

Nevershoutnever!

"Sell Out"

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Who the hell have I been kidding?
I sold my soul to the corporation.
They know me better than I know myself,
I better shut it up.
I better shut it up.

'Ya got a problem with the way I think.
I got a problem with the way you think,
That you can program me, like a damn machine.
I'm gonna take a stand and say fuck this scene.

I'm sick of imagery, instead of artistry.
I'm sick of apathy, instead of harmony.
I'm sick of poets workin part time jobs.
While pissy people pick and choose the stars.

I know that I should be,
The last one to speak.
About this
But even sellouts have their dreams.
Set The Music Free.

Ba da da da da da da da da Daaa da ... ohhhhhhh

What the hell was I trying to prove?
I ran away so young
Now on the move.
Like a vandal, I wear my mask
And all you punks back home, you can kiss my ass.
Cause I gotta feeling deep inside my soul,
That's taken three whole years to gain control.
And I ain't never,
no never
no never
NO NEVER
no never
no never
Coming Home.

Ba da da da da da da da da Daaa da ~~
ohhhhhhhohhhhh.

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