

## Sum 41

### "Dave's Posessed Hair"

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Ever get the feeling no one's got your back  
Caught up in themselves livin' lies besides the fact  
Somehow you're going on an opposite track  
As we recover from another social heart attack

You think you see between the lines  
But you can't see through dollar signs

So sick and tasteless now  
Immature and faceless how  
Can I even sleep at night you ask  
You say you're a pacifist  
Instead you wave your fist  
And all the while it becomes the end again

Make up your mind cause I can't decide  
You think uniqueulism makes you dignified  
You can't see with half opened eyes  
You think you're standing up instead you're falling far  
behind

What I do is what I choose which makes it my decision  
If your life was a book your story would be fiction

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