

Mr. Eastman

Joywave

Don't discuss yourself too much
It's not polite, it's not what good boys do

But you could be something different
You could be something great
You could be something different
You could be something great

You've got an army
Laid out on both knees
You've got what I need
Looks like they chose me

Boy, that's a tough one
Don't know what to say
Another man I've never heard of
Has passed away

You've got an army
Laid out on both knees
You've got what I need
Looks like they chose me

I can feel the shackles falling to the ground
And I will miss my family every then and now
'Cause I am not my own, I've finally figured out
That I can take my nine-tenths, but they'd still have it all

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Laid out on both knees
You've got what I need
Looks like they chose me

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