

# Simulacra

## Jonny 5 & Yak

Chorus:

Everybody's sexually active  
Somebody out there's objectively attractive  
Act correctly you can match the simulacra  
Bullshit bullshit bullshit bullshit

Jonny 5:

I went to a love hotel, I pulled a fire alarm  
I beat up my brother with a tennis ball container, I had my tired arm  
Pulling, fantasizing bout a blow up doll  
I didn't get off, It didn't go off, I didn't feel satisfied at all  
I wanted to run away but I didn't have a reason  
I got so mad one time I started crying and seizing  
Paper after paper lookin for something I didn't need  
Found one, just as I ripped it my fit was already done  
This is how I begun  
Seeing how I'm different from T.V.  
And I keep re-seeing it telling me how to be and it's bullshit!  
I yelled "fuck the police" while I drove past  
Used to think I had to learn to freestyle in order to rap

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Faith:

I tried X but I didn't know why  
Cuz then I had sex but I didn't get high  
Supermodels are XXY  
It's all just a lie  
Kids fall for fads see ads and wanna try it  
I spent twenty on a diet, so what?  
I still have cellulite and no butt

No, but, but but until you laugh and just grow up  
Learn to live with the bullshit,  
You're only gonna throw up,  
Turnin sick at the pulpit,  
Preaching sermons  
Concerning myth,  
Schemin, burning demons that don't exist  
Thank God media and reality don't match  
I need my own private  
Quiet zone that's my own patch of life,  
Detached from the hype  
I don't wanna be imitated exactly right  
Cuz truth is stranger than fiction  
You should change your addiction  
Before disneylandlords arrange your eviction

Chorus:

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Somebody out there's objectively attractive  
Act correctly you can match the simulacra  
Bullshit bullshit bullshit bullshit

Jonny 5:

See I wanna write a song for the missing persons,  
The nerds and the sixty-six year old virgins,  
Burnt out surgeons,  
Mental patients,  
Persians, Haitians, urban gay Asians,  
Nymphos, blimp-nose wimps,  
Uncorrupt cops, hermaphrodites,  
Fat kids, black kids,  
Anorexics tryin to muster up an appetite,  
Phoneless, homeless, owners of disease,  
Anyone who slept through New Year's Eve,  
Clumsy thieves,  
Uneven sleeved impotent men,  
Napalm babies with scarred skin,  
Vietnam vets, Tourette's syndrome girls with hairy arms,  
Balding boys in the club with their mom,  
In love with their mom,  
Diabetics, anybody who just doesn't get it,  
Stutterers, bread butterers, suburb gutter punks,  
Wanna-be monks, CEOs who wet the bed,  
The snails, and the angry white males, and the Siamese twins who connect at the head

I expect that you said  
"I don't want to be compared to them, I'm not weak, not a freak, I'm American"  
But if you stood next to 'em you'd embarrass them,  
So let me say my prayer again

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I said the snails and the angry white males and the leeches,  
Dogs without tails and the star-bellied sneetches,  
Sneetches without stars and  
Women behind bars and  
Men who design cars intending to find mars  
And anyone I'm far from, anyone in my region,  
Buppies, guppies, scrubs, pigeons, and Norwegians,  
Finns, and the angry white men,  
And the Siamese twins who connect at the head

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Lyrics submitted by Noob.

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