

Down for the Count, Lucky Seven

He's got the tight pants, his ego's even tighter
Don't even think about the things he does when he's alone
He's got the guitar, the faded notebook
Gotta write it down so it sounds right
I'll tell you one thing, he doesn't give a thought
about the way he looks beside them at a rock show
He's got the new trend, only it's not a trend
It's just another sad excuse to be a part of what he doesn't understand
So shine your leather and gel your hair
Because the scene kids are coming to town
And it's off to the races only to realize that we're all the same
I think I'll try to be as clever as I can
in trying to convey a message that you'll never get
I'm going to give you until the count of three
You might as well give up, you're gonna get tired
I think I'll sit here until I think of every single word
and every phrase that rhymes with "broken hearts"
Hey junior-Lacey, hey pre-Lazarra - get yourself some words
And I have what you want in my hands
I can see the dollar sign reflect in your eyes
Now it's only a question of how you'll get it
All I know is that you are the devil's advocate
You may have won the battle but the war has just begun
Because you sold your soul to the scene
And you'll be coming around to the ones Who don't expect it
You had it coming, a truth becomes a lie
You had it coming, a truth becomes a lie
A truth becomes a lie