

I'm Designer (Primal Scream Remix)

Queens of the Stone Age

My generation's for sale
Beats a steady job
How much have you got? My generation don't trust no one
It's hard to blame
Not even ourselves The thing that's real for us is: fortune and fame
All the rest seems like work
It's just like diamonds
In shit I'm high class, I'm a whore
Actually both
Basically, I'm a pro
We've all got our own style of baggage
Why hump it yourself? You've made me an offer that I can refuse
'Cause either way I get screwed
Counter proposal: I go home and jerk off, uh! It's truly a lie
I counterfeit myself
It's truly a lie
I counterfeit myself
You don't own, you don't own, you don't own, you don't own
You don't own what none can buy
You don't own
(You don't own)
Neither do I High and mighty, you say selling out is a shame
Is that the name of your book?
Push a silver spoon in your ass
No more holding us
Down, dog, down, mutt, nice mutt You're insulted you can't be bought or sold
Translation: offer too low
You don't know what you're worth
It isn't much
My piano's for sale
How many times must I sell myself
Before my pieces are gone?
I'm one of a kind! I'm designer! Never again will I repeat myself
Enough is never enough
Never again will I repeat myself It used to be the plan was screwing the man
Now it's have sex with a man
(After he buys your dot-com for sale at a low, low price) It's truly a lie
I counterfeit myself
It's truly a lie

I counterfeit myself
You don't own, you don't own, you don't own me
You don't own what none can buy
You don't own...
You don't own what none can buy
Neither do I

Songwriters

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