The bands I like, they don't sell too many records And the girls I like, they don't kiss too many boys Books I read will never be best sellers, yeah But come on, fellas, at least we made our choice, hey!

Hey, hey, hey, hey!

What do we want?
And when do we want it?
And how would we feel if we knew that we were never gonna get it?
And where did we start from?
And where are we going?
Can anyone here say with any certainty that they know what they're doing?

Ever feel like an awkward understudy thrown into a cast where you just don't get along?

Crowd and the crew all standing silent staring and you can't shake the feeling that somehow you're doing it wrong

What do we want?

Mum and dad always seem like they had a plan Everything fell apart when mum moved on, now dad's a broken man And all these decisions that keep getting made I can't remember making them and nobody wants to explain

We're all awkward understudies wearing comfortable shoes getting comfortable with doing it wrong

Missed the dress rehearsals and we had too much a drink before the show but now it's show time and we're singing our song!

Because the bands I like, they don't sell too many records And the girls I like, they don't kiss too many boys Books I read will never be best sellers, yeah But come on, fellas, at least we made our choice, hey!

The bands I like, they don't sell too many records And the girls I like, they don't kiss too many boys Books I read will never be best sellers, yeah But come on, fellas, at least we made our choice, hey!

Be a fan of every band who ever made you want to move your feet Fall in love with every person who ever made your heart want to skip a beat

So come on, come on, come on! What do we want? We shall not overcome! We shall underwhelm!

Hey, hey!

Because the lives we lead may not be so very perfect And the plans we make may not us serve some kind of purpose But the hearts we meet still beat the way they used to If you're doing it wrong, yeah, well what you gonna do?