

The Golden Rule

Everclear

Oooh, he hit you in the sex hard
But pretty pictures and the baby steps
Oooh, he hit you with the small words
Easy going down, easy to forget

Oooh, he hit you where it hurts the most
In a place that it would never show
Oooh, he hit you with a silent death
You were asleep for that, no one cares about

Oooh, he hit you with a simple plan
A memory that you had never had
He hit you with a word that you don't understand
Until you strike the pain
Then everything different was bad

I don't care about the words you say
I don't care about the things you do
I don't care if you like it or not
We both know I am better than you

Pretty makes everything better
Pretty makes everything clean
Pretty makes everything a little bit easier
Pretty makes not pretty look pretty fucking obscene

It doesn't matter who your daddy is
It doesn't matter where you went to school
It doesn't matter how much money you make
I will always be... (You will always be...)

Oooh, yeah, it kind of sucks to be you, mmmmm
I will always be the first in line
I will always be the last to hurt
I'm a game that you will never win
I'm a disease for which there is no cure
I'm a white guy
I am the king of the world

Power makes everything better
Power makes it all worthwhile
Power makes people do exactly what you want 'em to
Power makes it all look black and white (black and white)

Oooh, money makes everything better (better)
Money makes the golden rule
Money makes everything easier
Money makes me better than you