

No Use For A Name, Punk Points

You were living like an angel
did everything that your life said
now you changed your life intentions
ran away from home and shaved your head
you were tired of living your life
restricted under your parents wings
the weight of the world is on your shoulders
you're not running from anything

now you're on your own
far away from home

you go out at night and thrash
to make points on the punk point graph
trying to prove a point to your family
living in a car with a gold spoon in your mouth
you get sick, the dirt is thick
you return to home
where showers are always free

the house is warm, now stay inside