

Hanover Saints, Jolt the Press

Fast, fast, fingers are typing
A paycheck with the lies you're writing
Character assassinations
And the condemnation is flying
On last year's favorite list
Turned your back without a gist
This fabrication of compassion
Won't ever be missed

Now it's time to Jolt the press
And we won't settle for anything less
A rebuke in love to bring out the truth
'Cuz you're no better than me and I'm no better than you
Jolt the press (x2)

Do you think you are doing us a favor
'Cuz we aren't your special flavor
I'd rather you say it to my face
Shake hands and let there be grace
But you stand on being a critic
I don't have to buy it to hear it
So we're gonna have fun before the press gets in
Now it's your turn to read it

Do you see what you are saying (x2)
When you talk about me