

Born a Wise Man

A Wilhelm Scream

On the Acushnet River, when I grew up
Cut my teeth on the beach, the dirty needles in the mud
Got wasted in Fairhaven every 4th of July
At the fireworks, on the grass, in the wine
Well, I was born a wise man, but I've lost my memory

Keep your eye out for the real thing
(It's all just "money, money" these days)
You gotta hold tight to the real thing
You can search far and wide for the real thing and you'll find
When you got no one, you got someone in me

It was the band's first gig at the Exit Club
Our singer asked 'em to mosh, but nobody was
Monday at school, he quit the band at lunch

But you keep your eye out for the real thing
(It's all just "money, money" these days)
Stick up for your friends till you die
You gotta hold tight to the real thing, and with your life

I've been hurtful, talked my shit

I've been working on it
I used to just love nothing
Oh yeah, I hated everything

So lucky, I got the world in my pocket
Do I remember who I thought I was?

Practiced for weeks, we three, in our parents' basement
Those looks weren't deceiving
We were shaken to the core

What takes the fire from my eyes will leave me dead to rights

I was born a wise man
I've not forgotten everything

Still committed to forgiving every damned thing
Still making friends of an enemy
This ain't no resignation, but your mercy I applaud
Now, move along

Keep your eye out for the real thing
(It's all just "money, money" these days)
To live the dream we've been working since we were fifteen
It's a pretty sick job for no pay, and you're right
There is no one can get it done like us