

Black Label Society, Phoney Smiles & Fake Hellos

You, yeah you, yeah you.
You got a cardboard cutout soul.
Just a powertripping, mindtraping, backstabbing, junkie,
thinking your hype is true.
You, yeah you, yeah you.
Respect ain't a word you know.
You're just a fabricated lie, that doesn't exist.
Dropping names where ever you go.

Life's Phoney Smiles And Fake Hellos.
The Hardcore rush, of watching heads role.
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare,
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care.

You, yeah you, yeah you.
Thinking you know it all
35 years old with a wife and two kids,
still living in your mothers home
You, yeah you, yeah you.
You're a sellout and a social whore
You'd sell your mothers soul just to get ahead.
A disease down to the core.

Life's Phoney Smiles And Fake Hellos.
The Hardcore rush, of watching heads role.
As I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare,
Go fuck yourself for all I fucking care.

(solo)

You, yeah you, yeah you.
I haven't figured what it is you do.
Just a no talent nothing with a ten ton ego,
untill your 15 minutes are through.
You, yeah you, yeah you.
A conscience deaf and blind.
Well I'm driving, the hearse without remorse,
killing you and your kind.

Life's Phoney Smiles And Fake Hellos.
The Hardcore rush, of watching heads role.
I dig your grave and kill your lifeless stare,
Fuck yourself for all I fucking care.