

Dave's Possessed Hair/It's What We're All About

Sum 41

Ever get the feeling no one's got your back
Caught up in themselves livin' lies besides the fact
Somehow you're going on an opposite track
As we recover from another social heart attack

You think you see between the lines
But you can't see through dollar signs

So sick and tasteless now
Immature and faceless how
Can I even sleep at night you ask
You say you're a pacifist
Instead you wave your fist
And all the while it becomes the end again

Make up your mind cause I can't decide
You think uniqueulism makes you dignified
You can't see with half opened eyes
You think you're standing up instead you're falling far behind

What I do is what I choose which makes it my decision
If your life was a book your story would be fiction