

No For An Answer, Not A Thing

I'm beyond the need to fit in,
And I can't understand wanting their love,
But most people's idea of friendship,
And the things that they call beauty,
They don't mean a thing,
Just a process of elimination.
Where only the heartless survive,
It means...nothing,
Impeccable fashion and perfect bodies,
Acknowledging only what pleases the eye,
It means...nothing, no.
It doesn't mean a thing,
It just doesn't mean a thing,
A conscious effort to make progress,
On a ladder that only leads down,
It means...nothing, no.