The Freed Pig

Sebadoh

You were right
I was battling you, trying to prove myself
I tried to bury you with guilt; I wanted to prove you wrong
I've got nothing better to do than pay too much attention to you
It's sad, but it's not your fault
Self-righteous and rude
I guess I lost that cool
Tapping 'til I drive you insane
I'm self-righteous, but never right
So laid back, but so uptight
Destroying your patience to tolerate me
With all the negative spirit I bring
Right, I was obsessed to bring you down
Watching your every move
Playing a little-boy game
Always with something to prove
Waiting to cut you down, making it hard to live
With only one thing to do
Cut me first, make it easy
Now you will be free
Now that nothing depends on me
Tapping 'till I drive you insane
Now you will be free
With no sick people tugging on your sleeve
Your big head has that "more room to grow"
A glory I will never know
A glory I will never know

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