

Dude-A-Form

Into It. Over It.

Stretched across five miserable miles of parking lot
Are what seem to be the worst haircuts on Earth
And "Yo Dudes" talking in condescending tones
With neanderthal dance moves at what's hardly a punk show

Maybe I'm reading too much into things
Maybe I'll feel better about it tomorrow
Maybe I'm reading too much into things
Maybe I'll feel better about it tomorrow than I do today
But I'm bothered just enough to say to you that you've got the
wrong idea
Or at least I'm pretty sure you do
Truly, I can't say anymore and I stopped keeping score six mont
hs ago
So, I'll just keep my mouth shut and talk in circles to everyon
e that I know

I'll paint you a picture
Fifty dollar faces in three hundred dollar costumes, hardly wor
king
While me and people like me want to punch you like a timecard

Maybe you're reading too much into things
The things you think you need to sell a record
Maybe I'm reading too much into things
Maybe I'll feel better about it tomorrow than I do today
But I'm bothered just enough to say to you that you've got the
wrong idea
Or at least I'm pretty sure you do
And "Bitter" is not the word I'd choose and "Jealous" wouldn't
work either
But, I'll just keep my mouth shut and talk in circles to everyo
ne that I know

And I'll ask myself
Who's got the wrong idea?
(Me with nothing or you with everything?)
Who's got the wrong idea?
(Me with nothing or you with everything?)
I'm moving at speeds so fast you'd break your neck
Moving at speeds so fast you'd break your neck

Who's got the wrong idea?
(You with nothing or me with everything?)
Who's got the wrong idea?
(You with nothing or me with everything?)
Who's got the wrong idea?
Who's got the wrong idea?
Who's got the wrong idea?