

The sun comes up
You can't log off,
hooked on Russian porn
You've been smoking the black
Got a Crackberry smile
Meeting virtual girls in your Second Life
Obsessed with text and your saucy e-mails
Spam in your modem had fucked up your mainframe
You try to rewire you try to log out
Somebody's taken mickey out of your mouse

Off my face book me a cab
I'm outa here
I got 25, 000 friends
and all I wanna do is disappear
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The sun goes down and you google your name
The only reference to you
Is that was back in the day
You was the only one
You were the kid in the corner
You're the website bum they call the bobby groomer

Now you keep yourself hid, sophisticated encryptions
untraceable links and password is secret
Got an army of friends but I ain't enlisting
A million conversations ain't nobody listening