

# NOFX, My Party Boots

Life is fast but I dont wanna live past you, 'cause you are my only roots

I was the king of the drug booze thing now I've worn out the soles of my party boots.

So call me shit-faced master of disgrace, I dont care 'cause my outer skin

Is think like crust, and a liver thats rusted out now I'm on a list (for a better one)

Everybody wants to give a shit outta me, I won't give it but i'll give ambivalence.

I gotta memory box 'cause my memory blocks me, from remembering weeks

all the blacked out nights into white out mornings, into grey matter damagings.

So call me fat f\*\*k geriatric punk rock. Give it straight 'cause I deserve

a verbal beating from an audience bleating (not bleeding), and a melee with no concern.

Everybody wants to give a shit outta me, I wont give it but i'll give irresponsiveness

Everybody wants to drag me up again, I wanna go but the price keeps goin up

Goin down is simple and practical, laying low but keeping it cynical

I'm on the wagon and it's such a drag, without a key kick, shot and a drag.

[Hefe's good old fashioned solo]

Evidently no one likes a quitter or an old punk's bitterness

So I'm waitin for the tap, on my shoulder 'cause we're all getting older not better

And the laughs are no longer with us (they're at us)

So call me fat f\*\*k, geriatric punk

Call me fat f\*\*k, geriatric punk

Call me fat f\*\*k, geriatric punk, shit face master of disgrace.