

Bomb The Music Industry!, Never Trust A Man W

Remember when we danced at shows, before we all stood in the back?
We sang guilty pleasures so damn loud our lungs were sore.
Competition can't compete with that.

I guess I got back on the horse as I get on another plane.
I'll try to ride it less, mom, and be more responsible
But we both know dad and I are the same.

So I need damage control.
Another shot of whiskey goes down easy.
My reputation does exceed me.
Fire in the hole.
Soon I'll be falling backwards as expected.

I don't know if I wanna do this for you
I don't know if I gotta do this for you
I don't know if I'm gonna do this for you
But I'll do this for me.

This isn't how I pictured things:
Standing on the side, pocketing hands, answering your questions boringly and humorless.
"I'm not as important as you think I am."

I don't wanna make new friends.
My friendships always end up in a blaze.
I just wanted to be something that I'll probably never be, a happy well-adjusted human being.

Me, I won't impress. I'll bore you with kindness.
Everyone's obsessed with this whole mess of impressions they wanna make.
But once you know you won't impress, you'll find that being nice is nice for its own sake.

Ya don't need damage control.
Another shot of whiskey goes down easy.
My reputation does exceed me.
Fire in the hole.
Soon I'll be falling backwards, stealing your beers, crying loudly, singing Green Day, pumping my fist.

I don't know if I wanna do this for you
I don't know if I gotta do this for you
and I'm sure as shit not gonna do this for you
But I'll do this for me so it can be my fault.