# Sewing With Nancie, Big Shot

He's back, and he's a big shot, baby on a rampage kickin' in the pit.
He's on attack. He drinks a beer, kicks an ass, every day it's the same old shit.
Cause he can talk, talk, talk, he can be punk rock but when it comes to respect he can't see.
Forget what's right, fucking fight, fight, fight! It's contradicting who he wants to be.

[Chorus:]
Who do you think you are?
Acting like an asshole won't get you too far.
It's not the place or time,
I don't want to be there when you cross the line.

Fucking dick, i don't wanna think about it, cause i don't fucking care anymore.
It makes me sick, it makes you look fucking stupid when they kick your drunk ass out the door.
'Cause everything was fine 'till you crossed the line Friday night at the punk rock show.
You ruined it for everybody, you're the dickhead no one wants to know.

[Chorus]

You're the dickhead i don't want to know.

[Chorus]

&lt;font size=1&gt;Thanks to Karen (karenmiller@hotmail.com) for these lyrics&lt;/font&gt;