

Econoline Crush "Sycophant"

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Someone shoot the messenger
Dig me a grave
I can't take another minute of this poseurs charade
Give me radio revolution
Give me public execution
Burn the flag, join the looters, plug your ears
And stop the endless stream of lies
Chorus:
You're standing on the top, don't know how you got
there
You think you're going out, never known, you never will
They're coming up to get you
They're coming up to get you
Knock you down
Momentary fashion, the passing of a phase
Calculated drivel from empty soul parade
Pabulum for the masses, you can't dig the grave
All you ever wanted was a little peace of fame
Oh your lies
Lies
(Chorus)

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