

Simon Says, Limousines And Penthouse Suites

I've got a story for you a tale of trendy trash
I forgot you know the ending well you
Fucking wrote it
And you think we dont see it your constant
Hit-parading I'd like to find your
Pressure point and push you down
You think we are all too dumb to pick apart
Your bullshit song when your time is
All used up we'll be fine

It sickens me it hurts me how you've belittled
my dream I listen to you call it your
Fucking "music thing";
Another wasted effort limousines and penthouse suites
they bought and turned
you into the puppet of the week and
you think we are all too dumb to pick
apart your bullshit song you will never
shake my hand no sign of faith no promise
ring coz I can't stand you

You can't break me down
Picked off one by one
Broken Hands smothered screams never meant
We we're dead

Tell us all about how she left you cry
beg and plead with her to forgive you
or how the man has always kept you
down share with us how much paid
for
your song
this shit spills from your mouth dishonesty
filled with doubt that "man";
you talk
your shit about bought your cars your
hit your house
take a look into these eyes and realize
no sign of faith no promise ring coz I
can't
stand you-GO
bout and sold you're fuckin' done
bought and sold

You can't break me down
picked off one by one
broken hands smothered screams
never meant
we were dead
you can't break me down
picked off one by one
broken hands smothered screams
never meant
we were dead
bought and sold you're fucking'
done bought and sold