Poster Kids

The Huntingtons

There's no reply quite as wise as yours
Filled with philosophy and metaphors
And a thousand words that I never new existedOh, tell me how you ever became so gifted
Excuse me if I like the common [unverified]
But you're never wrong and it's getting really oldOh, the poster kids when it comes down to it
Spend a lot of time but there ain't much to it
You hate me and I'm sick of youOh, the poster kids got a lot to say
They'll prove you wrong in every way
You hate me and I'm sick of youWell, I'm stupid 'cause I got a few beliefs
What makes you sure I wanna hear your beefs
About why there's no God and what punk really stands forOh, doin' this all day must make your eyes sore
Excuse me if my leader's not some twit
But you'll never know 'cause you're so sure of it

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