

NOFX, Wore Out The Souls Of My Party Boots

Life is fast but I don't wanna live past you 'cause you're 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 don't care 'cause my outer skin
Is thick like crust, and a liver that's 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 bleeding (not bleeding), and a melee with no concern

Everybody wants to give a shit outta me, I won't give it but I'll give irresponsiveness
Everybody wants to drag me up again, I wanna go, but the prive 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

Evidently no one like a quitter or an old punk's bitterness
do I'm waitin for the tap on my shoulder 'cause we're all getting older not better
the laughs are no longer with us (they're at us)
so call me fat f**k geriatric punk shit face master of disgrace