

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches, People Pops & Fu

i'm sorry that you've all gone soft
advance apologies required now for pissing you off
i'll deny all of this to your face

quit claiming to be indie rock
because you aren't independent
and your rock and rolls fucked
i'll get the coffin
you supply your own hammer

and we'll put a nail in it
i hope the scene can fit
and we'll throw it in the pit
as a sacrifice for middle-aged men
and screaming girls

your scene is full of shit
so start killing it
don't be the hypocrite
the last teary eyed thrift store mope star in the world

a victim of the latest hoax
the iconoclasts have lied and you're not in on the joke
prove they're not what they claim to be
your money they're gonna get your money

criticize all that i've said
cause if i wasn't so pretentious i'd cash in on the trend
do lines, double fist pills and o.d.

stop singing it
stop singing it
you're too serious
how can you crack a smile if you can't laugh at yourself

you think you're legit
but you're just the idiot
here's how to deal with it
bring the asshole and the douche bag level down

and i'm not a part of your scene
where fashion meets choreography
your haircut is stupid
your pants are uncomfortable
you systematically plan every awkward forced guitar spin
your emotion is a joke
your emotion is a joke
your emotion is b-u-l-l fucking shit

all ... your ... favorite ... bands ... do ... coke ... sorry

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stop singing that shit
we're tired of it
start killing it

start killing and kick the baggage and ego to the ground

stop singing that shit

we're tired of it

start killing it so

start killing so i can kick the rotting carcass of your sound