

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches, I Hate Punk Rock

I hate punk rock.

I hate your shoes, I hate your crews. I hate you.

Let's pop another bottle of Olde-E brew.

Let's stab some safety pins into the side of our ears.

Punk's been dead for almost 20 years.

You know I can't stand all of your illegitimacies.

What movement do you fight for? Don't ask me.

Your mohawk is too green. Make you easy to be seen.

While you round up all your cash milking the tit of the scene.

Slap an anarchy patch onto your band new Jansport backpack

made by 90 children in Taiwan whipped to work as the day goes on.

You think that makes any sense to act like your a punk

supporting all the co-conspirators of a future Anti-America?

You only like the fashion and the songs don't mean a thing.

I'd take a non-punk friend who treats me right over you any day because

we don't care shit to impress each other cause we like the Adolescents or Bad Brains.

I like what I want regardless of what's cool or not.

"I'm gonna take you out the second you close your eye."

Now you wear a suit. You're ska because that is what's cool today.

I like it all, I hate you all.

Will not be misnegotiated by boundaries that mean everything in your fucked up, stupid scene.

I hate fuckin' punk rock. It hates me.