

Superstar

Cold

I don't listen much to reason
Everybody wants to be here
Santa Claus has lost his mind
Easter Bunny's not a rabbit
Tricks are made for kids until
Pseudo-psycho man tells you to fly
Everyone just ran around just playing games
With anti-socials no one ever taught you how
To fall
I don't listen much to reason everyone's a
Fucking psycho no one ever taught you how to call

Take it off and shoot it up and show me how
Ya used to fly
Take it off and shoot up and show me how
Ya used to die
Everyone around you superstar
They can mother fuckin die

I don't give a damn 'bout what you think
All the pseudo-psychos hippies always stink
No one else here brought up questions till you flied
No one gave you any sex until you cried
Trying to be a superstar

Superstars lie