

Tongue-Splitter

Protest the Hero

Psycho therapist once claimed I had acute neurosis
Well I only said a couple words and he made his diagnosis
He said I could say whatever I want because I never chose this
So I spat, grinned, then I looked at him and I blew him a Glasgow kiss
so come on!

Close just one eye, let a part of me die
Never too sure if it's the truth or a lie

I'm not asking for your pity, woe is me sarcastically
I'm not losing sleep pathetically while waxing so poetically

But I'm waning waiting alphabetically
As I keep dropping bombs
Dropping bombs
Dropping bombs apologetically

It was a wicked whimpering Winnipeg night
When my tongue grew wings and took to flight
The thought had never crossed my mind before that moment
It's the truth so bent, it can't be broken

Jealousy got the best of me and had a conference with the rest of me
And said if this is all that's left for me then there's little room for
or regret
That little voice (hey!)
Little voice (hey!)
Little voice inside
Said if you don't regret nothing then you might as well be dead
Might as well be dead

So I apologize, mostly to the four or five guys
Who stand behind me on the stage every night
As the mic starts to whisper
And the words start to blister in my mouth
That I know aren't right

I gotta get back to who I was before my last ten years on auto-pilot
It's the mask that quite often starts to eat into your face
So wear it lightly like a hat that can quickly be replaced
I gotta get back to who I was before my last ten years on auto-pilot

So tell me again how my life should have been
Before I was spineless, before I gave in
Because everybody thinks it's timeless
Well time's running out
One thing I'll never regret is I never shed my face