

# Murdered in the Mosh

Son of Dork

This song goes out to all the fakers  
You all know who you are  
It started with a girl  
Kept turning her nose up at my band  
She's into Yellow Card, Blink and Simple Plan

It's so pathetic

She's into Jane's Addiction  
But she don't know their songs  
And I fall over laughing when she tries to sing along  
She thinks that she's so "emo"  
Next week she'll be a "goth"  
It all amounts to nothing  
She gets murdered in the mosh

One night I crashed at her apartment  
Her Sonic Youth cd's were nowhere to be seen  
Instead, all I found was a letter  
Her correspondence with some pop star magazine

It's so pathetic

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But she don't know their songs  
And I fall over laughing when she tries to sing along  
She thinks that she's so "emo"  
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Sometimes I wonder what goes on inside her mind  
When she said she though  
Dave Grohl had died and Kurt Cobain was still alive  
Just go to concerts that you love  
Cos there's no shame in liking Backstreet Boys

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But she don't know their songs  
And I fall over laughing when she tries to sing along  
She thinks that she's so "emo"  
Next week she'll be a "goth"  
It all amounts to nothing  
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This song goes out to all the fakers  
Out to the critics and haters  
This song goes out to all the fakers  
You all know who you are  
Give it up  
Your friends will find out  
Now or later  
Time foe change  
Just be yourself  
Don't be a faker