

## **Greenhouse Effect "Six Feet Under"**

Visit "[Six Feet Under](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm no angel  
Now, this I admit  
But when it comes down to music  
I don't deal  
With shit

It's not that you're good  
It's just who ya' know  
And when it comes down to licks...  
They're just there for show!

No mans' an island  
Is what I've been told  
Time it flies (or of life)  
God... I'm not sure I'm sold!

If I sound angry  
I guess it's starting to show  
'Just find me a snake  
An' I'll charm it ya know

The world needs a collar to protect it from fleas!  
'I guess it's just suffering from pop music disease

Wheres my true idol?  
... when I need one the most?  
Surf with the alien  
Please be my host

'Just wanna look up to President Clay? (or praise and  
acclaim?)  
'who cares about faces  
' Can't remember yer name!

Conform to make it  
Don't live in a hay (unintelligible)  
Change my lifestyle?  
Crime never pays!

In this business of fortune and fame  
'Dye your hair  
And they change your name

If you're smart  
Then you'll see for long  
If not; Too bad!  
Cause I'll steal your song!

Who the hell signed you?  
What is his name?  
It's people like that  
'who are directly to blame!  
The soul of the business is entrusted in you

I still can't believe it  
Nonetheless... it IS true  
We're caught in the middle  
God help us please  
Save me from catching pop music disease!

If I sound angry...  
Etc...

Who are you fooling?  
Get out of those clothes  
Your tunes are so useless  
Believe me... it shows  
You've made the club scene  
What it is today  
If I could get a word in  
Believe me,... you'll pay  
If Hendrix were alive to see you play  
He'd probably say "No,... Six feet under I'll stay!"

In this business...  
Etc...

We're caught in the middle  
God help us please!  
Save us from catching...  
Pop music disease

Visit [Greenhouse Effect](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.