

Exactly Where I'm At

Ween

Let's begin with the past in front
And all the things
You really don't care about now
It'd be exactly where I'm at And to think you got a grip
Look at yourself
Your lips are like two flaps of fat
They go front and back and flap pity flap I'm all staged, it's all an act
I'm really scared that
I may fall back on the abstract
It'd be exactly where I'm at If you're to be
The roaming eye
Pry it open and let me tell you
Why it sees the harsh realities

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