Sellout

The 4-Squares

Who the hell have I been kidding
I sold my soul to the corporation
They know me better than I know myself
I better shut it up
I better shut it up
You gotta problem with the way I think
I gotta problem with the way you think
That you can program me
Like a damn machine
I wanna take a stand
And say fuck this scene
I'm sick of imagery
Instead of artistry
I'm sick of apathy
Instead of harmony
I'm sick of poets workin' part time jobs
While pissy people pick and choose the stars
I know that I should be
The last one to speak
About this but even sellouts have their dreams
Set the music free
Ba da da da da da,
da da da da da

da da da da
da da da da da da
Da da da da da
Da da da da da
Ba da da da da da
Oh what the hell was I tryin' to prove
I ran away so young
Now I'm on the move
Like a vandal I wear my mask
And all you punks back home
Yah you can kiss my ass
Cause' I gotta feelin' deep down inside my soul
That's taken three whole years to gain control
And I aint never no never no never no never no never no never
Coming home

Ba da da da da da
Da da da da da
Da da da da
Da da da da da da
Da da da da da
Da da da da da
Da da da da
Da da da da da da
Ohhh.

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