

Five Iron Frenzy, Cool Enough For You

What could this be, too much MTV? Chalk another fad up for its fall into infamy. What's in a standard if it changes all the time? You're still having trouble in defining your own kind. Need I remind you, we all knew you before, you threw the rocks at the stage from your glass house on the floor? Now I think you're punk, just because it's in. You found a foul mouth and a couple safety pins.

Got a peaceful feeling, I don't want to fight no more. Got a peaceful feeling, I don't care if we're punk, or ska, or hardcore, enough for you, it's sad but true, you can call us names till your face turns blue. Our assurance comes from God, it's nothing new, we'll never care 'cause we're never cool enough for you.

That smug look on your face, your nose up in the air, your patches say you're open-minded, but still you couldn't bear, some punk thrown in with ska. You said it wouldn't work. Well you can take your Vespa home 'cause ska made you a jerk. The purist turns a deaf ear. He's such an intellect, Does he think his censorship is gaining our respect? The raising of a fist, like a trigger of a gun. Stop and see we're all alike, and we can dance as one.

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