

# Head on a Plate

Bayside

Breathe kids, the mold is getting old  
It'll be gone any day  
The hipster empire of tomorrow  
Will fall to the common kids of today

With tied wrists we're under their control  
With fists clenched, we're taking on the world  
I write down words with cathartic intentions  
But they spawn revolutions of minds

They're asking for my, my head on a plate  
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I'm really, really not  
That conceited I swear I'm not  
I'm just trying to bring  
Music back to music  
I define up and coming  
They already came up and went

I'm loose lipped now shaking back and forth  
Problems fixed, I'm pouring out my soul  
I find the right words to express myself  
Instead of fitting round pegs in round holes

What a lovely day for a symphony  
Full of honesty and integrity  
So take this for what it's worth  
Originality's not a curse

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