

# Fratford Bratford '06

## Without a Face

Acoustic punk rock  
Graduated from a mighty fine factory  
Cookie cutter copycat personality  
So many clones so little time  
I just need space to breath in between festivities  
Have spirit for the school that you're zoned in  
Put on your backwards hat and you'll be ownin'  
Its just an area I happen to be born in  
You can try but I'm afraid there's no escape  
From Fratford ooh  
B-Bratford 06 Check your breath there's ladies too impress (ooh)  
Name brand logos elevate you among the best  
So many tools I feel like I'm in construction  
Ladies have a solid self-destruction  
Polo shirts and really tight mini skirts  
Fake bake to the top  
Hey whatever works  
Superficial is the road sometimes it hurts  
Sorry babe but I'm afraid there's no escape From Fratford ooh  
B-Bratford 06  
Fratford aaah  
B-Bratford 06 My high school community  
Land of conformity  
Wheels on the bus go round and round  
I gotta go to a good college and get good grades  
So I can get a good job that gives good pay  
So I can buy a good wife and have good kids  
Fit for a good mid life crisis  
Feel low though payrolls got me the highest  
God I didn't want life just like this  
But then again what is there to do  
I owe it to myself yeah that is true  
That's why my venom has begun to spew  
Tell me why I got to measure up to you  
Any chance I can be myself please  
Without you saying Why isn't he just like me?  
I'm not a walking apology  
All I can cough up is that youre sorry  
I wish you the best

I hope you're happy  
And I hope you find escape from false security  
Fratford ain't a place; it's a state of mind  
Tick tock goes the clock running out of time

Lyrics provided by  
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