

# Sellout

## Whalers

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 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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