

Death By Stereo, Fooled By Your Smile

Bourgeois fascist, mighty warrior of the right
You're scared of your shadow
Your favorite shade is white
Front high class like you're the shit
I'm done
I've had it
Wave your hands up in the air
Scream hallelujah, king shit is here

I keep on trying
I keep on thinking
I keep on dying
I keep on sinking
I keep on pushing
I keep on moving
I keep on losing
I keep on bruising
I keep on hating
I keep on waiting
I keep on thin ice
I keep on skating
I keep on slipping
I keep anticipating
I keep it off the hook
I keep my temper cooked

Is that a voice just in your head
Now what exactly make you think
That you'd fool us with your smile
Man, we all know you're a fink
Point out the obvious for a living
You don't even need to think

Cut off your digits
And make your hands bleed
Don't push my buttons
When your hands are clean
Won't get them dirty
But you'll bite
Now get the fuck out
This is my right
Now it's my turn to set the record straight
You got a lot of pull
You got a lot of weight
Phony m.c.'s
You got a lot of clout
Phony m.c.'s
Put your head out