

# Sellout

## DHC Meinhof

Who the hell have I been kidding  
I sold my soul to the corporation  
They know me better than I know myself  
    I better shut it up  
    I better shut it up  
You gotta problem with the way I think  
I gotta problem with the way you think  
    That you can program me  
    Like a damn machine  
    I wanna take a stand  
    And say fuck this scene  
    I'm sick of imagery  
    Instead of artistry  
    I'm sick of apathy  
    Instead of harmony  
I'm sick of poets workin' part time jobs  
While pissy people pick and choose the stars  
    I know that I should be  
    The last one to speak  
About this but even sellouts have their dreams  
    Set the music free  
    Ba da da da da da,  
        da da da da da  
            da da da  
            da da da da da  
            Da da da da da  
            Da da da da da  
            Ba da da da da da  
Oh what the hell was I tryin' to prove  
    I ran away so young  
    Now I'm on the move  
    Like a vandal I wear my mask  
    And all you punks back home  
        Yah you can kiss my ass  
Cause' I gotta feelin' deep down inside my soul  
    That's taken three whole years to gain control  
And I aint never no never no never no never no never  
    Coming home

Ba da da da da da  
Da da da da da  
Da da da da  
Da da da da da da  
Da da da da da  
Da da da da da  
Da da da da  
Da da da da da da  
Ohhh.

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