

# 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