

## Green Day "Reject"

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Who the hell are you to tell me,  
What I am and what's my master plan?  
What makes you think that it includes you?  
Self-righteous wealth?  
Stop flattering yourself.

So when the smoke clears here I am,  
Your reject all-American,  
Sucking up to your social sect,  
Making you a nervous wreck,  
To hell and back and hell again I've gone,  
You're not my type.  
Not my type.

What's the difference between you and me?  
I do what I want, and you do what you're told,  
So listen up shut the hell up.  
It's no big deal.  
And I'll see you in hell.

So when the smoke clears here I am,  
Your reject all-American,  
Sucking up to your social sect,  
Making you a nervous wreck,  
To hell and back and hell again I've gone,  
You're not my type,  
Not my type,  
Not my type,  
Your not my type.

So when the smoke clears here I am,  
Your reject all-American.  
Falling from grace, right on my face,  
To hell and back and hell again I've gone.

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