

Fashion Faux Pas

This Is A Standoff

You'll fill me in cause I'm dying over what to wear
and celebrate; the tight clothes pushed me to despair

I've got no look, no fucking style, those extra large still mak
e me smile

I'm thinking of bringing back the flannel the fashion kids turn
up their nose

My sisters' buying me my clothes you'll never catch me in Arman
i

Judging you behind crossed arms it isn't right
Wavering so cry yourself to sleep at night

I've got no look, no fucking style, the wallet chains still mak
e me smile

It's coming back no room for statements

Want bands that rock, especially the fashion kids look down on
me

I guess that you'll see you're way cooler than me

It won't be here forever so let's drink a lot until they're gon
e

cause I still think that's something