

Mistaken (Music and Lyrics by Paul Needza Friend) © 2006

Capo 3rd fret

Every starving artist in Hollywood's talking 'bout integrity like it's the 70s like
it even

Am(Bm) F(G) G(A) Em(F#m)
Matters to me why can't they see that talent and determination don't make for
a

Pop sensation these days all the accolades are going to the people without the
fucking brains

And if "all I had to do to make it big was suck a little dick then I'd be hanging
on the prick of of everybody in the business semen on my lips yes I just wish it
were that easy"

You think you know who you are but you're just lying to yourself

Am(Bm) F(G) G(A) Em(F#m)
You think you'll be a star because you know you deserve it
More than anyone, the world it owes you so much
Maybe you're mistakenmaybe you're mistaken

Bills keep stacking up in my mailbox day in day out
Maybe it's the dreadlocks 'cause I can't get a job
No one will hire me no they just inspire me to demonstrate my hate and
contempt for society

And if selling myself ain't punk rock , tell me what is ?

Should I be living at home+

Hooked on methadone?

Dying my hair blue, piercing my nose?

Sipping on coffee, writing bad poetry about the foreign policy?

Screaming for the anarchy that's never gonna come

Just blame it on everyone except myself

AA(BB)E(F#)FF(GG)C(D)BB(CC)E(F#)F(G)G(A) x2

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Am(Bm) F(G) G(A) Em(F#m)
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More than anyone, the world it owes you so much
Maybe you're mistakenmaybe you're mistaken

Can't hide the way you feel inside

Can't con a con-artist by talking jive

Like you're some kind of anti-hero

Hear me cry.....boohoo