

Dillinger Four, Supermodels Don't Drink Colt .45

They know you've got nothing to lose
Because if you had a chance you would've lost that too
Dazzled by the image of the self-made man
They hold out shiny things and then they slap your hand

It's not what you are, it's not what you do
It is what you've got and who you'll screw
Your boot straps were broken before you arrived
Throw my hands up at this world sometimes
People get shot for fucking clothing
The nation's best-dressed genocide

Style is the bait
Put your hands in your pocket
Envy is the hook
And there's no way to stop it
They'll reel you in everytime

You watch the images on your T.V.
It's full of plastic people who you'll never be
They want you to feel ugly 'cause it sells more shit
You've got to measure up or else you'll never fit

It's not what you say, it's not you outlook
It is what you've got, it is how you look
The pageant was over before you arrived
Throw my hands up at this world sometimes
People carve up their fucking faces
People get sick for others' eyes

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Sit down
Don't worry about nothing
Does anybody see the irony in cloning sheep?
Yeah, that's just what the world needs, more sheep
Like there aren't already millions of us . . .

There's already billions of us
There's already millions of us
There's already millions of us