

# Phoney Smiles & Fake Hellos

## Black Label Society

You, yeah you, yeah you  
You got a cardboard cutout soul  
Just a power-tripping, mind-raping, backstabbing junkie  
Thinking your hype is true You, yeah you, yeah you  
Respect ain't a word you know  
You're just a fabricated lie that doesn't exist  
Dropping names wherever you go Life's phoney smiles and fake hellos  
The hardcore rush of watching heads roll  
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare  
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care You, yeah you, yeah you  
Thinking you know it all  
Thirty-five years old with a wife and two kids  
Still living in your mother's home You, yeah you, yeah you  
A sellout and a social whore  
You'd sell your mother's soul just to get ahead  
A disease down to the core Life's phoney smiles and fake hellos  
The hardcore rush of watching heads roll  
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare  
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care You, yeah you, yeah you  
Still haven't figured what it is you do  
Just a no talent nothing with a ten ton ego  
Until your fifteen minutes are through You, yeah you, yeah you  
A conscience deaf and blind  
I'm driving the hearse without remorse  
Killing you and your kind Life's phoney smiles and fake hellos  
The hardcore rush of watching heads roll  
I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare  
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care

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