

Rich, dumb, white kid thinks that he's everything
Loud mouth, bold headed geek's got a song to sing
Turn him inside out on the kitchen floor
Soon find out that he doesn't wanna sing no more

As always, the same affair
But who really cares for God's creations, his amputations
The tight-assed mum and dad got a lot to say
They stick their nose into every game we play

Turn them inside out on the kitchen floor
And soon find out daddy doesn't have a clue no more
As always, the same affair
But who really cares for God's creations, his amputations

Down, down in the basement of our cares
There's always a phony, count the stairs
Like, like us as something as we come
And like, like us as rumpus as we run