

You want a medal  
For the things you've done  
Well prizes don't come around  
As easy as you want em now  
You want a mountain with your face engraved  
So everybody in the world can see the face of nothing changed

Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace  
Here's to you and your poker face  
Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace  
Here's to you

You want a monument erected in your name  
And odds are we will tear it down  
When you leave as quickly as you came  
You want a place in the history books  
But noone has changed history  
With double talk and dirty looks

Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace  
Here's to you and your poker face  
Hip hip hooray you're our saving grace  
Here's to you

You heighten yourself to lower the blame  
And you martyr yourself to heighten the fame  
And you lower yourself to draw the compassion  
Here's to you

You want a medal for the things you've done  
But if you ever really did a damn thing  
We would've gave you one  
You want a mountain with your face engraved  
So everyone will know the face when approached by to run away

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Here's to you and your poker face  
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