

## Self

# "Big Important Nothing"

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You've got a lot to lie about  
All the angles you've covered up  
We've got plenty to talk about  
Because some of them you just can't block

Pretend you're the daughter of Elvis  
And you're married to the king of pop  
Without worldwide belief  
You step up to the mic and blow it off

You're in over your head  
This time you're in over your head  
You're in over your head  
This time you're in over your head

If it's any indication  
Of what it's really like to be you  
If it's any consolation  
I guess I wouldn't want to be you

Can't say that I'm crazy  
About anything that you do  
Without concrete belief  
You step up to the edge and follow through

You're in over your head  
This time you're in over your head

Just when you thought  
It was safe, you got raped  
A fickle incision from the hand  
That fed you in the first place

Ten million opinions  
In your skin color face  
Contrary to popular belief  
This time you caught your foot in the grave

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