

I'm not the one you dream about
And I'm not the one you can't live without
I'm not the one who you wanna see
I'm not the one who you want to be seen with

And when you're tired of all the jerks
And you're tired of all the work
And you're tired of being hurt
You will long for the comfort of my golf shirt

I'm not the one who was an old time punk rocker
I was listening to Rush and trying to feather my hair back
When all that stuff went down
I'm not the one who was in a high school hardcore band
I sat in my room scoring with Ms. Pac-Man

And when you're tired of all the jerks
And you're tired of all the work
And you're tired of being hurt
You will long for the comfort of my golf shirt

No tats, no piercings, no hats, no grunge beard baby, yeah (4x)