

# Unique

GBH

You're not unique  
You're just another runner  
In the big time  
The sour grapes of summer  
And you couldn't be  
Anymore dumber You're not unique  
You're obsolete  
You wont last a week  
So crawl back under  
Crawl, crawl, crawl back under your stone You're not unique Just a parasite  
With a big mouth  
And no taste for a fight  
Your eyes are closed  
You cannot see the light

Songwriters

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