I'm sitting in a diner at three a.m Next to a table of average men Logos covering their clothes

Nascar Bad boys Bud Light Hooters

I sit there and let them be
They make a point to laugh at me
Sitting in a diner at three a.m
A target of the average men

Hoot-hoot-hoot

Sitting in a diner at three a.m
Stared at by the average men
They think that they're living right
Disagree, they'll start a fight
They hate me but I resist
Still their hard looks persist
Violence is a glance away
If the average men get their way

Oh, oh Uh oh

Nascar Bad boys Bud Light Hooters

Hooters, hooters, hooters

Sitting in a diner at three a.m
Listening in on the average men
Trying to overhear their talk
Find out what they're all about
They don't have very much to say
Talk about the food they ate that day

Didn't have lunch They're pretty broke Had some m&ms and a diet coke [x13]

Hooters, hooters, hooters

Not the average men
The average men