

You talk so much that you must think your tongue spools out from your brain  
But those around you demand your wisdom to combat the lowly inane  
Oh how you make me hate the freedom of speech  
because you use it like your throat sprung a leak  
And actions do speak certainly  
but since you won't pay attention shut your mouth and listen to me

I've got to get myself to forget myself, I've got to get myself to forget myself

The soapbox you stand on has got a few cracks  
The horse that you ride is quite high  
Perhaps you're as wise as your words may suggest  
or perhaps you wear a disguise  
For all the wrong that you call to attention  
some seems to have been misplaced  
And since you speak so honestly  
why don't you point your finger right back in your own face?

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Lord I hate the sin so much, but I love the sinner, I certainly do  
But how will they know how to purge the evil, if I don't tell them what to do?

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