

Say Anything, Showdown At P-Town

Meet me where the city turns to trees and nothing comes for free
Lets 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