

Frankly, Mr. Shankly

Cursive

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held
It pays my way and it corrodes my soul
I want to leave
You will not miss me
I want to go down in musical history
Oh

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, I'm a sickening wreck
I've got the 21st century breathing down my neck
I must move fast, you understand me
I want to go down in celluloid history
Oh

Fame, fame, fatal fame
It can play hideous tricks on the brain
But still I rather be famous
Than righteous or holy
Oh, any day, any day, any day

But sometimes I'd feel more fulfilled
Making Christmas cards with the mentally ill
I want to live and I want to love
I want to catch something that I might be ashamed of
Oh

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held
It pays my way and it corrodes my soul
Oh, I didn't realize that you wrote poetry
I didn't realize you wrote such fucking awful poetry, Mr. Shank
ly

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, since you ask
You are a flatulent pain the ass
I do not mean to be so rude
But still, I must speak frankly, Mr. Shankly
Oh, give us money