

# I The Mighty Defeatist

I the Mighty

If imagery could walk out of my head,  
you'd see yourself in bed with me.

I can hear you through the walls.  
Can you quiet down those moans, I'm the jealous type.  
Never thought that I would see you string me up by my  
own two feet.  
Dirty writing in the stalls  
And you won't return my calls, I feel like a speck.  
A single grain of sand atop your honey beach-bodied  
golden tan.  
I'm praying there's no waves.

But where did I go wrong?  
Was it the bottle or the bong?  
Cross fade - sleep till noon the next day.  
Where did I go wrong?  
I've been to happy for too long.  
But lo' I rarely conquered when I came.

People filling cups half full.  
The music choice is typical, just so we can yell.  
Never taste just one eye-candy you never know how this  
night could go.  
I'm trying hard to make you swoon  
but there are so many bodies in one room it'll make you  
sweat.  
Oh, how a brief intoxication causes so many hearts to  
break.  
I'm praying I'm not one.

If imagery could walk out of my head,  
you'd see yourself in bed with me.  
But before I say anymore, you never even knew me at  
all.  
I'm a liar I'm a liar I'm a liar I'm a liar.