

# Sycophant

## Econoline Crush

Someone shoot the messenger  
Dig me a grave  
I can't take another minute of this poseurs charade  
Give me radio revolution  
Give me public execution  
Burn the flag, join the looters, plug your ears  
And stop the endless stream of lies  
Chorus:  
You're standing on the top, don't know how you got there  
You think you're going out, never known, you never will  
They're coming up to get you  
They're coming up to get you  
Knock you down  
Momentary fashion, the passing of a phase  
Calculated drivel from empty soul parade  
Pabulum for the masses, you can't dig the grave  
All you ever wanted was a little peace of fame  
Oh your lies  
Lies  
(Chorus)

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