

NOFX, Green Corn

Sometimes I think of all the places where I don't
wanna go

Then I think of all the things that I don't wanna do
And when I think of all the people that I don't wanna
meet

I close my eyes and go to sleep

Tully, baby, you're trapped behind your golden bars
I'm the prince of poverty hangin' out in bars
Your life's a Mercedes, a mansion with a pool
My life's on a bus stop just waiting for some fuel

Your obviousness disgusts me I see thru your macho
lies

I'll fight everything you stand for

There's something in your purse baby, my head is
getting sore

Maybe what we had was just green corn