

(c. lloreë)

Phony faces are all I see, ugly rumors are surroundin' me.
Judgmental thoughts flow from mind to mind.
Just because I'm not one of the john doe kind.
Insecurity turns to jealousy,
Causing switchblade tongues to make ears bleed.
Your thick imaginations getting thicker and thicker.
Why am I the lighter that makes you flicker?

(chorus)

Don't be judgin' me on what you think you see.
I don't want you around, I know what your thinking.
Don't be judgin' me on what you think that ya see.
I don't want you around, I know what your about.

You look at me, you think you've figured me out.
It would take a lot of knowledge to learn what I'm about.
If your so into my world, to let yours pass by;
Pull the plank from your own eye.