

I Wipe My Ass With Showbiz

A Wilhelm Scream

Live like a legend and die like an asshole
You dance with the man, shake his hand, shine his shoes
Your revolution rock hits sound like shit through your iPod
Put fists up like I got, not give me the loot

How I tried to buy my soul back
But the devil bent me over for it
Got me curled up in the shower, scratching the letters that read
Dear mother, I sold my soul for management

Fog blasts will not mask a stage act unnatural.
Those timed jumps cause merch bumps, now guests list the suits
And past the smoke hangs the backdrop, crowd screams holy mackerel
Verse-chorus, verse-chorus, a solo, then boom

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