

NOFX, We Aint Shit

Tear that poster off the wall,
It takes up too much space,
We ain't no fucking rock band, man
We're a professional,
Disgrace, is the word I would use,
To describe the noises we're making.
Feedback, wrong key, a lack of dignity,
So don't think we don't know we're fuckin' losers.
Washed up old men,
The years we'd play the same four chords,
Over and over and once again.
Posing as musicians,
Justify what we get paid.
Time to forfeit,
We may be in the light,
But we ain't shit.
We may not get respect,
You think we don't know we may be riding on a one way ticket down.
We're going down,
But I got no regrets.
They'll come in time
I can't remember having a better time.

On the road to pity,
We just passed integrity,
Pull the plug,
Put us out of this aural misery.
Giving a new meaning to,
Flogging a dead horse.
So we all agree,
Please drop us at the next glue factory.
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
We know that we ain't shit.