

Millencolin, Twenty Winds

Trendy winds are blowing thru my hair
the punk-elite are checking everything I wear
I'm tired of their endless whine, why can't they mind their own
cause what I am is what I will be

Don't need you or your crew
to tell me what to think or do
everyday when you try to waste my time
I waste a rhyme

Sometimes I can't understand what's wrong
cause this scene is filled with people who's bad and nong
you're an idiot and loser if you go their way
cause you don't need no one-track crew now

sometimes I can't understand what's wrong
to all you suckers we dedicate this song