

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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