

Cliks, The "My Heroes"

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The world is changing,
not for the better.
It is unraveling,
just like a sweater.

I saw a picture in a magazine,
CIA, father, son, the monarchy
they say there's threat to the democracy.
They're fucking liars.
They're fucking liars.

Even my heroes drive SUVs.
Even my heroes drive SUVs.
What can I do to make my own ends meet?
I'm selling out, yeah.

Now every time I turn my TV on,
I hear them playing all my favorite songs.
Corporate seduction of my memories,
now it's a jingle.

And now the war becomes our new sitcom.
Campaign of terror, eating from their palms.
The price of oil's going through the roof,
and we're still buying, yeah
yeah, we're still driving.

Even my heroes drive SUVs.
Even my heroes drive SUVs.
What can I do to make my own ends meet?
I'm selling out, yeah.
I'm selling OUT.

[guitar break]

Even my heroes drive SUVs.
Even my heroes drive SUVs.
What can I do to make my own ends meet?
I'm selling out, yeah.

I'm selling OUT, yeah.

I'm selling OUT, yeah.
I'm selling OUT, yeah.
I'm selling OUT.

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