

# G.R.I.T.S.

## From First to Last

You play your part  
You play your part, I'll play mine  
The beggar and the mime  
I'm getting good enough at feigning interest  
But that still puts me here pretending to listen  
You're the only one to talk to  
But the last one that I want to  
You bring me right back to the tailor  
Resizing myself once again to fit in, to fit into you  
You're the only one to talk to  
But the last one that I want to  
You bring me right back to the tailor  
Resizing myself once again to fit in, to fit into you  
If I was smarter I would leave  
If I was smart I'd do a lot of things  
If I was smarter I would leave  
If I was smart I'd do a lot of things  
If I was smarter I would leave  
If I was smart I'd do a lot of things  
I'd get myself out of this stupid town  
I'd save the world in a single bound  
I'd put myself to better use  
I wouldn't sit here writing about how  
You're the only one to talk to  
But the last one that I want to  
You bring me right back to the tailor  
Resizing myself once again to fit in, to fit into you  
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But the last one that I want to  
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