

A Little Place Called Trust

The Paper Chase

Who do you think you are?
Who do you think you are -
to shove away the hand so fast?
Who do you think you are?
Well, maybe I'm the devil,
to harbor the sick and obscene.
Maybe this, the albatross,
I'm like an ivory tower -
level or power, but You are not the innocent. What do you take me for,
you mother fucker?
What do you take me for,
when I'm a sheperd's light,
when I'm a quantum leap?
You don't want freedom;
you want trick photography.
It's a good thing
I'm an airbrushed girl,
a diamond ring.
I need it new;
I need it rising above.
(Meanwhile),
the jury laughs at you, love. You are not the innocent. Oh, dirty hands,
a little place called trust,
but you ain't sold one, yet. (I once told you
I have my "wants" and "needs"
and "want you to's".
It all depends.
And then the album
skipped the end,
so I got up
to play it again.
I know you.
I know that look.
I know this little attitude,
good friend.
I need you to confess
those awful sins.) You are not the innocent. You deserve whatever you get, because
you are not
no!

you are not
no! You are not the innocent.

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