

I'm Designer

Queens of the Stone Age

My generation's for sale,
Beats a steady job.
How much have you got?
My generation don't trust no one,
Its hard to blame,
Not even ourselves.
The thing that's real for us is: fortune and fame,
All the rest seems like work.
Its just like Diamonds
In shit.

I'm high class I'm a whore,
Actually both,
Basically I'm a pro,
We've all got our own style
(of baggage),
Why hump it yourself,
You've made me an offer that I can refuse,
(course either way I get screwed)
Counter proposal:
I go home & Jerk off.

It's truly a lie. I'm counterfeit myself,
It's truly a lie. I'm counterfeit myself,

You don't own, you don't own, you don't own,
You don't own what none can buy,
You don't own, neither do I.

High and mighty you say selling out is a sham,
Is that the name of your book?
Push a silver spoon in your ass,
No more holding us down,
(dog. down mutt. Nice mutt)
You're insulted, You can't be bought or sold.
Offer too low.
You don't know what you're worth,
(It isn't much.)
My piano is for sale.
How many times must I sell myself before my pieces are gone?
I'm one of a kind,
I'm designer.

Never again will I repeat myself,
Enough is never enough,
Never again will I repeat myself.

It used to be the plan was: screwing the man
Now its have sex with a man,
(After he buys you ".com" for sale at a low, low price)

It's truly a lie, I'm counterfeit myself,
It's truly a lie, I'm counterfeit myself,
You don't own, you don't own, you don't own me,
You don't own what none can buy,
You don't own
Neither do I