

Propagandhi, Back To The Motor League

I like to party fucking hard
I like my rock and roll the same
Don't give a fuck if I burn out
Don't give a fuck if I fade away.

So back to the Motor League with me
before I'm forced to face the wrath of a well-heeled buying public
who live vicariously through
tortured-artist college-rock and floor-punching macho pabulum.

Back to the Motor League I go.
Once thought I drew a lucky hand.
Turned out to be a live grenade

Oh my god
Holy shit!
Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!

of play-acting "anarchists"
and Mommy's-little-skinheads, death-threats and sycophants
and wieners drunk on straight-edge.

Fuck off.
Who cares?

I'd rather hi-lite Trip-Tiks than listen to your bullshit.

Fuck off.
Who cares
...about your stupid scenes, your shitty zines,
the straw-men you build up to burn.

It never ceases to amaze me and as I'm suffering
your perfection it reminds me of my own race
to redress my own sad history of
mouthed feet
Eaten hats
Teated bulls
Amish phone-books
Drunken brawls.

But what have we here?
15 years later it still reeks of 'Swill and Chickenshit Conformists
with their fists in the air;
like-father, like-son "rebels' bloated on korn, eminem and bizkits.

Lord, hear our prayer: take back your Amy Grant mosh-crews and
your fair-weather politics.
Blow-dry my hair and stick me on a ten-speed.
Back to the Motor League.

I guess life is just a popularity contest.
Success, the ability to perform within a framework of obedience.
Just ask the candy-coated Joy-Cam rock-bands selling shoes
for venture-capitalists, silencing competing messages,
rounding off the jagged edges.