

13-1000

I don't know what I'm saying

Sometimes I open my mouth and out it comes  
Too late to take it back  
Other times I show restraint and hold my tongue  
Pat myself on the back  
Mostly I just babble on  
No idea worth conveying  
The truth is more often than not  
I don't know what I'm saying

A high school teacher with a self-righteous bent  
I have quite strong opinions  
You see the students under my thumb  
I treat as if my minions  
I share my values and my views  
an image I'm portraying  
But really I'm not all that wise  
I don't know what I'm saying

When fatherhood descended fast  
I made the firm decision  
I would never become like my dad  
no need for truth's revision  
A decade and two children on  
my sideburns swiftly graying  
My daughter knows without a doubt  
that I don't know what I'm saying

I don't know what I'm saying  
I probably never will  
I can give a damn good speech  
Silence I can fill  
But words are hollow gestures  
when there's nothing much to say  
So maybe I'll just shut my trap  
And amble on my way