

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, it's no good,
Just a magazine for firewood,
You can play make-believe,
But it's not worth killing trees,
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you're a bore,
Selling papers by the corner store,
Don't wanna know what you have to say,
I've heard it a million times anyway

I don't want to hear your voice,
It's obvious to you that I've made my choice,
You bore me to death with nothing new,
And I don't need to be talked down to

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, it's a phase,
We're gonna laugh about all of these days,
Class war is what you talk about,
As long as they don't hurt your parents' house,
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, I have to laugh,
Newspapers and baggy pants,
You seem to think that it's superiority,
But it's all just like a cult to me

I don't want to hear your voice,
It's obvious to you that I've made my choice,
You bore me to death with nothing new,
And I don't need to be talked down to