

## What Little Remains

The Posies

In the rites of passage I did partake  
But to say that I'm responsible would be a mistake  
What do I have to do  
To prove myself to you  
In a manner of speaking  
You've taken all the finest pieces  
And that doesn't leave me much to pick and choose  
Now I'll have to be satisfied  
With what little remains

You condemn me for the things that I say  
But they don't seem to affect you at all anyway  
Why can't you let it be  
I don't suppose that you'll ever see  
Exactly what makes me  
Do all the things that I do  
And believe me when I say I have my reasons  
I have only tried to utilize  
What little remains

You expect so much  
And I accept so little  
You're at war with yourself  
And I'm stuck in the middle of it all

Though you pressure me I will not give in  
You can yell and scream and say I have spread myself too thin  
Wait a minute before you shout  
Do you know who you're talking about  
Are you referring to me  
Or is it yourself that can't deal with  
Do I stimulate a memory  
Too close to home or could it be  
That I'm becoming what you used to be?

I will leave no scars no marks or no stains  
I will try to make the best of it what little remains