

# Grits

## From First to Last

You play your part  
You play your part, I'll play mine  
The beggar and the mime  
I'm getting good enough at feigning interest  
But that still puts me here pretending to listen You're the only one to talk to  
But the last one that I want to  
You bring me right back to the tailor  
Resizing myself once again to fit in, to fit into you You're the only one to talk to  
But the last one that I want to  
You bring me right back to the tailor  
Resizing myself once again to fit in, to fit into you If I was smarter I would leave  
If I was smart I'd do a lot of things If I was smarter I would leave  
If I was smart I'd do a lot of things  
If I was smarter I would leave  
If I was smart I'd do a lot of things I'd get myself out of this stupid town  
I'd save the world in a single bound  
I'd put myself to better use  
I wouldn't sit here writing about how You're the only one to talk to  
But the last one that I want to  
You bring me right back to the tailor  
Resizing myself once again to fit in, to fit into you You're the only one to talk to  
But the last one that I want to  
You bring me right back to the tailor  
Resizing myself once again to fit in, to fit into you If I was smarter I would leave  
If I was smart I'd do a lot of things

Songwriters

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NOTTING DALE SONGS INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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