

Smug Cunt

John Grant

It's in the way you stare
Your obsession with your chest hair
I can smell it in your choice of cologne

I can't believe it's real
Nuking you 'cause you can't feel
Your smile cuts right through to the bone

You don't care who you hurt
Just the right amount of starch in your shirt
You don't want things you cannot own

The only thing that you're aware of
Is anything you can be above
Don't believe and reap what you have sown

Now you're just a smug cunt
Who doesn't even do his own stunts
They just let you in 'cause you won't shut up
Here's to acting like a little boy
Masturbating with expensive toys
They just let you play 'cause you won't shut up

All the girls think you're a stud
Even though your hands are covered in blood
And they're turned on by your cover-ups

The highest compliment is being feared
I bet that you don't even think that's weird
You don't care who your deeds corrupt

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Who doesn't even do his own stunts
They just let you in 'cause you won't shut up
Protein's flying off the shelves
Panties ain't gonna wet themselves
They just let you play 'cause you won't shut up

It would be funny if it weren't so sad
It's so absurd it's gonna drive you mad
And you even believe there's an us and them

Do you know anything that you weren't told?
Have a think, 'cause you are getting old
You don't even try to cover up the stench

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