

Matt Wertz, Sell Out

Wouldn't it be cool
If it was our job to, write music for a living
You could come over every afternoon

We could record some songs
And have everyone sing along
Only stopping for dinner
Dinner with merry ends

But I never want to sell out, sell out to you
Sell out to you
No, I never wanna sell out, sell out to you
Sell out to you

We could invite our friends
Over for a jam, we could listen to Jimmy
Declare it for our lives

I probably would wait outside
Maybe you'll wait some night
We've got no place for tomorrow, except to do this all again

'Cause I never want to sell out, sell out to you
Sell out to you
No, I never wanna sell out, sell out to you
Sell out to you

And maybe then you'd see
Just what you mean to me
You know our lives would be so free, and nothing would get us down