

Huntingtons "Poster Kids"

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There's no reply quite as wise as yours
Filled with philosophy and metaphors
And a thousand words that i never new existed
Oh tell me how you ever became so gifted
Excuse me if i like the common (??)
But you're never wrong and it's getting really old

Oh the poster kids when it comes down to it
Spend a lot of time but there ain't much to it
You hate me
And i'm sick of you
Oh the poster kids got a lot to say
They'll prove you wrong in every way
You hate me
And i'm sick of you

Well i'm stupid 'cause i got a few beliefs
What makes you sure i wanna hear your beefs
About why there's no god and what punk really stands
for
Oh doin' this all day must make your eyes sore
Excuse me if my leader's not some twit
But you'll never know 'cause you're so sure of it

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