

Screeching Weasel, More Problems

You were once a nice suburban girl
Until mom and dad gave you their special love
You wanted to tell them something personal
But the exact words you couldn't think of
So you cut and dyed your hair
During an overdose of parental advice
Now they're wondering where they went wrong
And what happened to the friends they liked
Now you're a punk rocker
With another set of problems
How to come up with money to feed yourself
Now you're one rude punk rocker
Hair dyed and tattoos everywhere
There's no going back you realize
But you wish it could be better
Your drinking all your problems away
With goons who treat you like shit
For a while you enjoyed it
But you keep thinking there's more than this
Now you're a punk rocker
With another set of problems
How to enjoy yourself without losing it
You say you've got your life tied up
But is it with something around your arm?
You know everything you need to know
But is it just enough to keep you outta harm?
You say you know what you want
But will getting it be that easy?
Your enjoying yourself you say
But wasn't it more easy when you had more opportunities?
Now you're a punk rocker
With a shit load of problems
Who you gonna turn to
When your life gets smashed in?