

# BANKS, Beggin For Thread

So I got itches that scratch,  
And sometimes I don't got to feel to  
But I'm so tired of eating  
All of my misspoken words

I know my disposition gets confusing  
My disproportionate reactions fuse when my ego stakes  
It's why you want to come out and play with me

Why still down and out,  
You got me beggin for thread  
To sow this hole up that you worked in my head  
Stupidly think you had it under control  
Strapped down to something that you don't understand  
Don't know what you were getting yourself into  
You should have known, secretly I think you knew

I got some dirt on my shoes,  
My words can come out as a pistol,  
And I'm not good at aiming  
But I can aim it at you!  
I know my actions, they may get confusing  
But not unstable as is my solutions  
To give in mistakes  
That's why you want to come out and play with me

Still down and out,  
You got me beggin for thread  
To sow this hole up that you worked in my head  
Stupidly think you had it under control  
Strapped down to something that you don't understand  
Don't know what you were getting yourself into  
You should have known, secretly I think you knew  
Secretly I think you knew!

Hold it out, whoa  
Try to hide it out, but my tracks are better  
/5x

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Secretly I think you knew!