

Oxymoron, Idols

You're posy styled to impress somebody
You're out for fame and loads of money
But selling out is nothing new
You've hit the charts with a boring tune

[chorus:]

Idols are out today
They pose a single night

A polished heap and birds so pretty
You sold your soul but you deserve no pity
You'll climb the steps if you're of use
If not you're dropped like all the others

I won't sign with their major companies
Enslaved to contracts, what a piss
I won't beg them on my knees
For we still play mohican melodies