

I don't mean to piss you off with things I might say
But when I try to shut my mouth they come out anyway
When I speak my mind, that's when we connect
But that's not politically correct

Our heads are so filled with thought, we can't use our imagination
Like a sky so filled with stars, you can't find a constellation
And everyone's so sensitive to every bad vibration
We're so impressing while we're regressing

There's nothing I believe in more than my own insignificance
So why does everybody think that my words can make a difference
I just don't have time to think up every social consequence
I'll just keep on talking you keep applauding

I don't mean to piss you off with things I might say
But when I try to shut my mouth they come out anyway
If you spoke your mind you might feel more connected
Until you get politically corrected

You lean a little to the left or the right but
You can only see what's on your side.
Look a little like a deer in the headlights
A little blind a little hypnotized.
So you conform with the best of intention
Change comes from inside.
After all that's what this country was founded on
Do nothing different just fall in line.

What happened to make us so afraid
You couldn't make a Mel Brooks movie today
I saw Blazing Saddles yesterday