Superstar

Cold

I don't listen much to reason, everybody wants to be here, Santa Claus has lost his mind
Easter Bunny's not a rabbit, tricks are made for kids until, pseudo-psycho man tells you to fly
Everyone just ran around just playing games with anti-socials, no one ever taught you how to fall
I don't listen much to of you, everyone's a fucking psycho, no one ever taught you how to call
Take it off and shoot it up and show me how, ya used to fly
Take it off and shoot up and show me how, ya used to die
Everyone around you superstar, they can mother fucking die
I don't give a damn about what you think, all the pseudo-psychos hippies always stink
No one else here brought up questions till you flied, no one gave you any sex until you cried
Trying to be a superstar
Superstars lie

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