

Cynics & Critics

Icon for Hire

We're not cynics, we just don't believe a word you say
We're not critics, we just hate it all anyway

If you're happy and you know it
Clap you hands like this
'Cause the rest of us are wondering
What on earth we missed
If you're happy and you know it
Stomp your feet real loud
The rest of could use some cheering up right now

Oh please, shoot us up
With something shiny and quick
We like our thrills dirt cheap
And our irony thick
Oh whatever, never mind,
We're just crying for help
I guess we'll heal the old fashioned way
And do it ourselves

Oh this is all we know
Oh tragic and miserable
We're not cynics, we just don't believe a word you say
We're not critics, we just hate it all anyway
Oh this is all we've got
Oh we do what we've been taught
We're not cynics, we just don't believe a word you say
We're not critics, we just hate it all anyway

Sometimes i think we push your buttons just for fun
Sometimes i think our kind of crazy has already been done
We're a copy of a copy, everything we swore we'd not be
Yeah, the truth hurts, but it hasn't stung enough to stop me

Oh please, can't you give us
something better than this
we've built up a tolerance
to all your veteran tricks
you're busy smiling on cue,
when you don't have a clue
we're a mess and we know it,
we want you to know too

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if you're happy and you know it
then there might be something wrong with you
what's the point in holding on
when all of us don't want you to
it'd make us feel better,

knowing you'd be stuck forever
sick minds stick together
we can stay sick forever

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