

Sum 41

"Fat Lip Pain For Pleasure"

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Never the less am I dressed for the occasion
Its number 32 not the other situation
With the beat, move your feat
And dont change the station
And a bang I'll be leavin on a permanent vacation
Well im a disaster, a microphone master
Put on the tape and rock your ghetto blaster
Its not about the money cuz it doesnt resort
Its about sweatin all the fucks in the biker cut shorts

Storming through the party like my name was El ninio
When I'm handgun out drinking in the back of an El
camino
As a kid, I was a skid and no one knew me by name.
I trashed my own house party cause no body came.

I know I'm not the one you thought you knew back in
high school
Never going, ever showing up when we had to.
Is it attention that we crave don't tell us to behave,
I'm sick of always hearing act your age.

I don't want to waste my time
And become a casualty of society.
I'll never fall in line
Become a victim of your conformity
And back down.

Because you don't
Know us at all we laugh when old people fall.
But what would you expect with a conscience so small.
Heavy metal and mullets it's how we were raised.
Maiden and priest were the gods that we praised

Cause we like having fun at other peoples expense
and,
Cutting people down is just a minor offence then,
It's none of your concern, I guess I'll never learn.
I'm sick of being told to wait my turn.

I don't want to waste my time

And become a casualty of society.
I'll never fall in line
Become a victim of your conformity
And back down.

Don't count on me, to let you know when.
Don't count on me, I'll do it again.
Don't count on me, it's the point you're missing.
Don't count on me, cause I'm not listening.

Well I'm a no goodnick lower middle class brat,
Back packed and I don't give a shit about nothing.
You be standing on the corner talking all that kufuffin.
But you don't make sense from all the gas you be
huffing.
Then if the egg don't stain you'll be ringing off the
hook,
You're on the hit list wanted in the telephone book.
I like songs with distortion, to drink in proportion.
The doctor said my mom should have had an abortion.

I don't want to waste my time
And become a casualty of society.
I'll never fall in line
Become a victim of your conformity
And back down.
Waste my time with them
Casualty of society.
Waste my time again,
Victim of your conformity
And back down.

The seas have parted,
the endings started,
the sky has turned to black.
A killing spree through eternity,
the devil stabs you in the back,
It's midnight now you must escape somehow,
torture is his leisure,
don't try to hide he'll make you subside,
as he exchanges pain for pleasure,

Pain for pleasure, he's the hunter you're the game,
Pain for pleasure, Satan is his name

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