

A Song for the Metalheads

Butch Walker

One, nine, six, nine
Press the tape recorder, let's get this all down real fast
Before the insignificant thought goes by
There's one more slow song left to write for the record
To make all the metalheads cry
I throw rocks but not rocking, stand there just mocking
With hands in their armpits that they'll later smell
When you live in the past, there's one thing that will last
Is resentment that time won't sit still
The record business is fucked, it's kinda funny
It'll separate a boy from a man
You can buy every copy of your record with your money
But you'd be your only fan
If it's one thing my father said when he was younger
To a kid with a mullet that looked like his son
To want and to try is the difference why
Some people will walk and some run, thank you, dad
Sharpen up all your pencils, 'cause class will come early
There's so much you thought that you knew
While the B list celebrities all pay for their fame
They'll soak up what's left of the pool
While a kid in the corner becomes a savant
No one will care till he's dead
Or he falls from his grace with it all over the place
And a piece of it stuck in his head

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