

Shannon Walker

"Lurking In Sagas"

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A ruffled brow
A sturdy snout
I'm not much fun to be around
Refrain from you, refrain from me
Afraid of what we might could be
You turn me out, you kick at me
I never ask what you ask of me
And backing up from it all I'm ready to flee

But I have erased it
Very clear
And all of my friends have complained to me

A filthy sound
A wretched mouth
I'm not much fun to be around
I'm not afraid to be myself
I never want to let you down
You turn me out, you kick at me
I never ask what you ask of me
And backing up from it all I'm ready to flee

I have erased it
Very clear
And all of my friends have complained to me
Yeah, I have erased it
Very clear
And all of my friends have complained to me

Da da da da . . .
Complain, complain, complain to me
Complain, complain, complain to me
Complain, complain, complain to me

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