

J. Stricklin

"Unkind Words For Mr. Sad Disposition"

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I don't have no one but I guess I've got myself
I'm not your team player
I'm just an individual self
You may sum me up by what you see
But what right do you have to judge me

Chances are, I'm nothing you think I am
My feelings could be genuine
We've all got lost hopes and broken crowns
So smoke your cigarette
And drink whatever makes you strong
And push me away
I'll survive alone

Thank you for those unkind words, man
Thank you for those unkind words, man
Thank you for those unkind words
while we construct our own unkind, crumbling worlds
I can't help my disposition so sullen as it may be
But it takes a lot more for me to reach
The state that you seem so free
Ups and downs and downs and downs
So many more downs than ups
Has anyone seen my ups lying around?

Somewhere hidden inside the core of it all
We've gotta search
Search before we fall
Cause, a greater man falls before he rebuilds
That perseverance that drives us all,
And sometimes kills
Thank you for those unkind words, man
Thank you for those unkind words, man
Thank you for those unkind words
while we construct our own unkind, crumbling worlds

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