

Stand By

Dance Hall Crashers

Jot down the words you wanna say
Make sure they don't conflict with mine in any way
And make them sound good, remember the laws that apply
I gave you a buck it's my right to decidePretend your life is squeaky clean
Pure as the virgin you think your daughter is
She laughs in your face as you bring your speech to a close
But she's doing it under your noseI don't care who you wanna pray to
If it makes you happy then go ahead
But you claim I'm wrong, what gives you the right
Just stick to your own lifeYou used to wear your pretty clothes
Now that the scruff is in you're bluff, what you used to know
But here come your rules the fashion police are in
And suddenly your politics are changing againIdolise and criticize
Push them in the right direction to paradise
Praise them with guilt, distinguish the weak from the strong
But knowing that we end up the same in the long runI don't care who you wanna pray to
If it makes you happy then go ahead
But you claim I'm wrong, what gives you the right
Just stick to your own lifeThe position you have may be lost
The position you have may be lost
The position you have may be lostThe position you have may be lost
The position you have may be lostI don't care who you wanna pray to
If it makes you happy then go ahead
But you claim I'm wrong, what gives you the right
Just stick to your own lifeWell, I don't care who you wanna pray to
If it makes you happy then go ahead
But you claim I'm wrong, what gives you the right
Just stick to your own life

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