

Stand By

Dance Hall Crashers

Jot down the words you wanna say
Make sure they don't conflict with mine in any way
Make them sound good
Remember the laws that apply
I gave you a buck it's my right to decide

Pretend your life is squeaky clean
Pure as the virgin you think your daughter is
She laughs in your face
As you bring your speech to a close
But she's doing it under your nose

I don't care who you wanna pray to
If it makes you happy then go ahead
But you claim I'm wrong, what gives you the right
Just stick to you own life

You used to wear your pretty clothes
Now that the scruff is in, you're left with what you used to know
But here comes your rules
The fashion police are in
And suddenly your politics are changing again

Idolize and criticize
Push them in the right direction to paradise
Praise them with guilt
Distinguish the weak from the strong
But knowing that we end up the same in the long run

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If it makes you happy then go ahead
But you claim I'm wrong, what gives you the right
Just stick to you own life

The position you have may be lost

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