

Armchair Cynics

"Capitalize"

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Capitalize on my dreams
Push me off to the show
Sell the rights to the whole damn thing
Before the buzz slows and goes

Tell my mom all those nights
That we kicked and screamed
Is now fodder for the kids
Who want to dance and sing along with me

I never expected to win
I never suspected it would come to this

I seen a rock-n-roll show
Heard a rock-n-roll song
Out on the radio
Way back in '82
I never knew
Just how far we'd go

You got your techno beats
Your god damn drum machine
Where'd my guitar go?
But now the DJ spins
The same stuff over again
But, it's not his fault you know

I never expected to win
I never suspected it would come to this

I never expected to win, to win, to win

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