

# Showdown at P-Town

Say Anything

Meet me where the city turns to trees and nothing comes for free  
Lets see just how imposing you can be to me  
So far from road-marks or homecoming games  
Go on and drop your fucking names  
Try to shift the blame

Watch me take a crowbar  
To your brand new car  
Without the things your daddy bought you  
You won't get very far  
Without your plastic friends  
And your odds and ends  
Would you still be a star?

The idle rich cocooned away from earth  
You're cynical from birth  
Tell me what you think your pride is worth to me  
When all that you can do is call me gay  
I'm sorry I don't swing that way  
And even if I did I'd still say

I'd take a crowbar  
To your brand new car  
Without the things your daddy bought you  
You won't get very far  
Without your plastic friends  
And your odds and ends  
Would you still be a star?

You think that you could take me now?  
Your only weapon is your nails anyhow  
And if you think that you could take me now  
You got another thing coming...  
Think! Think! Think!

Do you think I'm scared to play your games?  
Battle is my middle name

Watch me take a crowbar  
To your brand new car  
Without the things your daddy bought you  
You won't get very far  
Without your plastic friends  
And your odds and ends  
Would you still be a star?

I hope that you're insured