

# I'm Confessin'

Cam Meekins

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveller, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair  
And having perhaps the better claim  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way  
I doubted if I should ever come back

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I  
I took the one less travelled by  
And that has made all the difference

I'm not the man you expect me to be  
I'm not the man that smokes the most amount of weed  
I'm not the man who's always hanging with a bitch  
I'm not the man who's got five damn kids  
I'm not Mac Miller and I'm not Asher Roth  
I'm not Eminem I'm not Aesop Rock  
I'm not jaded and I'm not full of myself  
I'm not perfect and I'm not in need of help  
I'm not apposed to going out at night  
I'm not the one to instigate the party  
I'm not the guy who's getting hammered in the back  
I'm not the guy who's always tryna get naughty  
I'm not the guy the ladies talked about until now  
I'm not the guy who's always switching up his style  
I'm not the guy who sold his soul for a record deal  
And I'm not comfortable with letting you know how I feel

And I don't need your expectations  
I'm a do just what I do  
If you keep talking shit I might have to  
Write this song  
If you wanna call me something  
Label me whatever you want  
I know when I get home to my mirror  
I know what I'm not