

RSTLNE

The Arrogant Sons of Bitches

I don't want to scare you.
I don't want to be you anymore.
What's in store? Well, I don't want to be popular.
High school superstar.
Didn't take it very far.
So pick another winner 'cause I won't buy in.
I'm sick of hearing what you see in me.
Fake the smile.
Working mode.
Sitting in a cubicle and doing shit that I don't want
Like organizing back to front.
Wipe the smile off my face.
Stuck here in the same place.
Where everybody's moving forward and I stay stagnant.
I'm sick of hearing what you see in me.
You're not anything I want to be.
All I ever wanted was to do something right.
And now that chance is gone.
I'll feel like I've done wrong.
I fucked things up for everyone!
Go walk away.
Go walk away because this isn't where you want to be.
All I've got is four chords.
As I sit and stare I realize for good that it's nothing special.
It's just a punk show.
--"And I don't know and I don't know.
Equipment? It goes in the back.
I'm sorry but you go on last.
You don't have a guest list.
The lady here is really pissed.
She says your band is way too loud and she don't like it."
Call the cops 'cause we're not gonna leave.
--"Please give me a tip, kid.
I don't know what I'm doing.
I play a song, it sounds all wrong,
you can't tell what the fuck I'm saying.
It doesn't rock.
It kind of sucks.
I'm overusing the word fuck.

I sell a CD for ten bucks.
Please go buy it"
Call the cops 'cause we're not gonna leave.
We'll exchange closet spaces with our insecurities.
All I ever wanted was to be more than second best.
Kiss my ass goodbye.
We're breaking up tonight.
I'm starting to feel I'm getting stuck here.
Go walk away.
Go walk away 'cause this isn't where you want to be.
All I've got is four chords.
As I sit and stare I realize for good that it's nothing special.
Four chords, then the bridge.
It's so predictable.
And no matter what you want
you'll never curb my self-depreciation now.

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