

If You Think We're Talking About You, We Are

Crime In Stereo

Without a broken heart you've got nothing to sing about.
With all those rehashed hooks
You've got no chance of standing out.
You try to hard and hope the hook sticks,
Where's your sense of inspiration?
I could've sworn I've heard this somewhere before
You try so hard to run this fashion show,
You're so fucking cool.
I wish I'd never hear this at all.
You're so fucking Hollywood.
I want to be that Hollywood too.
You're so fucking beautiful, doesn't everyone want to be as beautiful as you?
And once our voices were equipped with fast songs and ideas
We now come armed to the teeth with hair gel and anthems for your ex girlfriend.
Well no one cares.
There's a difference between genuine heartache
And just having nothing to say.
And we'll all sing along.
We're all singing nothing at all.
Good luck in Hollywood.
Us ugly kids will stay right here.
OFFSTAGE! THEY AIN'T GOT NO ROOTS!
ROCK REBEL!