Imposter

MYDOLLS

You never lived in the streets though you wish you had
Not enough talent to play a guitar
You failed as an artist 'cause you lacked in the confidence
Now you're a critic and you're at the top
(The top of what)You don't believe what you write
You're and imposter you don't, don't, don't believe what you writeYou can't get used to the fact that you ain't a kid
You like to think that you speak for them all
You'd cut off your nose if you thought it would make you hip
It drives you crazy you can't be a star
(Oh, ain't that tough)You don't believe what you write
(You're an imposter)
You don't believe what you write
(You're an imposter)
You don't believe what you write
(You're an imposter)
You don't, don't, don't believe what you writeYou take the credit while others do all the work
You like to think you discovered them first
But we all know you moved in after it was safe
That way you know you could never get hurt
(You like to play God)You don't believe what you write
(You're an imposter)
You don't believe what you write
(You're an imposter)
You don't believe what you write
(You're an imposter)
You don't, don't, don't believe what you writeYou're just a critic, we know why you drink so much
Jealousy slowly consuming your gut
The streets that you never knew are just where they've always been
Your head is firmly lodged way up your butt
(Where it belongs)You don't believe what you write
(You're an imposter)
You don't believe what you write
(You're an imposter)
You don't believe what you write
(You're an imposter)
You don't, don't, don't believe what you write

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