

98 Mute "Them"

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Walking down the streets, Idiots are all I fucking see.
Morons right in front of me.
I've got a group of them to my right.
And it's just the start of my night.
Sitting on the corner of Manhattan Beach Blvd.
And Ocean.
See some sluts out for fun.
Showing off their silicone tits.
Pounds of makeup hide their zits.
I can't believe what my eyes see.
Bars packed with U.S.C. fraternities.
Plastic people with their plastic money.
MTV fed mentalities.
I thank god I'm not like them.
Pennyloafers on their feet.
Collared shirts with rolled up sleeves.
Tight blue jeans you wouldn't believe.
I've got a dozen chumps to my right.
And it's beginning to ruin my night.
The to my left a bunch of chicks who think they're hot
shit.
So I slap them with my goddamn dick.
People acting so sophisticated.
By twenty-one they're all outdated.
I don't ever want to be like them.
I won't ever fuckin' be like them.
I have fun laughing at them.
I think god I'm not of one of them.
Now I'm all surrounded.
All these idiots suffocating me.
So now it's time for me to leave.
But as I leave this fucked up scene I thank god that I'm
me.

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