

Crass, Punk Is Dead

Yes that's right, punk is dead
It's just another cheap product for the consumers head
Bubblegum rock on plastic transistors
Schoolboy sedition backed by big time promoters
CBS promote the Clash
Ain't for revolution, it's just for cash
Punk became a fashion just like hippy used to be
Ain't got a thing to do with your or me
Movements are systems and systems kill
Movements are expressions of the public will
Punk became a movement cos we all felt lost
Leaders sold out and now we all pay the cost
Punk narcissism was a social napalm
Steve Jones started doing real harm
Preaching revolution, anarchy and change
Sucked from the system that had given him his name
Well I'm tired of staring through shit stained glass
Tired of staring up a superstars arse
I've got an arse and crap and a name
I'm just waiting for my fifteen minutes fame
Steven Jones, you're napalm
If you're so pretty vacant, why do you smarm?
Patti Smith, you're napalm, your write with your hand
But it's Rimbaud's arm
And me, yes, I, do I want to burn?
Is there something I can learn?
Do I need a business man to promote my angle
Can I resist the carrots that fame and fortune dangle
I see the velvet zippies in their bondage gear
The social elite with safetypins in their ear
I watch and understand that it don't mean a thing
The scorpions might attack, but the systems stole the sting
PUNK IS DEAD. PUNK IS DEAD. PUNK IS DEAD.