

Sellout

Blood Duster

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 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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