

Loud Family

"I'm Not Really A Spring"

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Look at all these kids acquiring shame at such a tender
age
A lifetime free of bitter days in store
Self-effacing, model social lives
Don't people ever slowly rot inside their own world
anymore?
I don't pitch the case for isolation
But there's one 'okay' and then some other 'okay'
For the sake of the people you tell

Hi, I'm Silent Steve--or Chatty Charles--I'll take requests
What kind of numbers do you think I'm going to need?
Find who want to test themselves and come on like a
sharpened pencil
Work inside the lines of someone's greed
I can't sit and make myself want nothing
But I won't go knocking doors to find out
How many tickets to me I can sell

They think I'm banging Anabelle and it's not going well
Stop this line of questions, I can't really say what I
mean
Think I'm bragging, Anabelle, and it's not show and tell
Stop this documentary, I'm not really a spring

Making nice to girls, not knowing they'd prefer a
thoughtless bastard
Widening the old discrepancy
Something pulls your body, draws your lips like an
electromagnet
How could I suppose it might be me?

Still, every eighteen months I wonder
Why don't we just, if we're so free to,
And what would stop us from getting right up
And have we been so easily satisfied for so long?
Except each eighteen months or so I think again
Why don't we say "thank God there's still time"--
We were just lying down, but they'll say that we fell

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mean

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Stop this documentary, I'm not really a spring

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