

Don't De-Rock Me

Tesla

I ain't no program on your television screen.
They only taught me what they wanted me to be.
Heard all your so-called facts. Now hit me with the truth.
Takes a lotta nerve the way you played me for the fool.

It's my personal selection to fly in my own direction.
No time for fuckin' 'round with mediocrity.
Takes ev'rything I got just tryin' to be me.
Life's like a highway. We're all try'n' to stay on time.
Travel atcha own speed. You take your lane, I'll take mine.
Don't believe all that you hear or half of whatcha see.
'S'waste o' time to criticize. Don't de-rock me.

Don't de-rock me. Don't de-rock me.
You be you and I'll be me. Don't de-rock me.

"Backstage Betty", banana in her cherry, in the shower down on
her knees.
Like to think she'll own ya if she'll do all that ya please.
Hurts like a mother bein' cursed by a punter who's five sheets
to the wind.
Won't stop at nothin', claimin' to be cousin till security lets
'em in.

Now I'm no symbol of perfection, so why deal with this infectio
n?
Tired of bein' treated like some piece of property.
Fakes, lies, patronizin' don't sit well with me.
Blastin' down the highway, try'n' to stay between the lines.
You can get to where you're go'n'. Just don't ignore the signs.
Don't de-rock me. Don't de-rock me.
'S'waste o' time to criticize. Don't de-rock me.

Don't de-rock me. Don't de-rock me.
You be you and I'll be me. Don't de-rock me.