

Stick To Your Guns, Empty Heads

For the most part I think I've got you figured out
You walk around like you know what this is all about
Will one of you idiots please just say something new?
Ya, well you say "fuck the world"; we say "fuck you";

But you've been nowhere and you've seen nothing
It's your stupid stare, it tells me everything
If you can't beat them try harder because we're not going down
You better give back or get out

Get back or get out

For the most part I know what you're so mad about
We don't belong, never did, and you want us out
You've become such a slave to your own mouth
You better give back or get out

Get back or get out

Same game
You're doing nothing new
All the same
You think no ones laughing at you?
I've always stood behind every word I've ever said
All talk, no walk
Empty words from empty heads