

Black Belt

John Grant

You are at the height of your game, aren't you
Would you not say that you agree baby
You got your grift all fine tuned and sparkling
Yeah you got your bored look all worked out
You are all enlightened, nothin' makes you frightened
You ain't got no time to waste on entry-level middle class
You are supercilious, pretty and ridiculous
You got really good taste, you know how to cut and paste
What you got is a black belt in BS
But you can't hawk your pretty wares up in here anymore
Hit your head on the playground at recess
Etch-a-sketch your way out of this one reject
You know how to get what you want, don't you
Would you not say that you agree baby
You really think that you can school me in semantics
I can't recommend that baby, I see through your antics
You think you're mysterious, you cannot be serious
You got lots of time to think of new ways to deceive yourself
You are callipygian, but look at the state you're in
You got really nice clothes, bet you didn't pay for those [Repeat x5]
What you got is a black belt in BS
But you can't hawk your pretty wares up in here anymore
Hit your head on the playground at recess
Etch-a-sketch your way out of this one reject

Songwriters

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