

Sahara Hotnights, Only The Fakes Survive

Make it quick, don't leave me here
In a crowded room with thicker air
Hollow minds in different heads
I just wanna cut loose and get away

It's a sensation in your eyes
It all becomes clear in the chemical light
Go tell him with that stupid look on your face:
Baby, as you wish in any case

So shape me up I'm not good enough
Make me be just right
Aren't you getting sick of being so polite
Only the fakes survive

It's gotta end, find a good excuse
We're caught in a trap and we're being used
I'm out of here, nothing's left to say
I just wanna change my name again

So shape me up I'm not good enough
Make me be just right
Aren't you getting sick of being so polite
Only the fakes survive

So shape me up I'm not good enough
Make me feel alright
Aren't you getting sick of being so polite
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