

Distrakted, The "Heroes And Idols"

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He dances over there
On his own without a Thought
Without a Care
The music's moving his Muscles
Drink's moving his lips
Picks himself up when he slips
Is he having fun?
Or simply on a Trip

That Guy isn't my Hero
But he doesn't know his Head is Bleeding
As it drips onto the floor
His bodies here but his mind sure isn't
His body's beaking down
To the music blaring out
From this part of town
Bring me Down

Too many voice in my head
Stop me from doing the things I dread
There's too much Garage and alot less Punk
So I'll stick around
Dance to these sounds
So what if you stare
Do you think I care?

That Guy isn't my Hero!

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