

## Son Of

Speedy Ortiz

How would you spell my name  
If I said that our names were the same?  
Coddled and cultless, piss on the goddess  
Who granted us these fleshy frames  
And named us such similar names  
I'm not the name I chose  
I've got a scar that runs deeper than those  
Who forgive the forgeries two names afford to me

Under the bus, eighteen wheels slash across me  
As penance for all my killings  
And you're under the bus similarly  
Bleeding out and listening to me  
You just sit and listen to me