

# Say Anything, Showdown At P-Town

Meet me where the city turns to trees and nothing comes for free  
Let's see just how imposing you can be to me  
So far from road-marks or homecoming games  
Go on and drop your fucking names  
Try to shift the blame  
Watch me take a crowbar  
To your brand new car  
Without the things your daddy bought you  
You won't get very far  
Without your plastic friends  
And your odds and ends  
Would you still be a star?  
The idle rich cocooned away from earth  
You're cynical from birth  
Tell me what you think your pride is worth to me  
When all that you can do is call me gay  
I'm sorry I don't swing that way  
And even if I did I'd still say  
Do you think I'm scared to play your games?  
Battle is my middle name  
I hope that you're insured