

You Got Spirit, Kid

Coheed and Cambria

You, you keep screaming from the top of your lungs
Mister Who-gives-a-shit, just shut up
The podium is all yours, go right ahead
The plastic king of castle polyethylene
Go on time to be a good little pig
You're worth it, or you're so, so 'Cause when the rug gets pulled out from underneath
Just embrace the fall
Oh you got spirit, kid
You're number one
Go on living that farce
'Cause nobody gives a fuck who you are You, I'll never have the chance that you got
No, I won't dwell, I'll just accept I'll be, I'll be forgotten 'Cause when the rug gets pulled out from underneath
Just embrace the fall
Oh you got spirit, kid
You're number one
Go on living that farce
'Cause nobody gives a fuck who you are So why are you crying?
So why are you crying?
You've got the world
You've got the world
To command 'Cause when the rug gets pulled out from underneath
Just embrace the fall
Oh you got spirit, kid
You're number one
Go on living that farce
'Cause nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, no-o-o
Nobody gives a fuck
Nobody gives
Nobody gives a fuck
'Cause nobody gives a fuck who you are

Songwriters

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