

# Mansplainer

Local H

All your life, holding scared people back.  
All your life, defending your attack.

I can't feel my face now, anyway,  
And all my drinks will soon betray,  
That I am all checked out of this fight.  
And teaching lessons never learned,  
Authority you've never earned,  
Must be nice to always be right.

All your life, holding scared people back.  
All your lies, defending your attack.

If we can skip the third degree,  
I'll surrender to you happily,  
I'm ready to repeat the charade.  
I'll drool into my loving-cup,  
A master-class in shutting-up,  
Let's wallow in the mess that we've made.

All your lies, holding scared people back.  
All your life, defending your attack.

You can't wipe off your happy face,  
You're proud to be a sad disgrace,  
One more arm that's fit to be tied.

All your life.  
All your life.

A litany of recycled bones.  
A symphony of sticks and stones.

I'll drool into my loving-cup,  
A master-class in fucking-up,  
Wallow in this mess of our own.

All your life.  
All your life.  
All your life.  
All your life.

You can't wipe off your happy face,  
You're proud to be a sad disgrace,  
One more arm that's fit to be tied.

All your life.  
All your life.  
All your life.  
All your life.  
All your life.  
All your life.

I can't feel my face now, anyway,  
And all my drinks will soon betray,  
That I am long checked out of this fight.