

So you like to sing like you know everything, well I have you k
now I think you f**king don't

Standing up on stage acting crazy and hard

While we all saw you arriving happy in your mother's car

High and mighty, barely nineteen

What gives you the right to tell me anything?

You say you "spilled your guts" and all you got was flack

Compliment yourself and say you're never coming back

You spread word around, I heard it all over town

You say you're defying an "in-crowd" that's dying

Now you say that you've discovered what it's all about

Can't wait to grab the mic and let your "passion filter out"

Obnoxious at the shows in your brand new stylin' clothes

Yet you say you're defying, now I know that you're lying