

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
Ill 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