

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