

Step Up

Opiate For The Masses

You got a problem with my cookie cutter life?
I'll put you back in your place
And if you're lookin' at my cookie cutter wife
I'll kick the smile off your face
My only daughter is an honor roll student
And a goalie on the soccer ball team I know it sounds a little boring at the moment
But we ain't exactly what we seemI got a woman with thirty-two teeth
And a daughter and a picket fence
And in he garage sits a little Sedan
And a minivan with just a couple of dents
All for a limited time
It isn't dandy and fine,
Because of my ignorance
Oh, right now it seems to me my greatest enemy is common sense(Left, Right)Step up
You think you can handle it?
Back off
Don't make no demands of me
Right Now
I'm sick of it all and I think I
Might snap with my back to the wall
So c'monThe only problem with my cookie cutter life
It's on me that everybody depends
I always gotta take my cookie cutter knife
And cut myself apart to meet those ends
And every time I try to it my family down
Just to talk to me, they never do
I heard it's the only way to really get to know 'em
Now I know it's trueI finally got a realization of where all of my money goes
To my cars, my house and to bars
My wife's ass and up my daughter's nose
Told my shrink what I think about it all
And he said that that's the way that it goes
Oh, right now
It doesn't comfort me to hear this is the life I chose(Left, Right)Step up
You think you can handle it?
Back off
Don't make no demands of me
Right Now
I'm sick of it all and I think I

Might snap with my back to the wall

So c'mon (x2)

So fuck off

Songwriters

TRAVIS, JOHN A./UNDERWOOD, RON/KAUFMAN, JIMPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>