

No Knocks

The Copyrights

I graduated from the school of no knocks
I graduated from the school of no knocks
Now I'm down on my knees
Asking when will it stop

I graduated from the school of no knocks
I graduated from the school of no knocks
So I'm begging you please
Asking when will it stop

I was born with a silver spoon
Never knew the taste of stainless steel
While they were outside living their lives
I'm stuck polishing forks and knives

There's no worries of stains and rust
Or knowing who to really trust
With pockets empty and hearts so full
The best things don't need polished at all

Of course these problems don't amount to shit
I think we all know, the things are relative
So I'm down on my knees
Asking when will it stop
Yeah I'm down on my knees
Asking when will it stop

I graduated from the school of no knocks
I graduated from the school of no knocks
Now I'm down on my knees
Asking when will it stop

I graduated from the school of no knocks
I graduated from the school of no knocks
So I'm begging you please
Asking when will it stop

When will it stop