

Noel Torres

"One Way Ticket To Fuckneckville"

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No sleep 'til Fuckneckville, it's kind of funny you may
not realize it until
Phone call stop, can't get laid, you find out where the
parties were some time the next day

One way ticket to seclusion, now your losin'
One way ticket to alienation, you're an inside joke

Is everybody supposed to be impressed with your
ability to make us feel less significant than you
We're all chippin' in the purchase you a one way first
class ticket outta town

Millions sold, a mega star, there's a million assholes
with ten million guitars
Enjoy it now, soon it ends, suddenly you find yourself
without any friends

One way ticket to isolation, you can hang with you
You've been given a citation for excessive social faux
pas and obnoxiousness

Go ahead keep telling us your fifteen-minute stories
about what you had for breakfast then for lunch
We're all chippin' for one big humble pie, we're gonna
smash it in your face
Go ahead tell us about your last great sold out concert
and how your new record's gonna top the charts
We don't care 'bout your expenses, we just wanna have
a laugh at your expense

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