

Burnt by the Sun "Shooter McGavin"

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And this is where I'm supposed to be impressed, isn't it?
Let me tell you how overwhelmed I am.
Remind me to be in awe of you.
Remind me to lie. Remind me to smile.
Remind me to do anything but to express what's on my mind.
Because the truth might shake your stable ground.
You know this show is dark and drab,
and what you're saying doesn't brighten things much.
I don't care how fucking great your band is.
"You're so good. You're a god. I'm so impressed of what you've become."
I would be pleased if it meant something real to you.
Just walk away.
This is image and from my angle what you're doing doesn't blow my hair back.
No, I'm not moved. No reason to pay it any mind.
I don't care. I'd be pleased if it was something real to you.
But until then I don't care. I don't care.
No reason at all for me to waste my time. None.

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