

# Stick To Your Guns, Empty Heads

For the most part I think I've got you figured out  
You walk around like you know what this is all about  
Will one of you idiots please just say something new?  
Ya, well you say "fuck the world"; we say "fuck you";

But you've been nowhere and you've seen nothing  
It's your stupid stare, it tells me everything  
If you can't beat them try harder because we're not going down  
You better give back or get out

Get back or get out

For the most part I know what you're so mad about  
We don't belong, never did, and you want us out  
You've become such a slave to your own mouth  
You better give back or get out

Get back or get out

Same game  
You're doing nothing new  
All the same  
You think no ones laughing at you?  
I've always stood behind every word I've ever said  
All talk, no walk  
Empty words from empty heads