

Common Denominator

Hope D

It's nice to meet you
How was your day at school? Mine was shit
Got a 'C' in about three exams
I crammed that study in
Now here I sit, talking shit 'bout this
I know you can't relate
You got an 'A' on an your exam
And I turn up to exams late (Fuck)

I know I don't excel in education
But I excel in emotion and I'm feeling some frustration
I love getting in trouble, and drinking from bottles
And you just love to read the news (Oh no)

I don't think we get along
And frankly, I am sick of this
How 'bout I teach you a song
And you can teach me politics?
How could they have been so wrong?
Oh yeah, they must be lunatics
That don't know their facts
Just 'cause we're gay, don't mean we match, oh

It's nice to see you
How's your Saturday been? Mine's okay
I got to download a hundred episodes
I smashed them all today
Now, how 'bout you? What you up to?
Yes, you worked and got your pay?
You're independent, you don't spend it
You don't waste your life away

I know you don't know much about music
But you must know the difference of electric and acoustic
You hate tattoos on the arms, and you wake up to your alarms
And I just love to hit that fuckin' snooze

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And frankly, I am sick of this
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Hell yeah, I just set up my best friends
Hell yeah, if it wasn't for me
Hell yeah, they'd be lonely until the time that time ends
Hell yeah, or end up on reality TV
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I don't think we get along
I'm so fuckin' sick of this

How 'bout I teach you a song?
You can teach me politics
How could they have been so wrong?
They must be lunatics
That don't know their facts
Just 'cause, just 'cause, a-woo-hoo!