

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
It's hard to blame, not even ourselves The thing that's real for us is fortune and fame
All the rest seems like work
It's 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 and jerk off
It's truly a lie
I counterfeit myself
It's truly a lie
I counterfeit myself You don't own, you don't own
You don't own, you don't own
You don't own what none can buy
You don't own, you don't own
Neither do I High and mighty you say selling out is a shame
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
Translation: 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 it's "have sex with the man"
After he buys you ".com" for sale
At a low, low price It's truly a lie
I counterfeit myself
It's truly a lie
I 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, you don't own what none can buy
Neither do I

