

My Defense

Nasio Fontaine

But of course I'll say nothing of the sort
Don't let me have control of my art
Honesty and an empty bank account
Are my gun and hand full of rounds But we've said it all along
The president was wrong
The only thing left
Is a hope that now is gone And I want someone to say
That they'd listened to me
And if I learned one thing today
Is that you'd probably sue me for honesty The floor is open we'll be taking questions now
Ask how to lose your mind I'll try to show you how
You left me tattered up and torn
You've been digging graves since the day that you were born But we're frightened and alone
A place that I call home
The way to my heart
Is a knife through the bone And I want someone to say
That they'd listened to me
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