

Phoney Smiles and Fake Hellos (feat. Zakk Wylde)

Black Label Society

You, yeah you, yeah you
You got a cardboard cutout soul
Just a powertripping, mindraping, backstabbing junkie
Thinking your hype is true
You, yeah you, yeah you
Respect ain't a word you know
You're a fabricated lie that doesn't exist
Dropping names wherever you go[Chorus]
Life's phoney smiles and fake hellos
The hardcore rush of watching heads roll
I'll 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 and 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[Chorus] 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[Chorus]

Songwriters

ZAKK WYLDE Published by

Lyrics Â© REACH MUSIC PUBLISHING

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>