

Nothing To Prove

Abrasive Wheels

You don't like my hair
The clothes that I wear
You've got a problem with my attitude
You don't like my music
You say it's abusive
It's got no class and it's downright lewd
I've got nothing, I've got nothing, I've got nothing, I've nothing to prove
I've got nothing, I've got nothing, I've got nothing, I've nothing to prove
I don't think I'm going crazy
I might be slightly radged
But what you see, is what you get
And I'm not all that bad