

Crass, Hurry Up Garry (The Parsons Farted)

The bastards, what are they playing at?
Don't like the music, don't like the words, don't like the sentiments,
Well keep it for the birds and bees, boys, bastards.
Yes that's right, I stepped out of line,
What do you want? What do you want?
As long as I play it moderate, that's fine,
Well, fuck off runt, fuck off runt.
Pick your nose with your ball pen, put your snot in sounds,
Back to your play pen with your street cred minds.
You whimper and whine from the pages of the press,
Ridicule and criticise those who want to change this mess.
There's people out there who are trying to live,
People who care, now, what do you give?
So many parasites living off our sweat,
So many fuckers in for what they can get,
Punk ain't about your standards and your rules,
It ain't another product for the suckers and the fools.
You sit behind your typewriters shovelling shit,
Rotting in the decadence of your crap lined pit,
Waiting for the action so you can grab a part,
But it stinks so bad, who's going to smell your fart?

"CAN YOU PUT ME ON THE GUEST LIST?
IS THERE ANY FREEBIE DRINK?
I CAN'T WRITE UNLESS I FEEL WELL PISSED."
Piss off, you fucking stink.