

I'm not the silver slug
I'm not the competition
Don't even bleach my whites
Not of my own volition

I won't hear what you say
Go on, ask anyways, you're
A sore loser with a plot to spin
A prom queen with a toothless grin, yeah

Wet palms get stuck in a Bible
You've gotta learn to be careful
Wet palms get stuck in a Bible
Gotta learn, gotta learn to be careful

Out on the other hand
This cancer's in remission
But we can't win everything
New frames with the same old vision

I will, I think I might, I might, I think I must
Explain this
Lock this one up for good
I won't but I know I should 'cause

Wet palms get stuck in a Bible
You've gotta learn to be careful
Wet palms get stuck in a Bible
Gotta learn, gotta learn, gotta learn, gotta learn

I don't think I know how much it means
How much it means to you

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