

Handbook For The Sellout

Five Iron Frenzy

You found a way to draw a line,
Between the world and you.
Faking your identity it's true.
Did you think the word "alternative",
Was only meant for the likes of you?
Do you think that they're too cool now?
Being popular is lame.
You're the one who made them popular,
All their songs are still the same.

You found them first,
It made you stand apart, you know?
But then everyone jumped on the same bandwagon,
Making you an average Joe,
A lemming for the mediocre,
You were just a plain old joker status quo.
Blame it on the band now.
If you pick them do they bleed?
What's the point in playing what they want,
If you won't let them succeed?

Do you remember where we all came from?
Do you remember what it's all about?
When you made a point to be objective,
Before you started writing Handbook for the Sellout?

You sunk your worth in being different,
Just to be like your own kind.
You traded in objectiveness,
For the underground you follow blind.