

# 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

