

This Is A Standoff, Fashion Faux Pas

You'll fill me in cause I'm dying over what to wear
and celebrate; the tight clothes pushed me to despair
I've got no look, no fucking style, those extra large still make me smile
I'm thinking of bringing back the flannel the fashion kids turn up their nose
My sisters' buying me my clothes you'll never catch me in Armani
Judging you behind crossed arms it isn't right
Wavering so cry yourself to sleep at night
I've got no look, no fucking style, the wallet chains still make me smile
It's coming back no room for statements
Want bands that rock, especially the fashion kids look down on me
I guess that you'll see you're way cooler than me
It won't be here forever so let's drink a lot until they're gone
cause I still think that's something