

A Global Threat

"I Don't Want It All"

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It's all just a game, right? But I forget the fuckin' shifty
rules
I'm not a poet I suppose if the elite defeat the meter of
my prose
And in no uncertain terms mines is a faith that isn't
confirmed
Ask the Berkeley position and what you're hearing isn't
worth the listen

But I don't want it all
I just want you

Don't get me all wrong, the scars were defensive
wounds
I won't make a great liar, can't debate a taste I can't
afford to acquire
Won't stoop down to clean up well
if your parents and friends think I looks like hell

So strike a proud pose
You drew the long straw just to cram it up your nose
You want a suit and tie to make band and multiply
Join the unsatisfied

You know what?
You're just not my type

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