

# King Caesar

## Head Automatica

She want a medal for the things you've done  
Well prizes don't come around  
As easy as you want them now  
She want a mountain with your face engraved  
So everybody in the world  
Can see the face of nothing changed Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace  
Here's to you and your poker face  
Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace  
Here's to you You want a monument erected in your name  
And odds are we will tear it down  
When you leave as quickly as you came  
You want a place in the history books  
But noone has changed history  
With double talk and dirty looks Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace  
Here's to you and your poker face  
Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace  
Here's to you You heighten yourself to lower the blame  
And you martyr yourself to heighten the fame  
And you lower yourself to draw the compassion  
Here's to you You want a medal for the things you've done  
But if you really did a damn thing  
We would've gave you one  
You want a mountain with your face engraved  
So everyone will know the face  
When approached by to run away Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace  
Here's to you and your poker face  
Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace  
Here's to you Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace  
Here's to you and your poker face  
Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace  
Here's to you

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