Wisdom

Taya Wooden

Folding my clothes and I feel useless
Don't think I know how to do this
Once I was told but like any misfit
I spit on that good adviceOut in the cold and trying to make fire
Two sticks and stone, still got no fire
Once I was shown but I was inside then
And spit on that good adviceWisdom, wisdom
Where can I get some?
Wisdom, wisdomOn the pay role, digging up ditches
Dollar is low, so are my wages
Once I was told just how to get rich
But I spit on that good adviceWisdom, wisdom
Where can I get some?
Wisdom, wisdomAh, ah, ah...Wisdom, wisdom
Where can I get some?
Wisdom, wisdomI gotta trade my dimwits in for tips
Tips equipped with wisdom
WisdomTake off my clothes and I feel useless
Don't think I know how to do this
Once I was told but I like to fidget
And miss out on good advice

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