

# Sum 41, 45 (A Matter Of Time)

you're something to few  
but nothing to me  
someone so twisted and sick as can be  
it wasn't the plan  
we gave it a shot  
you're proven a real man is something  
you're not!

so tell me is this what the future primitive world's supposed to be  
a total abomination is what it looks like to me  
no reasonable explanation  
you can call this a declaration

you're the fool on the hill  
we're stuck with you till  
we all stand up, so!