

Say Anything "Admit It"

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Admit it!
Despite your pseudo-bohemian appearance
And vaguely leftist doctrine of beliefs
You know nothing about art or sex
That you couldn't read in any trendy New York
underground fashion magazine
Prototypical non-conformist
You are a vacuous soldier of the thrift store Gestapo
You adhere to a set of standards and tastes
That appear to be determined by an unseen panel of
hipster judges (bullshit)
Giving a thumbs up or thumbs down to incoming and
outgoing trends and styles of music and art
Go analog baby, you're so post-modern
You're diving face forward into a antiquated past
It's disgusting, it's offensive, don't stick your nose
up at me

Yeah, what do you have to say for yourself?
Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah
Yeah, what do you have to say for yourself?
Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah

You spend your time sitting in circles with your friends
Pontificating to each other
Forever competing for that one moment of self-
aggrandizing glory
In which you hog the intellectual spotlight
Holding dominion over the entire shallow pointless
conversation
Oh, we're not worthy
When you walk by a group of quote-unquote normal
people
You chuckle to yourself patting yourself on the back as
you scoff
It's the same superiority complex
Shared by the high school jocks who made your life a
living hell
And makes you a slave to the competitive capitalist
dogma
You spend every moment of your waking life bitching
about

Yeah, what do you have to say for yourself?
Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah
And I say yeah, what do you have to say for yourself?
Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah

'Cause Iâ€™m proud of my life and the things that I have
done
Proud of myself and the loner Iâ€™ve become
Youâ€™re free to whine, it will not get you far

I do just fine, my car and my guitar

Proud of my life and the things that I have done
Proud of myself and the loner Iâ€™ve become
Youâ€™re free to whine, it will not get you far
I do just fine, my car and my guitar, yeah

Well let me tell you this, I am shamelessly self-involved
I spend hours in front of the mirror, making my hair
elegantly disheveled
I worry about how this album will sell
Because I believe it will determine the amount of sex I
will have in the future
I self medicate with drugs and alcohol to treat my
extreme social anxiety

You are a faker (admit it)
You are a fraud (admit it)
Yeah, youâ€™re living a lie (hey) living a lie (hey) youâ€™re
life is living a lie
You donâ€™t impress me (admit it)
You donâ€™t intimidate me (admit it)
Why donâ€™t you bow down, get on the ground, walk this
fucking plank (yeah!)

Yeah, what do you have to say for yourself
Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah
And I say yeah (what do you..)

Proud of my life and the things that I have done
Proud of myself and the loner Iâ€™ve become
Youâ€™re free to whine, it will not get you far
I do just fine, my car and my..
Guitar, guitar go!

I drift, drift, drift, drift, drift, yeah
I drift, drift, drift, drift, drift, yeah oh

And I am done with this
I wanna taste the breeze of every great city

My car and my guitar
My car and my guitar
So you'll come to be, made of these urges unfulfilled
Oh no, no, no, no, no
When I'm dead I'll rest
When I'm dead I'll rest, lay still
When I'm dead I'll rest, I'll rest
When I'm dead I'll rest, I'll rest
When I'm dead I'll rest, I'll rest
When I'm dead I'll rest, I'll rest

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