

Ankle-biter

Saint Lu

I have listened to all
the fucking shit you ever told me
But I'm alright
All your wisdom molded
every bit of my age-old fear
But I'm alright

I have lost my conscience,
caused by your ambience
I got a little outta control
But once I looked over your fence
Every thing made sense
too big for you, to beat me was your goal

You're a little ankle-biter
Pretending he's a fighter
You're a little ankle-biter
A silly sneaky sniper
You're a little ankle-biter
A grown up back seat driver
You're a little ankle-biter
But I won't change your diaper

I just picked up joys
and tossed the mess away you left here
Now I'm alright
Banned your wicked toys
Denied access to lose my theft fear
Now I'm alright

I have moved to the city
Bruised but still pretty
Outright you're back for another fight
At once I look over your fence - again
Everything makes sense - again
Too bright so I might minimize your might

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Instrumental

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