

Surprise Surprise

Billy Talent

You got the look, but not the credit
They wrote the book, on how to sell it

From cigarettes, to skinny jeans
You got the money? They got the means

All you upper class daughters, and working class sons
It's hard to save a dollar, the way the world runs
You're the target market of a corporate joke
It won't be so ironic when your daddy is broke

Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
You're much better looking when you're in disguise
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
And this revolution has been brought to you by

Just find a stamp, so you can mimic
The tortured artist, the jaded cynic

The latest gadget, is just a gimmick
Another sucker, born every minute

Well I'm sick of this town, bringing me down
A first world epidemic all around
I'm sick of this town, bringing me down
A lost generation trying to act profound

All you upper class daughters, and working class sons
It's hard to save a dollar the way the world runs
We got a counterculture you can buy off a shelf
If you're losing your identity, try somebody else!

Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
You're much better looking when you're in disguise
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
And this revolution has been brought to you by
Those who seem to think we don't care
And those who seem to think we're not aware
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
You're much better looking when you're in disguise

Call the ranks...
Call the ranks...
Call the ranks...

All you working class daughters, and upper class sons
It's hard to save a dollar the way the world runs
We're the target market of a corporate hoax
Our generation is a fucking joke

Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
You're much better looking when you're in disguise
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise
And this revolution has been brought to you by
Those who seem to think we don't care
And those who seem to think we're not aware
Surprise surprise, surprise surprise

You're much better looking when you're in disguise