

You're Not That Guy

Stray from the Path

He got that outfit at a rally
Oh, lord, he's dressed to impress
A gold ol' boy with his old-fashioned toys
He's trailer trashin' the left
That lawn is looking like a flag emporium
His family thinks he's insane
Freedom fighter, crown em the keyboard king
They're gonna write about him one day

The more things change
The more they stay the same
The more things change
The more they stay the same

He don't get out of this town much
But America is number one (Number one)
Can't afford to pay his child support
But, boy, he got a great deal on that gun
That Chevy's guzzling gasoline
She's purrin' all through the night (All night, all night)
Ride it to the wheels come off
So wrong, it must be right

Ignorance is bliss
These family trees grow the weeds from the shit
God damn, they can't even admit
The crash is coming
Call that a life?
I call it nothing

Stuff that shit back in your mouth
I'm not your buddy
You're not that guy, pal
Stuff that shit back in your mouth
I'm not your buddy
You're not that guy, pal

The crash is coming
Call that a life?
I call it nothing
The crash is coming
Call that a life?
I call it nothing
Nothing
Nothing
Nothing

The more things change
The more they stay the same
The more things change
The more they stay the same

The more things change, the more they stay the same
Call that a life? I call it nothing
The more things change, the more they stay the same
Call that a life? I call it nothing