

by Dance Hall Crashers**"Stand By"**

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Jot down the words you wanna say,
Make sure they don't conflict with mine in anyway.
Make them sound good,
Remember the laws that apply,
I gave you a buck it's my right to decide.

Pretend your life is squeaky clean,
Pure as the virgin you think your daughter is
She laughs in your face
As you bring your speech to a close
But she's doing it under your nose.

I don't care who you wanna pray to
If it makes you happy then go ahead
But you claim I'm wrong, what gives you the right
Just stick with your own life.

You used to wear your pretty clothes
Now that the scruff is in, you're left what you used to
know
But here come your rules
The fashion police are in
And suddenly your politics are changing again

Idolize and criticize
Push them in the right direction to paradise
Praise them with guilt
Distinguish the weak from the strong
But knowing that we end up the same in the long run

I don't care who you wanna pray to
If it makes you happy then go ahead
But you claim I'm wrong, what gives you the right
Just stick to your own life

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