

## Chris Mars

### "Popular Creeps"

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Just around the corner, there they are again.  
Legends in their minds of those around.  
If they try to slap us with their ego-signs.  
Gather up the clowns to cut 'em down.

The Popular Creeps are talking bad about us with our  
backs turned.  
They better leave us stoners alone.  
The Popular Creeps are riding high until the day they  
get burned.  
Who's gonna love 'em when they're unknown?

Holier than thou egos to make us sick.  
Seven hundred heartslaps wouldn't help.  
Some will lick they're boots simply 'cause they exist.  
Others would conclude it's time to mix.

The Popular Creeps are talking bad about us with our  
backs turned.  
They better leave us stoners alone.  
Isn't today the day the tables turned? I hear them  
falling.  
Who's gonna love 'em when they're unknown?

Here they come, you mice. Get ready.  
It's time to cut 'em down.

(Instrumental Break)

The Popular Creeps are talking bad about us with our  
backs turned.  
They better leave us stoners alone.  
The Popular Creeps are riding high until the day they  
get burned.  
Who's gonna love 'em when they're unknown?

Here they come, you clowns. Get ready.  
The table's turned. The creeps all learned  
It's time to cut 'em down.

