

Myspace Me

Voltaire

I've got one million, five hundred thousand, sixty three friends
They're the cutest little devils and young debutants that I've never met
Some of them are porno stars. Most aren't who they say they are
All of us are online for hours while the world is spinning
Round and round and round

I never felt that I was alone 'cause Tom was my friend
In the morning when I wake up the inbox is full
It just never ends
Tila Tequila what's the deal? You really kill me, yo
Zenova Braiden on the page of everyone I know
Stephen Marke you're really onto something now but yo
The world keeps spinning round and round and round

Myspace me, Myspace me, Myspace me
Myspace me, Myspace me, Myspace me
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

Time is ticking by and we're still online
Ian said I'm queer, told me grow a beard
Maybe go outside
I'm out on the floor. See someone I like
I suck at this game. I'm so fucking lame
Wish I was at home in front of my computer
And then maybe I'd know what to say

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