

Kid Nothing vs. the Echo Factor

Gym Class Heroes

Now I could, sit here and baffle you with
shallow babble and a, bunch of punch lines you probably won't get
Or even, use some big words that, you'd have to look up but
I'm not a teacher so go 'head and close your book up
I could, tell a fairy tale, so convincin
And keep a straight face from beginnin to happy endin
I could waste thirty-two bars tellin you how to live
Knowing damn well I used MTV Cribs for the blueprint
I could, bore you to death with, my past relationships
Or, a little ditty 'bout "Jack & Diane"
Or I could, go back to childhood, dig up them skeletons and
Spit 'em at you with a catchy hook look
I could, strike a nerve with some four letter words
That'll make Richard Pryor proud; or better yet
I could, sing a jingle that'll contort and mingle
Every single solitary letter in the alphabet

R: I could tell you whatever you want to hear
But if I just said hello would you listen to me?
I could sell a blind man new ears
If I just said hello would you listen to me?
I'm tryin hard to make it perfectly clear
But I'm dyin because there ain't nobody listenin to me
Been relyin on myself on myself for more than twenty-two years
And I ain't cryin I just need someone to listen to me
Breaker breaker can I get some reply, or maybe some kind of sign
to let me know that you're listenin to me?
Just from time to time, I get lost in my mind
It's hard to find someone to listen to me
My ears were open when you needed some consol
Now I'm hopin to hear sounds besides echoes
Every time I say hello

I could talk about my duds and my thrift store scores
But that probably wouldn't interest you and, why should it?!
I mean, I've seen a lot of shit in twenty-two years
But your feet in my shoes is not somethin I recall
And I've been known to drink twenty-two beers
Before a show cause otherwise I probably wouldn't have the balls
I could, make references to books I never read
For the sake of sounding conscious but, that's just obnoxious
I could take off these bandages and, expose these papercuts
And put 'em in the air with both, my middle fingers up
or talk about myself in third person like I'm better than you
Cause there's nothin else better to do
I could, attack your character from eighty different angles
Cleverly explainin exactly how wack you are, but
Why do that when it's a well known fact
You buyin this CD is potentially feedin me, c'mon

R:

Hello... is there anybody out there? (6x)