

Five Iron Frenzy, Marty

Marty was punkrocker he went to all the shows
patches on swiss army pants and two rings in his nose
he had an old nash rambler
no insurance not much gas
and a dancing hula girl that bobbled on the dash

feeling kinda stupid one day he broke down
he drove his ugly car to the edge of town
he sunk it in the quarry just because he could
and because the rear defroster never worked too good

marty where you going
whatcha going to
what's the point in not conforming
if it changes you
when this world runs out of answers
would you even know
does the truth have any bearing
on which way you go

he took the bus to santa cruz he hitchhiked to LA
a preacher man had picked him up and drove him half
the way

he said there's two kinds of people that I've met
those who ask the questions
and those who don't ask questions yet
then he turned asking marty which one that he thought
he was
marty shrugged and shook his head forgetting what the
question was

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you'd do almost anything
that someone told you not to do
just because someone else told you it was cool
remember long ago
someone said to get a life
did you ever think they might be right?

Marty was a rebel
he never had a cause
it may be stupid and cliched but that's because he was

he spent his whole life straying from the norm
he was never hot or cold
just boring and lukewarm
it didn't seem to bother him
he didn't seem to mind
his cathartic life
just buried somewhere in the time line

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