Know Me

Toad the Wet Sprocket

Should I have believed I was still a boy
Naive and sane, protected wholly
Tongue-tied and restless
Breathing of futures
Know meI am not a child
'Though you have age
You have not felt the painShould I have remained obedient and docile
So far restrained
The hands that hold me back
Could break my bones
As each one snaps
I hate my homeFar on my way
I should know, I was born here
Know meAm I just some fool? Am I far from ready?
Just let me fall and I'll believe you
Chained up and pampered I strain until I crack
Know me before you kill what I want to be
And leave me cold
Bled white
And feeling oldFar on my way
I should know, I was born here
Know meKnow all I am
Far on my way
I was cold then I exploded
Know me

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