

The Untouchables

Nostradameus

We know we're not original
But god, we're having fun!
Considering the dreams you had
Now tell me please, who won?
But still you're doing all you can
To make us loose our way
Well, never mind, you're not important
Fuck you's all I say

The untouchables are writing in vain
They're washing the floor with our efforts again
The untouchables will never be pleased
But I don't care, 'cause they'd change place with me any day

Let's talk originality
That you don't have no more
I think I've seen that interview
Somewhere else before
So people in the musicbiz
Wake up and face the truth
Maybe you like it, maybe not
But we're just all you got

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Your lying eyes, your phoney smiles...
You're treating us like dirt
You're kissing ass on bigger acts
God, you make me sick!

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