

The Death Of The Cool

Simply Red

My shyness, my misunderstood
My misunderstanding
My destiny is grounded
By confounding weights as Hollywood greats
Inspire me to keep my body whole
Since I've been the master of low expectations
Aren't you humans supposed to look like me?
Quotes like "Buddy I blew you up, then gave you a Band Aid"
Pseudo spiritual Kebababallah's, we can all be fooled
It's the death of the cool, the death of the cool
We got fakers, false prophets and fools
And phony saint saviors
Fame's pick me up, gets drowned in
Pop's twinkle and dreams, torn at the seams
It can leave you with nothing left at all
Since we're the believers with tall expectations
Can't you humans come have a laugh with me?
Quotes like 'Buddy I screwed you up, made you the new slave'
The fastest growing guru in the market place of happiness
We can all be saved
'Buddy I blew you up, gave you a Band Aid'
Do you really need to learn to be a human?
We can all be shamed
It's the death of the cool, the death of the cool
Quotes like 'Buddy I blew you up, gave you a condom'
Do you really need to learn to save a human?
We could all be blamed
Buddy I blew you up
Buddy I blew you up
Buddy I blew you up

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