Woodchuck

Crywank

How much wood could I chuck if I gave a flying fuck about chuck
ing bits of wood?
I wonder if I would, or would I just do the same and say it's w
hat I do when I don't do it everyday?
Just take the process as my name and now I feel ashamed
When I say it's what I am I am lying to your face!
I'd like to say I'm what I love but if I loved chucking wood, I
 don't think that I would chuck enough

Oh if Peter Piper picks a peck of pickled peppers, does Peter p
ick them forever?
And does the pepper picking really define our Peter Piper?

Now would I still be a Woodchuck if like Peter I picked peppers
 but I chucked wood when I could
And should I give a flying fuck if you see a pepper picker or y
ou see a woodchuck?
It'd be nice to be defined by what we love but I don't think th
at we think that we're good enough
We're all imposters who've been riding on luck, posturing until
 the day that we're eventually shown up

Pray tell the shadows of what we project to be affixed to us
A pessimistic pest exists amidst us

Face fears they find out your fakery
I think you are where you deserve to be
When definition wields weight over you
Know rational people feel like they're faking it too

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