

a.k.a. I-D-I-O-T

The Hives

You laugh at me and call me i-d-i-o-t.
You laugh and turn your back cause I'm not like you're supposed to be.
But it's not a question - a question of low iq.
Cause if it was well then the answer wouldn't be me but you.
a.k.a i-d-i-o-t, don't know who the hell
I'm supposed to be i-d-i-o-t a.k.a i-d-i-o-t, yeah thats me i-d-i-o-t.
I put with being laughed at cause I put up with being me.
And then on artificial someone says I'm the i-d-i-o-t.
But I got motivation yeah I pretty much love it all.
To make your artificial nation stumble and fall.
I know that I'm a screw up.
I know I'm in a band.
I know that I am up against a mighty mighty man.
But I'm satisfied with being, being one of the lucky few.
Who'll be the ones laughing knowing that the joke is gonna be on you.