

Bad Role Models, Old Idols Exhumed (psst, teenagers, put your clothes back on)

Car Seat Headrest

They were just some aliens passing judgement
Sifting through the fallout of our final judgement
Found our skeletons with sharpened teeth
That was a thing back then

If I'm good
Or if I'm bored
I'm not gonna call you anymore
I'll just visit the exhibit you left on the site
Of bad role models and poorly carved idols

I remember it was never a pleasure to meet you
Had to make a fake account just to meet you
But I can't stand your posts now, I'm going to delete you
Used to be that sweet fear but these days it's just
We are friends
Be our friends
What's my name?
What's my gender?
Or are we above that?
Or are we beneath that?
You forget just who you're talking to

And you probably looked like an idiot in that hat