

# Butch Walker, A Song For The Metalheads

1...9...6...9

Press the tape recorder, lets get this all down real fast  
Before the insignificant thought goes by  
Theres one more slow song left to write for the record  
To make all the metalheads cry  
I throw rocks but not rocking, stand there just mocking  
With hands in their armpits that theyll later smell  
When you live in the past, theres one thing that will last  
Is resentment that time wont sit still  
The record business is fucked, its kinda funny  
Itll separate a boy from a man  
You can buy every copy of your record with your money  
But youd be your only fan  
If its one thing my father said when he was younger  
To a kid with a mullet who looked like his son  
To want and to try is the difference why  
Some people will walk and some run (Thank you Dad)  
Sharpen up all your pencils, cause class will come early  
Theres so much you thought that you knew  
While the B List celebrities all pay for their fame  
Theyll soak up whats left of the pool  
While a kid in the corner becomes a savant  
No one will care till hes dead  
Or he falls from his grace with it all over the place  
And a piece of it stuck in his head