

Mr Bigshot

Maid Myriad

Too noble for us peasants eh?
I see through your charade
Pretentious posture gave you away
Your fault lines heighten then degrade
Much to my dismay
Dare I speak astray?
You must sleep in the bed youâ€™ve made

Mr. Bigshot would you bow down
Over and over again?
What makes you think youâ€™re better than me?
Mr. Bigshot's shut down.
I see right through your lies
What makes you think youâ€™re better than me?

Counterfeit in your expertise
I feel though youâ€™re not real.
Taste your bittersweet disease
Iâ€™d kiss the floor if youâ€™d reveal
How you will appease
All the peonsâ€™ pleas
And stick your foot back in your mouth

What makes you better?
What makes you better than me?

Lyrics submitted by Jeff.

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