

Dillinger Four, Hi-Pro Glow

So you like to sing like you know everything, well I have you know I think you fucking don't
Standing up on stage acting crazy and hard
While we all saw you arriving happy in your mother's car
High and mighty, barely nineteen
What gives you the right to tell me anything?
You say you "spilled your guts" and all you got was flack
Compliment yourself and say you're never coming back
You spread word around, I heard it all over town
You say you're defying an "in-crowd" that's dying
Now you say that you've discovered what it's all about
Can't wait to grab the mic and let your "passion filter out"
Obnoxious at the shows in your brand new stylin' clothes
Yet you say you're defying, now I know that you're lying