

You think that you're so fucking cool  
Made some mistakes  
Got some breaks  
Broke some rules  
Everything you have was just handed to you  
You lived your life being fed from silver spoons  
You played so many local shows  
You thought you had it down  
All the backyard parties  
The biggest band in town  
Finally got a 7"  
You put it out yourself  
Just to get the chicks  
Doesn't matter if it sells  
You used to be a metal band  
Till the grunge scene hit the air  
Then you went Seattle  
And you braided all your hair  
Now you hit the road  
You don't play parties anymore  
You booked a weekend out of town  
And act like it's a tour  
Now you know the reason why I hate you  
You're just an experiment for a major label  
They put you out to see how mass marketing really works  
Now you're crying on the road again  
Different country  
Different tales  
Far from all your stupid friends  
The silver spoons are plastic now  
You hold them up yourself  
You sleep with 10 guys on the floor  
Forget about hotels  
Your rock and roll fantasy  
Just became a nightmare  
Now you know reality  
The van's got no electricity  
You thought a tour was parties, sex, and money  
Now you can't find a Western Union  
Anywhere in Germany  
Your parents sent you money so you can eat  
You wasted all your money at some hash bar  
On some weed  
Now you don't think you're so cool  
All your breaks were big mistakes  
You have to pay your dues  
Just because you dye your hair  
And wear big boots  
people see right through your lies  
About your punk roots