

# 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 write You 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 write You 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 write You'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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