

What I Know

Jamie Webster

Is it something you had
Leading you to feel this way
From a friend of a friend
Or a story that you write on your socials
Hours online
Tales of all the tainted times
Your head's up your ass
So you take it on yourself and get vocal

Then you scream and you frolic with something alcoholic
In the open of the comics, make you toggle old [?]
You're speaking metaphorically and everybody thinks you're insane

Who let you push the pedal of the boon
You're always gonna miss a thing or two
You capture all the trauma, but the provocation
Barely shines on through
But I don't have all the access
How they used to differ, cut to show
I'd rather take my chances on what's come before me
What you think don't outweigh what I know

Now the story's sailing round
And you're making different sounds
It's like the ships of the fan
Despite all your political guidance
Pilot maim, still you preach your wicked aim
If war were to break, you vow that you'd be there for violence

Start recycling your litter, then get read somewhere on Twitter
Say you'll never be a quitter then it's left you getting bitter
Your wife left 'cause you hit her just for questioning the rules of your game

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