

Oh Yeah!

Green Day

I'm in a crowd full of angels and demons
I'm looking out for the jingoes and heathens
Nobody move and nobody gonna get hurt
Reach for the sky with your face in the dirt

Everybody is a star
Got my money and I'm feeling kinda low
Everybody got a scar
Ain't it funny how we're running out of hope?

Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah

I got blood on my hands in my pockets
That's what you get turning bullets into rockets
I am a kid of a bad education
The shooting star of lowered expectation

Everybody is a star
Got my money and I'm feeling kinda low
Everybody got a scar
Ain't it funny how we're running out of hope?

Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah

I'm just a face in the crowd of spectators
To the sound of the voice of a traitor
Dirty looks and I'm looking for a payback
Burning books in a bulletproof backpack

Everybody is a star
Got my money and I'm feeling kinda low
Everybody got a scar
Ain't it funny how we're running out of hope?

Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah

Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
(Everybody is a star)
Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
(Everybody is a star)