that are just made for men  
To treat how the boss he respects treats him  
And I am going to grow up like daddy wanted me to be  
To impress all those, who so impressed me  
And young boys melt into men  
And we'll start the process again

Add a touch of mystique where the writing gets weak  
Break up coherence with a cut-cut-cut up technique  
When you've got nothing to say  
Shut up or show that you're willing to play  
With words that simply aren't out of touch  
With the genuine feelings which lead to their birth  
Most things are better not written or heard  
When you open your mouth, out drops a turd

The only way I learn is put the fist in and get burned.