

Screeching Weasel, Slogans

Words are stirring, your anger's burning
You could really use a slogan right now
Eighteen and feeling pretty mean
Cause you're sick and fucking tired
of being pushed around and around
Up and fucking down
You wanna believe there's an answer, well there's not

And the funny thing about it is that
Two hours later they're just words
that you seem to have forgot

Don't think about what's right or wrong
Just leave the thinking to your boss
Do what you're supposed to now

Your heart is pounding, your feet hit the ground
You wanna see some action right now
Feeling strong gonna right some wrong
gonna raise your banner and stand up tall and proud

Don't tell me ideology has a thing to do with it
You like to think you're different but
You're all one big fucked up power trip
And I really don't give a shit
What you happen to believe in
Now you can finally begin to feel like you fit in
Don't ever listen to yourself
You'll fuck it up just like you always do
Someone will be there to explain your job so do it