

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