

Know Me

Toad The Wet Sprocket

Should I have believed I was still a boy
Naive and sane, protected wholly
Tongue-tied and restless
Breathing of futures Know me; I am not a child
'though you have age
You have not felt the pain

Should I have remained obedient and docile
So far restrained
The hands that hold me back
Could break my bones
As each one snaps
I hate my home

Far on my way
I should know, I was born here
Know me

Am I just some fool? Am I far from ready?
Just let me fall and I'll believe you
Chained up and pampered I strain until I crack
Know me before you kill what I want to be
And leave me cold
Bled white
And feeling old

Far on my way
I should know, I was born here
Know me-know all I am
Far on my way
I was cold then I exploded
Know me...