

there's no reply quite as wise as yours  
filled with philosophy and metaphors  
and a thousand words that i never new existed  
oh tell me how you ever became so gifted  
excuse me if i like the common (??)  
but you're never wrong and it's getting really old

oh the poster kids when it comes down to it  
spend alot of time but there ain't much to it  
you hate me  
and i'm sick of you  
oh the poster kids got alot to say  
they'll prove you wrong in every way  
you hate me  
and i'm sick of you

well i'm stupid 'cause i got a few beliefs  
what makes you sure i wanna hear your beefs  
about why there's no god and what punk really stands for  
oh doin' this all day must make your eyes sore  
excuse me if my leader's not some twit  
but you'll never know 'cause you're so sure of it