

## 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 months ago  
So, I'll just keep my mouth shut and talk in circles to everyone that I know

I'll paint you a picture  
Fifty dollar faces in three hundred dollar costumes, hardly working  
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 everyone 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?