

Story of the Year "Meathead"

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Yeah, drop the tailgate, drop the tailgate
Fuck the jailbait, drop the waterweight
Roll the sleeves up, double XL let's go
Malice and muscle

Rock the dance floor, rock the dance floor
Throw the punch man, get what you paid for
Toss a kid like a spiral football throw, yeah

And we know, we know
You're throwing punches to prove yourself
And it's all for show
But you're not impressing me

Yeah, this life was built on heart and soul
And it doesn't mean a thing to you
But it's all we know, it's all we know
It's all we know, it's all we know
But it's all we know

Yeah, go
What's the game plan? Whats the game plan?
Prove to them your built like a real man
Flex your ego and dominate the show
Jock manifesto

No discretion, no progression
Open floor for unchecked aggression
You're the punchline to this pathetic joke

But we know, we know
You're throwing punches to prove yourself
And it's all for show
But you're not impressing me

Yeah, this life was built on heart and soul
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It's all we know, it's all we know
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