

Dri, Closet Punk

You think your real cool
Starting fights at school
And writing stupid lines like "Anarchy Rules";
You don't even know what anarchy is
You never will and you never did
You're a closet punk
You closet punk
If your mother only knew you wear bandannas and boots
Of you traded your tennis racket
For a camouflage jacket
Those wrap around glasses make you look like a faggot
You've got a Mohawk that you comb down in the day
When you're at work or when you're out at play
You're at work or when you're out at play
You're in this just for fun

You're a closet punk
You closet punk

Stay in the closet where you belong
Stay in the closet where you've been all along
You're the hidden one
You're in this just for fun
You're a closet punk
You're a closet punk
You closet punk