

The stars in your eyes are almost blinding.
I know I should look away I'm honestly trying
I act like I'm here, It's really hard to care
For there's a thin line between your with and your whining
I'm just a shadow in your shining, I look forward to putting it all b
ehind me
Kneel before your ego, it's funny how some people
Have a way of making the milky-way look tiny
Somewhere between the drama and the dry heave
Collapse on command using gravity to guide me
You're so hip-hop
You're so punk rock
You're so so so so cliché

You look the same to me. Uncomfortable in your skin
Colorless eyes and no mouth. I'm never interested. I plot my recovery
And sleep in the mold of your milk
You look the same to me. Uncomfortable in your skin.
Colorless eyes and no mouth.
Don't tell me there's nothing wrong
Don't tell me there's nothing wrong
You got the credit for my kill

The stars look like eyes. Judging as they gaze upon
The long face you wear when it's your right to say they're wrong
You put no one above you. But they can tell you're troubled
As you pick up your things and sleep alone when the day is done
You used to get in fights for fun
It's your way of getting close to someone when you don't know how to
love
I feel sorry for you. Even though your fans adore you
The more you try to wiggle your way loose, the more you get stuck
You're so sex
You're so drugs
You're so rock and roll
You're so in the moment
You're so self centered
You're so sad, cause you're so so so so cliché

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