

# 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 me I am not a child  
'Though you have age  
You have not felt the pain Should 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 home Far on my way  
I should know, I was born here  
Know me Am 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 old Far on my way  
I should know, I was born here  
Know me Know all I am  
Far on my way  
I was cold then I exploded  
Know me

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