

Good Riddance, Outlaw

I feel like I'm not wanted here
and I wonder what I'm living for
discerning eyes are burning me
they make me feel like an outlaw

Do you need a uniform
to see the band tonight
are the people here for fun
or maybe looking for a fight

You can't come in if you don't look right
Doesn't the music make it right
It seems fashion keeps the youth confined
We have missed the whole idea
I thought we listened with our ears
But we keep them closed with fear

Brutality and snobbery
will keep the cults at war
it's just music why such hate
there's nothing to be solved at all

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