

Cobra Starship, Pop-punk is sooooo '05

If they could see you now
They would surely bow in the honor of your presence dear
You've come

The cameras blind your eye
Here's the big surprise:
Flash never lasts
You've gotta pay your way back in'

Cause who you are, what you say
You're just a boy who's afraid of the dark
What you've got means shit to me I'm not impressed by the dress
And the sex that you bought

Bright city lights
And big, big city nights
Here the hand that feeds you bites you dear
Fear not

Bless your troubled soul
But there's hope for all
For a bag of cash you can always
Turn your profits in'

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What you've got means shit to me I'm not impressed by the dress that you bought'

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There's always room for something
When nothing's next to you
Hotshot, grab on to something
They're coming after you

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What you've got means shit to me'

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And the sex that you bought