

Reject

Green Day

Who the hell are you to tell me what I am
And what's my master plan.
What makes you think that it includes you?
Self-righteous wealth
Stop flattering yourself,
'cause when the smoke clears here I am.
Your reject all-American.

Sucking up you social sect, making you a nervous wreck.
To hell and back and hell again I've gone.
You're not my type.
Not my type.

What's the difference between you and me?
I do what I want, and you do what you're told.
So listen up and shut the hell up.
It ain't no big deal.
And I'll see you in hell,
'cause when the smoke clears here I am.
Your reject all-American.

Falling from grace, right on my fave.
To hell and back and hell again I've gone.