

M I L C

"Grape Ape"

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You said I didn't have a ghost of a chance
In your book,
Well, take another look
I'm not finished yet.
Stipulations you hang around my neck like a chain -
Each link represents your discontent.
What's the big picture,
What can I see,
Whatever happened
To your faith in me?
Where's it gone?
I bust my ass but I'm always wrong,
Seven different ways to write a song,
Change your clothes, the way you play -
Slapped with a fine
'Cause you showed up to rehearsal late.
And I bust my ass but I'm always wrong,
It's been your game,
I just played along,
We center around what you always need,
Now I'm afraid to admit
There's a little discrepancy.
But I've been with you all along.

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