

# No One's Famous

## Army of Freshmen

No one's famous, we're all strangers  
Now I can't even talk to you  
No one's famous, we're all contagious  
And I'm scared that I'm losing you I was working on my wish list  
Count of Monte Cris list  
More or less a diss list  
That's comprised of several enemies maybe you'll remember me  
A little on the small side  
Treated like a fall guy  
Pretty much gun shy  
But long before the cubicle you and I were beautiful She said, she said, in a book all about it  
I doubt you'd even understand No one's famous, we're all strangers  
Now I can't even talk to you  
No one's famous, we're all contagious  
And I'm scared that I'm losing you I'm talking bout the hard times  
Talking bout the long lines  
Talking bout the stop signs  
That are rolling headless m.i.a since the fall of yesterday  
Now I'm sitting on a landmine  
Soaking in the sunshine  
Looking for my lost prime  
That's hanging in museums, ya,  
Looks like I'll be seeing ya No one's famous, we're all strangers  
Now I can't even talk to you  
No one's famous, we're all contagious  
And I'm scared that I'm losing you If we're choosing sides, then here's goodbye  
If we're choosing sides, then here's goodbye No one's famous, we're all strangers  
Now I can't even talk to you  
No one's famous, we're all contagious  
And I'm scared that I'm losing you

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