

Call Me Anti-Social

New Found Glory

It's a barren land, but they all throw shade
I can't make peace, post-modern age
I'm a tourist lost in translation
And there's nothing new under the sun

You see, I like it so much better when I'm safe inside
And at times your good company is hard to find
To keep a nourished mind, I need water

I'm trapped in another boring summer
While everyone is living it up
But it's way too hot to go outside
When I don't relate to anyone
In another boring summer
While everyone is living it up
But it's way too hot to go outside
When I don't relate to anyone
Call me anti-social
It's more than I could hope for

I'm not a star of stage and screen
I don't know lines, but you make a scene
I'm an alien crashed in an old west town
Beam me up, get me out

You see, I like it so much better when I'm safe inside
Even though I know my reputation's on the line
To keep a nourished mind, I need water

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