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You sound like hardcore
You sound like new wave
Singer, songwriter channeling heros from the old days
You made some progress
You got a haircut
Fortunately, for me, these days I just don't give a fuck
My vision, my vision, my vision is clear
My vision, my vision, my vision is clear
I'm gonna make music the
Way that I want to
I'm gonna make music the
Way that I want to
Are you hearing this, get a grip of six, are you listening now?
Pay attention to my perfect vision and I think I'll lay it all out
Every time, I open my mouth, you're comparing me to something I'm not
even about
And everybody is a critic let opinions ring out
And yeah I never hear the end of it it's getting so loud
And you know they say, I think I heard it before
And he said, you're gonna need a bit more
Then she said, you'll never win with that score
And they all, they all, they all say
You look like seapunk, riding a indie wave
Underground gothic, and old souls, new tonic, that shit is tasty
You made some progress
You got a haircut
Fortunately, for me, these days I just don't give a fuck
My vision, my vision, my vision is clear
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