

You Got Spirit, Kid

Coheed and Cambria

You, you keeping on screaming from the top of
Your lungs, Mr. Who Gives A Shit, just shut up
Oh, the podium is all yours, go right ahead
The plastic king of castle polyethylene
Go on, time to be a good little pig
You're worth it, oh you're so, so

'Cause when the rug gets pulled out from underneath
Just embrace the fall
Oh you got spirit, kid
You're number one
Go on living that farce
Cause nobody gives a fuck who you are

You, I'll never have the chance that you got
No, oh, I won't dwell, I'll just accept I'll be forgot... forgot
tten

'Cause when the rug gets pulled out from underneath
Just embrace the fall
Oh you got spirit, kid
You're number one
Go on living that farce
Cause nobody gives a fuck who you are

So why are you crying?
So why are you crying?
When you've got the world
When you've got the world
To command

'Cause when the rug gets pulled out from underneath
Just embrace the fall
Oh you got spirit, kid
You're number one
Go on living that farce
Cause nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody, no-o-o
Nobody gives a fuck
Nobody gives
Nobody gives a fuck
Cause nobody gives a fuck who you are