If You Think We're Talking About You, We Are

Crime In Stereo

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

WITHOUT A BROKEN HEART, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO SING ABOUT!
With all those rehashed hooks,
you've got no chance of standing out.
You try to hard and hope the hook sticks.
Where's your sense of inspiration?
I could've sworn, heard this somewhere before.
You try so hard to run this fashion show,
you're so fucking cool,
so fucking cool, yeah.
Well, I wish I'd never heard this at all.
You're so fucking Hollywood.
I want to be Hollywood, too.
You're so fucking beautiful, doesn't everyone wanna be as beautiful as you?
And once our voices were equipped with fast songs and ideas,
we now come armed to the teeth with hair gel and anthems for your ex-girlfriend.
Well no one cares.
There's a difference between genuine heartache
and just having nothing to say.
And we'll all sing along.
We're all singing nothing at all.
And we'll all sing along.
We're all singing nothing at all.
Good luck in Hollywood.
Us ugly kids will stay right here.
OFFSTAGE! THEY AIN'T GOT NO ROOTS!
OFFSTAGE! THEY AIN'T GOT NO ROOTS!
Go!
ROCK REBEL!
ROCK REBEL!

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