

Greg Graffin

"Opinion"

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The first thing I remember was the friction in the room
And that brown spinet piano that never played in tune
The cruel impatient tyrant, the frustrated malcontent,
The need to find the pieces, and the absence of
cement

No one ever told me about the right way to love
And no one ever showed me what we're supposed to
be made of

So don't be too forthright about what you think that I
should be

And I'll willingly accept your low opinion of me

The last thing I remember was the slamming of the
door

And the resonance of my imperfection broke the
silence once more

The selfish angry bastard who doesn't want to hear
I tried to learn compassion you turned the other ear
The worn out broken record who doesn't fit the mold
The righteous independent, the mood so harsh and
cold

Momma never told me about the right way to love
And daddy never showed me what we're supposed to
be made of

So don't be too forthright about what you think that I
should be

And I'll willingly accept your low opinion of me

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