

The Malcontent

Fastball

I hear the ringing of the telephone
No one's home and none of you can reach me
I'm alone and I feel fine
There's nothing anyone can sell to me
Nothing new, none of you can teach me
But I'm sure that you will try

I'm tired of living in the modern world
With pretty boys and plastic girls
Broken hearts, vanities that disease

I hear my music on the radio
What's that song from long ago they're still playing
Is it saying anything to you
Pretty people in the magazines
Play the part of kings and queens
Hair and make-up can cover up the ugly truth.

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Broken hearts, vanities that disease
It really doesn't mean a thing to me
It really doesn't mean a thing to me

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