

# 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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