

Nine Pound Hammer, Little Help

Self-righteous condemnation
Against those who don't share my view
I pick the easiest targets
My expert opinion, nothin' new
You'd think there's something wrong with us
The way we praise ourselves
No-risk confrontations give my conscience a little help

You can see
I need a little help
But I won't change, 'cause I love myself

Too bad guys like us
Don't know when to stop
As life-long friends grow tired
'cause we only got each other to knock