

Black Label Society

"Phoney Smiles - Fake Hellos"

Visit "[Phoney Smiles - Fake Hellos](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You, yeah you, yeah you.
You got a cardboard cutout soul.
Just a powertripping, mindtraping, backstabbing,
junkie,
Thinking your hype is true.
You, yeah you, yeah you.
Respect ain't a word you know.
You're just a fabricated lie, that doesn't exist.
Dropping names where ever you go.
Life's Phoney Smiles And Fake Hellos.
The Hardcore rush, of watching heads role.
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare,
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care.
You, yeah you, yeah you.
Thinking you know it all
35 years old with a wife and two kids,
Still living in your mothers home
You, yeah you, yeah you.
You're a sellout and a social whore
You'd sell your mothers soul just to get ahead.
A disease down to the core.
Life's Phoney Smiles And Fake Hellos.
The Hardcore rush, of watching heads role.
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare,
Go fuck yourself for all I fucking care.
(solo)
You, yeah you, yeah you.
I haven't figured what it is you do.
Just a no talent nothing with a ten ton ego,
Untill your 15 minutes are through.
You, yeah you, yeah you.
A conscience deaf and blind.
Well I'm driving, the hearse without remorse,
Killing you and your kind.
Life's Phoney Smiles And Fake Hellos.
The Hardcore rush, of watching heads role.
I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare,
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care

Visit [Black Label Society](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

