

L.A.X

Big D and the Kids Table

hey elitists from LA, los angeles. california. you know who you are. you're driving fancy cars.
your allowance exceeds my rent. well listen to what i have to say remind yourselves every day,

let's get the message on it's way.

well first of all.

fuck your fucking attitudes, how could you be so fucking rude, you fucking look at me like
when girls are jealous. and fuck your fucking LA cars. you're all a bunch of wannabe
superstars, yeah. fuck your fucking f, you're all a bunch of dressed up fucking rats. you get
anything you want, mommy's dressed up fucking runt. you're fucking lounging in daddy's
fucking mansion. and all your fucking stupid names, blair and tavis that's fucking lame. z-a-c
does not spell "zach" what the fuck is with all that?

and you think you're so fucking impressive, get your name on the fucking guestlist. raise your
nose to the people in line. give the doorman a fucking high five.

and they go:

do my shoes match my shirt
does my shirt clash with my pants
do my pants match my eyes
do my eyes look good tonight
will this place be cool enough
your hair looks so though
this looks so good for us

tonight my money's gonna be my love

and fuck all of your deceiving: what's your fake heart fake fucking bleeding? and all the girls
that you laid in your mat, all the same fucking girls you fucking laugh at. and fuck your fucking
fake ass world and all your handed out fucking thrills. some of us, we have to work hard, just to
get our little part.

and maybe your glamour's not in boston. well my friends are fucking awesome. and we'll keep
on doing our best, even though my life is a mess.

and we go:

will this check support this tour
will this tour lose my job
without my job where's the rent
should we all just call it quits
the dinner date sure costs a lot
when 28 bucks is all you got
and your life is at a stop
and your dreams all pulled so taut
and this is the difference between our lives
no wonder tonight you feel alright
and i'm sorry if my mind is occupied
i'm trying to forget to wonder why
we're built up from nothing
i'm trying to foget to wonder why

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>