

Thee More Shallows "Freshman Thesis"

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Before I spoke in riddles, I was worried someone would
hear me
Now I know that no one really listens so I will just speak
clearly
I don't have private thoughts, just a lyrical worksheet
For mangling my observations on the meter and the
beat
And in the process of it, on every line
Sooner or later I'll have to change the meaning to fit
the rhyme

But back in the skylight all of the stars
Turn into sound and then they shout down at me
Though they are far away, they shout so loudly
I think I may know what they're saying to me
It's on the tip of my ear

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