## Cursive

## "The Knowledgeable Hasbeens"

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Knock the wind the wind right out. Knock it off. I can't breathe. Could I sing another line?

I think my knees are getting weak. And yes, these knees are weak, But who would believe in a hypocrite who sells himself. Who's your scapegoat now?

Well, it's a million to one, but I think I got the part. Trampled through the grind. I wouldn't extend my disgust, but there's no one here ???cept you. I don't see the point

In carrying on. We could make the best Out of nothing.

Who's your scapegoat now? Who's your scapegoat? Who's your scapegoat now? Well, it's a million to one, but I think I got the part.

Trampled through the grind. I would sustain this contempt, but I'd be wasting time again. Hey, it's all I've got. Please leave the confessions.

I could find a job Waiting tables Or something.

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