

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, it's no good,  
Just a magazine for firewood,  
You can play make-believe,  
But it's not worth killing trees,  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you're a bore,  
Selling papers by the corner store,  
Don't wanna know what you have to say,  
I've heard it a million times anyway

I don't want to hear your voice,  
It's obvious to you that I've made my choice,  
You bore me to death with nothing new,  
And I don't need to be talked down to

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, it's a phase,  
We're gonna laugh about all of these days,  
Class war is what you talk about,  
As long as they don't hurt your parents' house,  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, I have to laugh,  
Newspapers and baggy pants,  
You seem to think that it's superiority,  
But it's all just like a cult to me

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It's obvious to you that I've made my choice,  
You bore me to death with nothing new,  
And I don't need to be talked down to