

Toad The Wet Sprocket "Know Me"

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I love an object, singular thing
Carried beside me and flaunted for me
Well I know I'm not holy, just partially good
No time for my family, patience to brood
I want to be a great man
A hero, a martyr, immortal I'd stand
well I haven't the guts to touch lepers or queers
though I'm happy to waste away time with you here
Should I have believed I was still a boy
Naive and sane, protected wholly
Tongue-tied and restless
Breathing of futures
Know me; I am not a child
'though you have age
You have not felt the pain...
Should I have remained obedient and docile
So far restrained
The hands that hold me back
Could break my bones
As each one snaps
I hate my home
Far on my way
I should know, I was born here
Know me
Am I just some fool? am I far from ready?
Just let me fall and I'll believe you.
Chained up and pampered I strain until I crack
Know me before you kill what I want to be
And leave me cold
Bled white
And feeling old
Far on my way
I should know, I was born here
Know me--know all I am
Far on my way
I was cold then I exploded
Know me...

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