

# 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