

Dillinger Four, Two Cents

You and your shit eating grin, enough to make me puke
You hide convictions just so others won't make fun of you
Bury your head in the sand now, I wonder was it worth it, boy
And don't you feel like a sucker? Your thoughts and actions contradict one another
Time and again you bite your lip 'til it's over
You make your values custom fit and get us nowhere
Can't stand to watch it all go down, everytime you turn around
You'll wear the shoe 'cause it fits and you know it
You're talking out your ass and it's showing
Answer to the crack of the whip and you know it
You're talking out your ass and I know it
Can't walk both sides of the line, can't be both at the same time
You've got to choose to struggle, never bury it inside
It's not enough, boy, to wait 'til the coast's clear
And then rebel from your armchair
Another face in the crowd, another kid scared to make a sound
We've got no time for you