

You caught me on my way to destroy stages
You stopped me, bitter-faced, to ask me this:
'Yo, I don't understand your agitation.
Why can't you write a track that's sensitive?'

It isn't
Because I
Just didn't think about it
It isn't
Because I
Just can't

Little man
I wish I could

You took a step back when I started howling
You turned and told your friends with hostile frowns
'This dude is furious I don't quite get it
I wonder why he doesn't just calm down.'

It isn't
Because I
Just didn't think about it
It isn't
Because I
Just can't

Little girl
I wish I could

I made my way back to the merch booth after
A man confronts me, smiling ear to ear
The sweat is dripping from his face in gallons
And all he wants to do is shake my hand
(Then he) stops to tell me he'd be six feet under
That's if it wasn't for our caveman jams