

# Bitters Block

## Gym Class Heroes

This is not novelty  
This is nothing delicate  
This the result of your Google search for something relevant  
Stake claim immediately  
'Cause hot products cool down  
At which point they'll flock to new sounds  
Take fame intravenously  
But when leisure turns to habit  
I'll be sure to leave the scene you started staging  
This is nothing fraudulent  
This is that joy shot itchy feeling lingering behind your target audience  
You got them all convinced, but we ain't buying it, buddy  
Demand for lies is high, and you're supplying it  
Truth is brutal; it consumes you if you let it  
Type that in your little away message and set it[Chorus]  
Keep singing songs  
That I could write in my sleep  
It's like I'm counting sheep  
Keep singing songs  
Man, you are a lead but trouble not to be  
Keep singing songs  
Just follow the leader with your blah, blah, blah  
Keep singing songs  
That I could write in my sleep  
It's like I'm counting sheep  
And this is not a fashion statement, it's delegate intuition  
Far beyond your bed wetter kindergarten compositions  
This is a part of me  
How can you sleep at night when what you don't write you write half heartedly?  
Go join the army  
And be the best you can be  
Give a new meaning to blowing up over seas, please!  
We kick those boys down when nobody would let us in  
And give you that proverbial taste of your own medicine  
We took your formula and relabeled it  
And sat patiently and giggled when you drank it  
Street voice and street cred run just about the same  
Pop bottles and drop names  
And you'll dismiss it 'cause it ain't what ya used to  
But who the fuck died and made you king cobra?[Chorus]Wow, congratulations on your new purchase

I heard you bought a crib on biters block  
Downtown plagiarism's paradise  
You're not a movement, you're purely amusement  
The poster boy for Xerox and a role model for parasites  
You serve no purpose, you're purely decorative  
And bore us to death with your auditory sedatives  
No, we don't sleep  
And hog tie your runaway bride with cold feet  
We built this city on lock and load logic  
And burned it down the same night  
So go ahead and put your tears on ice, baby  
I think we got a winner  
And kiss your crucifix; your boy's a certified sinner[Chorus]

Songwriters

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