

Tried to keep myself from
Falling in the same trap
But I fell in anyways
Watch myself fall faster further
To the ugly bottom now
Getting closer everyday
Now people see something in me
That isn't there and wo't be back
Now people think they're friends with me
Cos they think I care and their hair's dyed black

Deep down, really far inside
You know that it's not true
There's a thing called a dollar sign
And it's the only thing that hooks me to you

Now feel so alive
But I feel like a whore
Fill your head full of lies
To get you into the store

No such thing as the underground
Just a bunch of little people
trying to make themselves big
No such thing as the underground
And it really doesn't matter how far you dig

I looked I mean I really tried but
I never saw anything that you all pride
Just a bunch of little kids with
Corporate symbols in their eyes
Who were looking for a paper to sign
Deep down, really far inside
You know that it's not true
There's a thing called a dollar sign and
It's the only thing that really interests you

Now feel so alive
But I feel like a whore
Fill your head full of lies
To get you into the store

Bunch of little people trying to make themselves big
Bunch of little people trying to make themselves big
Bunch of little people trying to make themselves big
Bunch of little people trying to make themselves big