

# The Stenographer

Relient K

I got in a fight with the stenographer  
Afterwards she read me like a book.  
I had tried to get along with her  
But my temperament was quickly overlooked.

On the weekends we can  
Sneak into this courtroom  
And you'll offer me some sort of bargain plea.

Yeah, Smith and Weston (Wesson) Jr. was a son of a gun  
He pressed his nose up to my head.  
Yeah, I was sweatin' bullets but I dodged the one  
That was not as much sweat as was lead.

Oh, I still love you  
Oh, I still love you,  
Although I know that you want me dead.  
And when I turn my other cheek  
I will beg and I'll plead  
That this time you might just kiss it instead.

Cause this is my story  
And like the glue on the binding,  
I'm sticking to it.  
If you wanna implore me  
To change my tune,  
Well I just won't do it.

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