

# The Champ

Biffy Clyro

Never be seen, and never be heard  
This is the way, it's the grey man's curse  
Aren't we free, so how's this worse?  
Don't give me that bullshit, catch phrase  
"It was better in my day", 'cause I know

You broke every little thing that you built  
You lost every little thing that you'd always cherished, and more  
You took every little breath that it took  
Don't analyse, just realise, you can't keep us at bay

'Cause we are The Source  
Of all the things you're desperate to ignore  
When reality has washed upon the shore  
You're always turning tables  
And always telling tales I should ignore  
We are The Source

A virtual dream and a virtual life (Life)  
Well, I'm in love with the older kind (Kind)  
A biblical truth and a cynical lie (Lie)  
Don't give me that tight-lipped, bullshit  
"Who says it's do or die?"  
Well, I do

You got every little thing that you want  
You took every little thing that you'd always needed and more  
You got every little thing that it takes, Champ  
Don't theorise, don't criticise  
Just get the fuck out of my face

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