

Sryan

"Nothing Special"

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[Sryan]

A one-trick pony in a one-horse town
You're feeling lonely and the cable's down
You feel like the only freak in this town
What's wrong with you?

What's wrong with me?
We've got a life of scratching tickets
at the local gas and stop
So suck on another whippit and hear the brain cells pop

[Chorus]

You play guitar for perfect strangers
You write some words they try to sell
And then you sing these things in public
Sometimes not very well

You get paid to go to parties
Drinking colors talking trash
You get laid because you're arty
And you wonder why it never lasts

You play guitar for perfect strangers
You write some words they try to sell
And then you sing these things in public
Sometimes not very well
There is nothing special

[Beat Break]

[Sryan]

So sure enough they want your picture
And your deepest point of view
Well you should know you ain't not that pretty
And you haven't got a clue

But how you love the adoration
You believe you're in-house press
And half the critics always hate you
So you get horribly depressed

[Chorus]

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