

Five Iron Frenzy, Handbook For The Sellout

You found a way, to draw a line,
between the world and you.
Faking your identity its true. Did
you think the word "alternative"
was only meant for the likes of
you? Do you think that they're too
cool now? Being popular is lame.
You're the one who made them popular,
all their songs are still the same.

You found them first, it made you
stand apart, you know? But then
everyone jumped on the same
bandwagon, making you and
average Joe. A lemming for the
mediocre, you were just a plain
old joker, status quo. Blame it on
the band now. If you prick them
do they bleed? What's the point in
playing what they want, if you
won't let them succeed?

Do you remember where we all
came from? Do you remember
what it's all about? When you
made a point to be objective,
before you started writing
Handbook for the Sellout?

You sunk your worth in being
different, just to be like your own
kind. You traded in objectiveness,
for the underground you follow
blind.