

Here's to the Zeros

Marianas Trench

Hey kids, do you wanna do what I do?
I got sick, got kicked out of high school.
I guess then, I kinda got arrested,
With a car, and a chase, and a drug test.

These days, they don't wanna be near that.
'Cause if you're selling records, they don't wanna hear that.
Clean-cut, we'll do it like Disney.
Well-adjusted, trusted, trust me.

Party anthems, get them dancin'.
Well, I'm the king of second-chancin'.
Air-brushed, shiny, notoriety.
The disappeared-into-the-back-to-go-and-get-high-ety.

Hey, ho, where did all the good go?
Baby, this is where you're dead wrong.
Alright, hey, ho, here's to all the zeroes.
Every misfit, and all my down-and-outs.
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Baby, this is where you're dead wrong.
Alright, hey, ho, here's to all the zeroes.
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You can't sing, you got a young look so,
It's nothing auto-tune can't fix though.
MTV don't play videos,
And no guitar is allowed on the radio.

These days I kinda just pretend so,
I guess I don't mind, it depends though.
I get stuck to every innuendo,
But it doesn't seem to matter in the end so.

They say, "Where's the next hit, baby?"
God, how could I top "Call Me Maybe"?
Well, I'm delirious, she's bi-curious.
Let's disappear into the back to go and get serious.

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Hallelujah, up for ransom.
Cash values for hash-tag anthems.
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Where'd the rock and roll go?

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