

I know these things have passed you by.
I know it's tough to even try.
It's such a different kind of scene,
I know you don't know what I mean.
Yeah well, I tried to tell you before.
I know all you want is more.
I'll always tell you different stuff,
no matter what won't be enough.

I figure it'll be cool sometime
after I've cooked everyone I find.
I can only take it to that certain place,
it's just not cool, look at your face.

Whenever you get in my face,
there's something strange I start to taste.

Hold back, hold back, hold back.
Hold back, hold back, hold back.

It's all restrained, I'm gettin' baked.
Is it okay, or am I a flake?
So, everytime you see me now,
you psyche for a minute
'til you remember how
I clogged your entire mind with muck.
You stop smiling, remember how everything sucked.

Dancing around what I could say,
'cause I just can't live that way.
Hold back, that's not enough to stay.

Hold back, hold back.
Hold back, hold back, hold back.
Hold back, hold back, hold back.
Hold back, hold back, hold back.