

There Is Nothing Wrong With Hating Rock Critics

Of Montreal

I'm not confused like you, pig
You're falling from your tree
There's something wrong with you
There's something wrong with me
There's nothing wrong with me

I'm not impressed by you maggots
Falling on the sea
There's something wrong with you
There's nothing wrong with me
But there is something definitely wrong with you
And the way that you view
Your place in the world
You are wrong
You can say what you want
But the truth is so clear

How can you think you are better than anyone?
The thought of it is really just absurd
Your cynical opinions have no depth
You're uninsightful and irrelevant, haven't you heard?
It's time that you heard

I'm not confused like you, twit
You Lester Bangs wannabe
There's something wrong with you
There's nothing wrong with me
There's nothing wrong with me

I'm not impressed by your rank
And tried adolescent ennui
There's something wrong with you
There's nothing wrong with me
But there is something definitely wrong with you
And the way that you view
Your place in the world
You are wrong
You can say what you want
But the truth is so clear

How can you think you are better than anyone?
You don't even create, you just critique
It's so obscene the way that you derive the words of artists
About whom you're not even worthy to speak
Not worthy to speak

We think that you doubt having truth, truly prophetic
It's creepy how you act as if everything is copacetic
Your venomous wit is your crutch
And your heart is so corrupt
You degrade everything you touch
Because you're the champion of the dismissive review, yeah
In your signature style, we compose this review of you

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