

All My Best Friends Are Metalheads

Less Than Jake

You think its strange, that there's a way
Of how you looked, and how you act, and how you think
Pretend they're not the same as you.

Do you know about her strength in convictions
Or how she puts all her faith in religion.
Did we take the time to really discover,
How little we know about each other.

Keep us from saying anything.
Can't separate from everything.
And all this really means is
You're one in a crowd
And you're paranoid of every sound.
You're not the friend
You won't miss anyhow.

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