

We Must Look Like Ants from Up There

Stick to Your Guns

i bet it feels so good, SO GOOD,
playing it off like you're so misunderstood.
you found your place in your comfortable group,
hating everyone who's not like you. but tell me am i wrong?
you stand back and tell us "YOU DON'T BELONG."
sorry that's not your choice to choose,
we'll never play by your rules. i bet it feels so good,
SO GOOD, playing it off like you've got nothing to lose.
help me out because i'm just a little confused,
for being so punk you follow a lot of rules.
you walk the walk, you've even got a mouth that never,
never, never stops. so just run your mouth while you sit on your couch,
presuming to know what we're all about.
but tell me am i wrong you stand and tell us
"YOU DON'T BELONG."
sorry that's not your choice to choose but tonight we're gunna
play by your rules.
just look at us now.
we can do it too.
we can be, be, be, be ,be just like you. run it. run it.
keep running your mouth. how do you like us?
how do you like us now?
just remember when you point the finger there's three pointing
BACK AT YOU!
you think you're making the difference,
you're setting the limits. a gathering of cynics,
not even worth this song hitting two minutes