

# Admit It!!!

## Say Anything

Admit it!

Despite your pseudo-bohemian appearance  
And vaguely leftist doctrine of beliefs  
You know nothing about art or sex  
That you couldn't read in any trendy New York underground fashion magazine  
Prototypical non-conformist  
You are a vacuous soldier of the thrift store Gestapo  
You adhere to a set of standards and tastes  
That appear to be determined by an unseen panel of hipster judges (bullshit)  
Giving a thumbs up or thumbs down to incoming and outgoing trends and styles  
of music and art  
Go analog baby, you're so post-modern  
You're diving face forward into a antiquated past  
It's disgusting, it's offensive, don't stick your nose up at me

Yeah, what do you have to say for yourself?  
Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah  
Yeah, what do you have to say for yourself?  
Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah

You spend your time sitting in circles with your friends  
Pontificating to each other  
Forever competing for that one moment of self-aggrandizing glory  
In which you hog the intellectual spotlight  
Holding dominion over the entire shallow pointless conversation  
Oh, we're not worthy  
When you walk by a group of quote-unquote normal people  
You chuckle to yourself patting yourself on the back as you scoff  
It's the same superiority complex  
Shared by the high school jocks who made your life a living hell  
And makes you a slave to the competitive capitalist dogma  
You spend every moment of your waking life bitching about

Yeah, what do you have to say for yourself?  
Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah  
And I say yeah, what do you have to say for yourself?  
Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah

'Cause I'm proud of my life and the things that I have done  
Proud of myself and the loner I've become  
You're free to whine, it will not get you far  
I do just fine, my car and my guitar

Proud of my life and the things that I have done  
Proud of myself and the loner I've become  
You're free to whine, it will not get you far  
I do just fine, my car and my guitar, yeah

Well let me tell you this, I am shamelessly self-involved  
I spend hours in front of the mirror, making my hair elegantly disheveled  
I worry about how this album will sell  
Because I believe it will determine the amount of sex I will have in the future  
I self medicate with drugs and alcohol to treat my extreme social anxiety

You are a faker (admit it)  
You are a fraud (admit it)

Yeah, you're living a lie (hey) living a lie (hey) you're life is living a lie

You don't impress me (admit it)

You don't intimidate me (admit it)

Why don't you bow down, get on the ground, walk this fucking plank (yeah!)

Yeah, what do you have to say for yourself

Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah

And I say yeah (what do you..)

Proud of my life and the things that I have done

Proud of myself and the loner I've become

You're free to whine, it will not get you far

I do just fine, my car and my..

Guitar, guitar go!

I drift, drift, drift, drift, drift, yeah

I drift, drift, drift, drift, drift, yeah oh

And I am done with this

I wanna taste the breeze of every great city

My car and my guitar

My car and my guitar

So you'll come to be, made of these urges unfulfilled

Oh no, no, no, no, no

When I'm dead I'll rest

When I'm dead I'll rest, lay still

When I'm dead I'll rest, I'll rest

When I'm dead I'll rest, I'll rest

When I'm dead I'll rest, I'll rest

When I'm dead I'll rest, I'll rest