

# The Knowledgeable Hasbeens

Cursive

Knock the wind the wind right out  
Knock it off  
I can't breathe  
Could I sing another line?  
I think my knees are getting weak  
And yes, these knees are weak  
But who would believe in a hypocrite who sells himself  
Who's your scapegoat now?  
Well, it's a million to one, but I think I got the part  
Trampled through the grind  
I wouldn't extend my disgust  
But there's no one here except you  
I don't see the point  
In carrying on  
We could make the best  
Out of nothing  
Who's your scapegoat now?  
Who's your scapegoat?  
Who's your scapegoat now?  
Well, it's a million to one, but I think I got the part  
Trampled through the grind  
I would sustain this contempt, but I'd be wasting time again  
Hey, it's all I've got  
Please leave the confessions  
I could find a job  
Waiting tables  
Or something