

Lifetime, (The Gym Is) Neutral Territory

Why try to find a nice way
to tell you suck?
I hate your guts
You act so boring.
And if you don't stop those looks
I'm gonna poke you in the eye.
Who are you anyway?
You think you're second to none.

Keep your fucking eyes
Off of me
You fucking creep.
Get your fucking hands
Out of my pockets
You fucking thief.

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All you kids,
So smart with your cool looks
Don't you know?
Stop talking about
The stuff that makes you pissed
Don't you know?

Keep your hands inside your pockets,
And draw deep breaths
And fumble for the right word

Keep your hands inside your pockets
And draw blank stares
You're living in the real world

Start a band!
Throw a brick!
Your laziness just makes me sick
That's what I said.

Start a band! Throw a brick!
You lazy fuck just make me sick
But the gym
Is neutral territory.