Head Automatica, King Caesar

You want a medal
For the things you've done
Well prizes don't come around
As easy as you want them now
You want a mountain with your face engraved
So everybody in the world can see the face of nothing changed

Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace
Here's to you and your poker face
Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace
Here's to you

You want a monument erected in your name
And odds are we will tear it down
When you leave as quickly as you came
You want a place in the history books
But no one has changed history
With double talk and dirty looks

Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace
Here's to you and your poker face
Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace
Here's to you

You heighten yourself to lower the blame
And you martyr yourself to heighten the fame
And you lower yourself to draw the compassion
Here's to you

You want a medal for the things you've done
But if you ever really did a damn thing
We would've gave you one
You want a mountain with your face engraved
So everyone will know the face when approached by to run away

Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace
Here's to you and your poker face
Hip hip hooray, you're our saving grace
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