

Imposter

Brothers of Brazil

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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