

# Butch Walker, Suburbia

Oh well remember the guy who was a football star  
He had it made with the ladies, but he never got far  
Five years past, now he's gotten kind of fat  
Working eight days a week at a Laundromat  
With his momma and his daddy breathing down his neck  
About everything he does so much it makes him sick  
So he sits home alone, with the game on TV,  
As the crowd goes wild he says, "That coulda been me!"

Just another day in suburbia  
It's a beautiful day in suburbia!  
Best not let it get the best of you  
Is it everything you thought it would be?

Remember playing games at the rich kid's home?  
His dad owned a bank, while his mom was alone  
Everyday with the mailman, the trash man, lawn guy  
Kid didn't look a damn thing like his dad (I knew why)  
He grew up got a job making eighty grand a year  
Had a wife and kid all the guys called a queer  
But his dad never knew, he was too blind to see  
He said "Guess it kinda ran in the family!"

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Remember the girl, down the street, with the kids  
That used to come outside, but she never did  
Cause she was trying to hide the bruises where her old man beat her  
Cause he hit her in the face with an old space heater (Ow!)  
Then he'd come home drunk and tried to force sex on her  
But he didn't see the forty-four stuffed in the covers  
So she waited 'till he came, he lie there naked,  
Before she blew his head off, she told him she'd been faking  
All along - so long - for everything you done wrong  
Here's a bullet, go to hell, 'cause its where you belong!

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Best not let it get the best of you  
Is it everything you thought it would be  
Just another day in suburbia  
Yeah this is how we're living in suburbia  
Best not let it get the best of you  
Is it everything you want it to be

No one understands it, no one comprehends it  
I Guess you had to be there, from the outside looking in  
So I put my Outkast record on, turn up the volume cause I'm all alone!  
And scream away (yeaaaah!!)

Remember the cutest couple in the world  
You know he was the punk and she was daddy's little girl  
And graduation came and she wanted him to stay  
But he had bigger better dreams waiting out in LA  
She cried and he cried as the plane flew away  
She never ever wanted it to end this way  
Two years later she reads in the news  
He'd gone on to be a big star but nobody knew  
Cause he changed up his name but his heart stayed the same  
Cause every song he wrote was about her he claimed  
But he never got to tell her cause he died that year

From all of the coke, and the pills, and the beer  
And the whole world cried, but just or one day...  
Cause sooner or later..the pain goes away!

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