

I Can't Relate

Handguns

Twenty-three, just trying to make ends meet.
I never believed in what society told me
and I don't think that we'll ever change.
Don't want to be put in my place.
I don't belong there, no I don't belong there,
no I don't, no I don't, no I-
Don't tell me what's right for me when I'm the happiest that I
will ever be.
Can you look yourself dead in the eyes
and say you got what you wanted out of your life?
I can't relate to your routines or your student loans,
I grasped the things that I know all on my own.
If I died tomorrow my headstone would read,
"Never needed much, lived my life for me."