

You talk so much that you must think your tongue spools out from your brain
But those around you demand your wisdom to combat the lowly inane
Oh how you make me hate the freedom of speech
because you use it like your throat sprung a leak
And actions do speak certainly
but since you won't pay attention shut your mouth and listen to me

I've got to get myself to forget myself, I've got to get myself to forget myself

The soapbox you stand on has got a few cracks
The horse that you ride is quite high
Perhaps you're as wise as your words may suggest
or perhaps you wear a disguise
For all the wrong that you call to attention
some seems to have been misplaced
And since you speak so honestly
why don't you point your finger right back in your own face?

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Lord I hate the sin so much, but I love the sinner, I certainly do
But how will they know how to purge the evil, if I don't tell them what to do?

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