

# Millencolin, Trendy Winds

Trendy winds are blowing through my hair  
the punk-elite are checking everything I wear  
I'm tired of their endless whine, why can't they mind their own  
cause what I am is what I will be

Don't need you or your crew  
to tell me what to think or do  
everyday when you try to waste my time  
I waste a rhyme

Sometimes I can't understand what's wrong  
cause this scene is filled with people who's bad and nong  
you're an idiot and loser if you go their way  
cause you don't need no one-track crew now

sometimes I can't understand what's wrong  
to all you suckers we dedicate this song