```
I Can't hear you (I got my headphones on)
I Can't hear you (I got my headphones on)
I Can't hear you (I got my headphones on)
I got headphones on (I got my headphones on)
When I look at who's around
And it feels like two's a crowd
I don't run and hide
I just smile real wide
And I turn my music loud

It's not practical to react to bull
I was thinking too hard and I cracked my skull
It's natural, erase all doubt
If I take my phones off, then my brains fall out
So you can shout. Empty out your throat on me
It just looks like you're lip synching Obla Di
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Blah" I'm hearing "life goes on" like it's your mantra

Obla da, every time you go, "blah blah

And if you're saying next to nothing

So talk shit, but when it's prone to go down

I stay low to the ground, I stay plugged in

Make like my playlist and get to shufflin'

You're afraid of your own bull like rodeo clowns

And when my dome needs love, phones hug my skin

But Earbuds don't count, they're headphone loopholes I want 'em bigger than a couple sideways soup bowls

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