

End Of The Great Credibility Race

New Bomb Turks

So some set out to get out
and do their own thing.
End of the great credibility race.
But the ego e-coli
spreads equally:
End of the great credibility race.
Major or minor,
D.I.Y. or 3The Man2,
End of the great credibility race.
You can't kill
stupid stardom scams,
End of the great credibility race.

So here's to the ones
that just wanna play,
that set out to get out
and do their own thing.
The rules they shift,
but they stay the same.
Thrift store theatrics
and four track recorders
powered by trust funds
of guilty prodigals,
the checkered flag's white
at the end of the great credibility race.

You can dare fate like a matador.
End of the great credibility race.
Have sympathy for all the dropped combos.
End of the great credibility race.
Touch on jazz and go prove you're a honky white man.
End of the great credibility race.
Kill all the rock starts 'til you're a start for the act.
End of the great credibility race.

I wasn't built to spill,
I ain't no no modest mouse.
I roar like a lion
and I don't miss a drop.
Life's too short
for all this f**king crap.
Before you know you're at your crypt
reading your epitaph