Surprise, Surprise

[Billy Talent](#)

ou got the look, but not the credit
They wrote the book, on how to sell it
From cigarettes, to skinny jeans
You got the money, they got the means
Oh you upper class daughters, and working class sons
It's hard to save a dollar, the way the world runs
You're the target market of a corporate joke
It won't be so ironic when your daddy is broke
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
You're much better looking when you're in disguise
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
And this revolution has been brought to you by
Just gotta stop, so you can mimic
The tortured artist, the jaded cynic
The latest gadget, is just a gimmick
Another sucker, born every minute
Well I'm sick of this town, bringing me down
A vast world epidemic all around
I'm sick of this town, bringing me down
A lost generation trying to act profound
Oh you upper class daughters, and working class sons
It's hard to save a dollar the way the world runs

We got a counterculture you can buy of a shelf
If you're losing your identity to somebody else
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
You're much better looking when you're in disguise
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
And this revolution has been brought to you by
Those who seek to think we don't care
And those who seek to think we're not aware
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
You're much better looking when you're in disguise
Call the ranks...
Call the ranks...
Call the ranks...
Oh you working class daughters, and upper class sons
It's hard to save a dollar the way the world runs
We're the target market of a corporate hoax

Our generation is a fucking joke
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
You're much better looking when you're in disguise
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
And this revolution has been brought to you by
Those who seek to think we don't care
And those who seek to think we're not aware
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
You're much better looking when you're in disguise I Take No creadit for this