Na-na, oh, na-na Oh, na-na-na-na

One man's trash is another man's treasure One stays gone, one'll try to stay home One man's walls might feel like a prison Some live dying but I'm dying to live it

Some folks are staying out of the woods and I'm gettin' in 'em

Don't judge a book by it's cover 'cause people will differ Don't shut 'em down, you never know what you're missing Some people fight love, some love fighting Some lay with the lambs and some roar with the lions

What floats your boat might sink mine And what makes me smile might make you cry You might get low, I might stay high To each their own, ain't that right

One man's trash is another man's treasure One stays gone, one of 'em tryna stay home One man's walls might feel like a prison Some live dying but I'm dying to live it

Some folks are staying out of the woods and I'm gettin' in 'em

Na-na, oh, na-na Oh, na-na-na-na

Some people ballroom dancin', some people twerkin' Some work on trash like a Kardas-trophe surgeon Some mountain don't, some mountain do Some love their monkeys, some have 'em removed

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