

# Call Me Anti-Social

New Found Glory

It's a barren land, but they all throw shade  
I can't make peace, post-modern age  
I'm a tourist lost in translation  
And there's nothing new under the sun

You see, I like it so much better when I'm safe inside  
And at times your good company is hard to find  
To keep a nourished mind, I need water

I'm trapped in another boring summer  
While everyone is living it up  
But it's way too hot to go outside  
When I don't relate to anyone  
In another boring summer  
While everyone is living it up  
But it's way too hot to go outside  
When I don't relate to anyone  
Call me anti-social  
It's more than I could hope for

I'm not a star of stage and screen  
I don't know lines, but you make a scene  
I'm an alien crashed in an old west town  
Beam me up, get me out

You see, I like it so much better when I'm safe inside  
Even though I know my reputation's on the line  
To keep a nourished mind, I need water

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