

Phoney Smiles & Fake Hellos (feat. Zakk Wylde)

Black Label Society

You, yeah you, yeah you
You got a cardboard cutout soul
Just a power-tripping, mind-raping, backstabbing junkie
Thinking your hype is true You, yeah you, yeah you
Respect ain't a word you know
You're just a fabricated lie that doesn't exist
Dropping names wherever you go Life's phoney smiles and fake hellos
The hardcore rush of watching heads roll
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care You, yeah you, yeah you
Thinking you know it all
Thirty-five years old with a wife and two kids
Still living in your mother's home You, yeah you, yeah you
A sellout and a social whore
You'd sell your mother's soul just to get ahead
A disease down to the core Life's phoney smiles and fake hellos
The hardcore rush of watching heads roll
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care You, yeah you, yeah you
Still haven't figured what it is you do
Just a no talent nothing with a ten ton ego
Until your fifteen minutes are through You, yeah you, yeah you
A conscience deaf and blind
I'm driving the hearse without remorse
Killing you and your kind Life's phoney smiles and fake hellos
The hardcore rush of watching heads roll
I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care

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