

Scapegoat

The Faint

You want to be loved,
But you look down your nose,
At all of your friends...
We'd ask for you praise,
But you don't have any to give,
Steer all you want,
But you won't steer any of us,
We're not actors in your movie,
This is not your biography show.

How come everybody's casual?
We don't even need to know each other.

You say... you're a scapegoat!
Scapegoat! You're a scapegoat!
No... turncoat!

It's black or it's white,
If it's grey in your head, it's a mess,
You convinced that your right,
But you're not quite right in the head,
Steer all you want,
But you won't steer any of us,
We're not actors in your movie,
This is not your biography show.

You say... you're a scapegoat!
Scapegoat! You're a scapegoat!
No... turncoat!