

A Song For The Metalheads

Butch Walker

One nine six nine
Press the tape recorder let's get this all down real fast
Before the insignificant thought goes by
There's one more slow song left to write for the record
Make all the metal heads cry

Throw rocks but not rocking and stand there just mocking
With hands in their armpits that they'll later smell
When you live in the past there's one thing that will last
It's resentment that time won't sit still

The record business is fucked it's kinda funny
It'll separate a boy from a man
You can buy every copy of your record with your money
But you'd be your only fan

If there's one thing my father said when he was younger
To a kid with a mullet that looked like his son
To want and to try is the difference why
Some people will walk and some run . . .thank you dad

Sharpen up all your pencils cause class will come early
There's so much you thought that you knew
While the b list celebrities all pay for the fame
They'll soak up what's left of the pool

While a kid in the corner becomes a savant
No one will care til he's dead
Or he falls from his grace with it all over the place
And a piece of it stuck in his head