

Nevershoutnever!

"Sellout"

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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.
You got a problem with the way I think,
I got a problem with the way you think,
That you can program me,
Like a damned 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. Â Â
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 da da,
Ba da da da, da da da da da da,
Ba da da da da, da da da da da,
Ba da da da da da da da da da da, oh

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,
Yeah you can kiss my ass.
'Cause I got a feeling deep down inside my soul,
It's taken three whole years to gain control.
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 da da,
Da da da da, da da da da da da,
Ba da da da da, da da da da da,
Da da da da, da da da da da da, oh oh oh oh

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