

# Minor Threat, Salad Days

Wishing for the days  
When I first wore this suit  
Baby has grown older,  
It's no longer cute  
Too many voices  
They've made me mute  
Baby has grown older,  
It's no longer cute  
But I stay on, I stay on  
Where do I get off?  
On to greener pastures  
The core has gotten soft  
Look at us today  
We've gotten soft and fat  
Waiting for the moment,  
It's just not coming back  
So serious  
About the stuff we lack  
Dwell upon our memories  
But there are no facts