

Hives

"A.k.a.i-d-i-o-t"

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You laugh at me and call me I-D-I-O-T
You laugh and turn your back
'Cause I'm not like
You're supposed to be
But it's not a question
A question of low IQ
'Cause if it was
Well then the answer
Wouldn't be me but you
AKA I-D-I-O-T, don't know
Who the hell I'm supposed to be
I-D-I-O-T, AKA I-D-I-O-T
Yeah that's me, I-D-I-O-T
I put up with being laughed at
'Cause I put up with being me
And then an artificial someone says
I'm the I-D-I-O-T
But I got motivation
Yeah I pretty much love it all
To make your artificial nation
Stumble and fall
I know that I'm a screw-up
I know I'm in a band
I know that I am up against
A mighty, mighty man
But I'm satisfied with being
Being one of the lucky few
Who'll be the ones laughing
Knowing that the joke
Is gonna be on you

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