

Satanic Surfers, Arthead

I have this problem i like to share with you all,
God i wish i could be an intellectual.
You sit in grass with a glass of red wine in your hand,
not like my friend who drink beer as fast as they can.
You're so smart, you like art, you read the books i would never understand.
I'm not that smart, I like to fart a teenage punk is what i am.
Your life seems like such a joy to me,
'Cause you see art where i cannot be.
Friends must be so easy for you to find,
they don't have to be nice,
just have an interesting mind.
So now i stop riding my skate and be like tou a real fake.
I don't have to care at all, 'Cause now i'm a intellectual.