

Envy And Other Sins, Help Yourself

The science of the song, it's all Greek to me
Like the way you put me on with your faux naivety
You might be a bag of nerves with a hand in every pie
But there's a longing in your eyes that says: "I know I should be first"
And although you scream and curse until your face is blue and black
It doesn't matter about your verse unless the chorus is up to scratch

But despite all that, I can't help myself
If you are where it's at, come on and help yourself

A temperamental soul with a mental temper too
Or a poet on parole with a case for sniffing glue
If you scramble in the dust telling words of honest truth
Start doing what you must before they take away your youth