

# Paradise

The Twang

I know what it's like to be down here  
'Cause I've been down here before  
It feels like some kind of paradise  
Gives me something worth fighting for  
There's a fire in my belly, now you've come unstuck  
You been feeding off my scraps, now you're out of luck  
And the clouds are dispersed and there's joy and here comes the  
sun

And you think it's all about you  
Yeah, you think it's all about you

See, you don't possess the style you say you possess  
And I don't believe you for a minute, you're a mess  
You've become so obsessed with the rest of the pack  
You've got too far, now you won't be coming back  
You said that's all they had left when you came back in those stupid shoe  
I know you couldn't bare to face me, so you said you had the flu  
You're a top flight gunner, who loves to shoot the runner  
Maybe I'm destructive, more constructive than you

And you think it's all about you  
Yeah, you think it's all about you

Go and do whatever you do  
'Cause you think it's all about you  
It's all about you  
It's all about you  
It's all about you  
It's all about you