

# Gym Class Heroes, Martyrial Girl\$

I'm officially going in  
And refusing to come out  
Unless I'm bloody  
Let's go

I'd like to think I pride myself on being humble  
And let these other motherfuckers lose touch like a fumble  
Cause you can keep a level head and have fun too  
But I came to promote the game till they saying uncle  
At least till my name's in the same lane as  
You gonna have to respect me for making being uncool cool  
With no capris and sandals, ray bans, skinny pants and flannels  
So insecure I'm tugging at my t-shirt  
Cause I swear the girl behind me staring at my love handles  
I just wanna change the channel or delete them  
Where the fuck is adam sandler when you need him?  
Or christopher walken  
On my papercut shit again, thank god for walkmans  
And I gotta thank God often  
Cause otherwise I'd be like these other guys

This type of scene just ain't my thing  
And everybody too cool for school  
And yet somehow I never felt so alone  
In a room full of people  
So now I'mma seat on this stoop  
And I'mma gonna lace up my boots  
And keep on walking till I make my way home

Can someone tell me how I got here in the first place  
Cause honestly in my opinion this the worst place  
I mean I even said hello to a few girls  
I feel like brad pitt stuck in cool world  
Cause everything so foreign  
And all the conversation is boring  
I mean I'm practically snoring  
Cause somebody please show me the door man  
Cause I don't think that I can take it  
Everybody here is desperate hit like replacements  
That's probably why I ain't sayin' shit  
Oh what the hell I might as well get wasted  
Cause I'd rather be sedated  
Than conversate about whose sneakers are more outrageous  
Or whose outfit's the latest  
I think I'll blow jokes on you, greatest

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Ladies and gentlemen  
Boys and girls  
I'd advise you all  
To the papercut chronicles ii  
It don't get much better

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