

# TAOS

## Menomena

Oh I'll bet I know what you like  
At least think I know what you might  
I'm not the most cocksure guy  
But I get all bold with every smile So please, show me your teeth, I'll show mine  
I sure hope our P's and Q's don't mind  
Cause I've been alone quite some time  
And I've got to scratch this itch of mine  
And I think I know what you know  
I'm not that smooth but I'm not blind The hours pass us by as gin slips slowly  
Past our tingling spines, cheeks warm and glowing  
I'm a social mess but not yet slurring  
The words that come to rest upon my luring tongue Oh I'll bet I know what you like  
At least think I know what you might  
I'm not the most cocksure guy  
But I still sure fight the good hard fight  
Try as I may, try I might  
I'll ever scratch this itch of mine  
We've all got our vices, this one's mine  
So I might not smoke but I get high Underneath this fleshy robe lies a beast with no control  
I fed it once look how it's grown  
Oh my god, bring me peace from this wolf covered in fleece  
I can't shake loose from its teeth  
Oh my god, set me free  
I have no ability to cut my leash and walk away With every passing night my conscience lessens  
And seems to pacify these guilt filled sessions  
Now I'm a social pest but not yet willing  
To put my laws to rest till I'm done filling these holes I'll bet I know what you like  
At least think I know what you might  
And I'm not the most cocksure man (?)  
I take what I get and get what I can

Songwriters

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