

L.A.X (White Noise)

Big D and the Kids Table

Hey, elitists from L.A.
(Los Angeles, California):
You know who you are
You're driving fancy cars
Your allowance exceeds my rent
Listen to what I have to say
Remind yourselves every day
Let's get the message on its way Well first of all
Fuck your fucking attitudes
How can you be so fucking rude?
You fucking look at me like when girls are jealous
And fuck your fucking L.A. bars
You're all a bunch of wannabe superstars
Yeah, fuck your fucking act
You're a bunch of dressed up fucking rats You get anything you want
Mommy's dressed up fucking runt
You're fucking lounging in
Daddy's fucking mansion
And all your fucking stupid names
Blair and Titus, that's fucking lame
Z-A-see does not spell Zack,
What the fuck is with all that? You think you're so fucking impressive
If you get your name on a fucking guest list
Raise your nose to the people in line
Give the doorman a fucking high five And then go:
Do my shoes match my shirt?
Does my shirt clash with my pants?
Do my pants match my eyes?
Do my eyes look good tonight?
Will this place be cool enough?
Your hair looks oh, so tough
This looks so good for us
Tonight my money's gonna buy me love And fuck all of your deceiving
What is your fake heart fake fucking bleeding?
And all the girls you lay on your mat
Are the same fucking girls you fucking laugh at
And fuck your fucking fake ass world
And all your handed out fucking thrills
Some of us, we have to work hard

Just to get our little part
And maybe your clan lives right in Boston
But my friends are fucking awesome
And we'll keep on doing our best
Even though our lives are a mess And we go:
Will this check support this tour?
Will this tour lose my job?
Without my job, where's the rent?
Should we all just call it quits?
And dinner dates sure cost a lot
When 28 bucks is all you got
And your life is at a stop
And all your dreams are all self-taught And this is the difference between our lives
No wonder tonight you feel alright
And I'm sorry if my mind is occupied
I'm trying to forget to wonder why
We're built up from nothing
I'm trying to forget to wonder why

Songwriters

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