

Dedicated to the Dedicated

BODEGA

You state that I'm obnoxious
Incontinent and toxic
Now you opt that I'm obscene
Can see you don't see what I mean
I've been criticized and canned
For ventilating vent
Is it mediocre muddiness
Not worthy of contempt?
If answers aren't aired
It's 'cause I'm not trying to be
A handle telling you exactly
What and how to think

Yet, I don't know what's to come
I will greet the sun with the beating of my drum
I don't know who I'll be
I will sing my song
No matter what you think of me

And if I'm
Lost in translation, I'll try again
If I'm lost in translation, I'll try again

You state that I'm obnoxious
Head locked inside a pocket
Now you goad that I'm too green
I pray I don't lose my naive
The more you stand upon this rock
More you're molded to be wise
But molded to be silent
And aware to wear disguise
It looks some ticks of time
To learn the vanities I see
In you I most despise
Are what I most despise in me

And yet
I don't know what's to come
I will greet the sun with the beating of my drum
And I don't know who I'll be
I am not as ugly
As the frame you put on me

And this is
Dedicated to the dedicated
Dedicated to the vocal frustrated

I know it's hard to sort all of
The difference between
What comes from real reason
Not rejection's soured sting
If I lose my path
I'll have to try again
If I'm lost in translation, I'll try again

And yet
I don't know what's to come

I will greet the sun with the beating of my drum
And I don't know who I'll be
But I will sing my song
No matter what you think of me
And yeah
I don't know what's to come
I will greet the sun with the beating of my drum
And guy, I don't know who I'll be
But I am not as ugly as the frame you put on me

And this is
Dedicated to the dedicated
Dedicated to the vocal frustrated
Now