Master Of None

Toro Y Moi

You always to the parties
To pluck the feathers off all the birds
On your knees
I will not beg you please

I want your picture but not your words
You know they want it, but there's no verse
On your own
But you can not call it your all

We always wrung our heads too much
We know the reasons, but such and such
On your own,
You will not catch your unknown

We run our fingers together
you know it's easy, devil's plan
On your own,
You can not call me your all

Jack of all trades
Master of none
Cry all the time
Cause I'm not having fun

You always want to be forgiven
The devil does what you ask of him
On your knees
But you can not; you will not agree

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