

When you're walking down the street
No one sees a V.I.P.
I.E. - genius artist of our time
well, I'll be the first on line to say
"I get it, I get it, I get it"
"I get it, I get it, I get it"
"I get it, I get it, I get it"

I've been waiting for so long to see your face
I tried this one time
and there was a huge line
And now we're standing in a very small space
No need to worry about getting rain on your brain
Getting fun on your sun
Getting sleet on your feet
'Cause today's the day

"I get it, I get it, I get it"
"I get it, I get it, I get it"
Tres bien, tres bien, tres bien, tres bien

All the critics tend to blast you
Dumb ideas will outlast you
Moneys gone
You've got no grants
I'll push your work with my bare hands

(Because they will try to convince us that we have arrived,
that we are already there,
that IT has happened. Because we need to live in a place
where we are truly alive, present, safe, and accounted for.
Because we refuse to allow our writing, songs, art, activism, and political histories to be suppressed,
Because we refuse to be embarrassed about the mistakes and faults
and choose to move forward
with a political agenda
bent, on the freedom, for all.)