

Shooter McGavin

Burnt By the Sun

And this is where
I'm supposed to be impressed, isn't it?
Let me tell you
How overwhelmed I am Remind me to be in awe of you
Remind me to lie, remind me to smile
Remind me to do anything
But to express what's on my mind Because the truth might shake your stable ground
You know this show is dark and drab
And what you're saying doesn't brighten things much
I don't care how fucking great your band is "You're so good, you're a god
I'm so impressed of what you've become"
I would be pleased if it meant something real to you
Just walk away This is image and from my angle
What you're doing doesn't blow my hair back
No, I'm not moved
No reason to pay it any mind I don't care
I'd be pleased if it was something real to you
But until then I don't care, I don't care
No reason at all for me to waste my time, none

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