

Green Day, Corvette Summer

Get around I can get around
Fuck it up on my rock 'n' roll
Here we go now
Get around I can get around
Drop a bomb on my rock 'n' roll

Don't want no money
Don't want no fame
All I want's my records
Making my pain go away

Maybe I'm stupid
Lazy and stray
Maybe I've had enough
Of this shit brigade

Here we go now

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Here we go now
Get around I can get around
Drop a bomb on my rock 'n' roll

Taking a beating
Kicked in the head
Hit me with power cords
Before you leave me dead

Living in chaos
Sick and I'm bored
Take me to urgent care
Or the record store

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