

Good Clean Fun, Punk Rock Love

She didn't have to try, she really caught my eye
With the glint of metal coming from her face
She is my punk rock queen, angry but never mean
It takes a lot to make her draw her mace
We are so underground, we are both really down
No one would think to question our street cred
I love that she can't wait, she wants to smash the state
The kind of cop she likes is one that's dead

We're mad at the world and the stars up above
In the perfect world that I'm dreaming of
There'd be bureaucrats drowning in capitalist blood
And you and I in love, punk rock love

I read his Chomsky books, he reads all my Bell Hooks
Anarcho-feminism is the solution
I love that his hair is blue, we have the same tattoo
We are both waiting for the revolution
Meanwhile we go see bands, we are the biggest fans
I love how he sings along to Anti-Flag
He makes me feel alive, we protest side by side
I love how those tear-gas tears bring out his eyes

Love is always such a fragile thing
And who knows what the future might bring
But I know that we can see it through
I'll always be true, punk rock love