

Roland Grapow

"Me And My Big Ideas"

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Me and my big ideas
Won't wash away your tears
No one else seems to mind
That I'm not that kind

Go get a volunteer
We'll pay him well my dear
He will see inside your mind
Because he is that kind

It's a southern kind of heat
The shadows crack and start to creep
Conversation drag it's feet
I wish we'd both been more discreet
Like light that it caught between night and day
You're stuck between me and my

Me and my big ideas
Won't wash away your tears
No one else seems to mind
That I'm not that kind

Well they love you when you're weak
Bet they hate you to see this winning streak
It's that thing we call control
There's a deep frustration
Black thoughts
That are stuck between someone's ears
Like me and my big idea

So many strings to your bow
Why not let one go

In a way this dream is over
Blown away our four leaf clover

There's no reason why
There's just me and my

Me and my big ideas
Won't wash away your tears

No one else seems to mind
That I'm not that kind

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