

Army Of Freshmen

"No One?s Famous"

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No one's famous, we're all strangers
Now I can't even talk to you
No one's famous, we; re all contagious
And I'm scared that I'm losing you

I was working on my wish list, Count of Monte Cris list,
More or less a diss list
That's comprised of several enemies maybe you'll
remember me
A little on the small side, treated like a fall guy,
Pretty much gun shy
But long before the cubicle you and I were beautiful
She said, she said, in a book all about it
I doubt you'd even understand

I'm talking bout the hard times, talking bout the long
lines,
Talking bout the stop signs
That are rolling headless m.l.a since the fall of
yesterday
Now I'm sitting on a landmine, soaking in the sunshine,
Looking for my lost prime
That's hanging in museums, ya, looks like I'll be seeing
ya

If we're choosing sides, then here's goodbye
If we're choosing sides, then here's goodbye

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