

# Marianas Trench, Celebrity Status

I look around, round, round look around and look it over,  
I take it up, up take it out and take you nowhere,  
Trading in who I've been for shiny celebrity skin  
I like to push it and push it until my luck is over.  
It never stop stops, never stops well you better,  
Think it over prima donna you don't want to sever,  
All the work to impress, charming girls out of their dresses,  
And smiling pretty, well pretty will shallow you forever  
Step on, step two, step three repeat  
I pray at the church of asses in the seats,  
And I disappear behind the beat  
When the mirrors and the lights  
And the smoke clear I'd never guess  
How we ever could have got here.  
You can say what you say  
When the lights go down  
So shake shake shake,  
And shut your mouth  
I wonder why, why, I wonder why, why I outta,  
Let you wreck, resurrect whatever you want to.  
I can't depend in the end you know  
I thought you were my friend.  
Just stop, just stop, just stop I think I got it.  
Sorry you, sorry me, every in between,  
Sorry everybody here will never be somebody clean.  
There's a piece of me they're throwing back at us,  
And they will buy you and sell you for celebrity status  
I'm trying