

Fusible Front

Refused

A fashion, a trend, that's what it meant to you
The ideals, the thought, they never got to you
Search for acceptance to fit the crowd
To think for yourself is not allowed
Take the easy way to be accepted
I'll rather be myself and be rejected
I won't sell out to your stupid trends
True to myself until the end
Fashion manners, they're not for me
As you are now I'll never be
Mainstream going, changing face
If I'm not like you am I outta place?
I know my convictions and where I stand
I guess I got the upper hand
A phony, a sellout, that's what you are
Claim it's hardcore, no it's not by far
What's wrong with thinking for oneself
Instead of trying to fit in like everybody else?