

NOFX, One Way Ticket To Fuckneckville

no sleep 'til Fuckneckville, it's kind of funny you may not realize it until
phone call stop, can't get laid, you find out where the parties were some time the next day

one way ticket to seclusion, now your losin'
one way ticket to alienation, you're an inside joke

is everybody supposed to be impressed with your ability to make us feel less significant than you
we're all chippin' in the purchase you a one way first class ticket outta town

millions sold, a mega star, there's a million assholes with ten million guitars
enjoy it now, soon it ends, suddenly you find yourself without any friends

one way ticket to isolation, you can hang with you
you've been given a citation for excessive social faux pas and obnoxiousness

go ahead keep telling us your fifteen-minute stories about what you had for breakfast then for lunch
we're all chippin' for one big humble pie, we're gonna smash it in your face
go ahead tell us about your last great sold out concert and how your new record's gonna top the ch
we don't care 'bout your expenses, we just wanna have a laugh at your expense