

Acro-brats, The "Callout"

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No point in rollin' with the punches
I've been laughed out of the ring
and now you're flyin' off the handle
just can't handle anything

You pay your way with tokens stolen from the meat
and I just want to bring each dime that I have paid

So call me away
call me an idiot
it's just a taste
of what's left behind

Yeah, call me out
call me a real bad time
don't talk your shit,
stuck on me,
anymore

You'll pull your tricks and slide a hand
but now i know i've been a fool
and now you're crawling across the floor
yeah, best of luck, enjoy the view

You measure greatness by the company you keep
then how come nobody's waiting back home?

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call me an idiot
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