

# Tell It How It Is

## The Growlers

If you're trying to get in his head  
Then you're just wasting your breath  
Cause he might as well be dead  
There just ain't no getting through  
If that's what you're trying to do

And for those who don't know him yet  
He don't care if you ever do  
He is faithful to himself  
And it can't hurt to hear the truth  
He just ain't concerned with you

They were mean, said they were silly dreams  
So he had to leave, no time to grieve  
And if you set out and find  
Something better than what he left behind  
Something you know is worth  
All of this pain and hurt

He gets down on his own self  
More than anybody else can  
And it's easy to understand  
But can't hurt to hear the truth  
And he just ain't concerned with you

Cause spirits have their own minds  
They can't be confined to fit between the lines  
Spirits have their own minds  
They can't be confined, they draw their own lies

It's alright tell them how it is  
Even though it don't make you popular  
Sometimes you gotta be a dick  
You don't have to roll over

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