Yes, You're Busted

Kind of Like Spitting

will you call me a genius when i write down all my fears? when i'm locked in my room all day trying to sound like it's been years? and when i exaggerate to make the meaning count, will you count on me or will you count me out? we have stopped to admire the ones who don't wash their clothes. that narrow their glance at the dance but soften their eyes for shows. what a big surprise, the end of the night, the sets for you. you're not sure if you know him, but he wants you to think that you do.

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