

The Ataris, Boxcar

You're not punk, and I'm telling everyone.
Second best there never was one
You don't know what I'm all about.
Like killing cops and reading Kerouac.
My enemies are all too familiar.
They're the ones who used to call me friend.
I'm coloring outside your guidelines.
I was passing out when you were passing out the rules.
One. Two. Three. Four.
Who's punk, what's the score?

Got a friend.
Her name is Boxcar.
Cigarettes and beer in El Sob.
Her hair was blue, now it's green.
I like her mind.
She hates the scene.

My enemies are all too familiar.
They're the ones who used to call me friend.
I'm coloring outside your guidelines.
I was passing out when you were passing our the rules.
One. Two. Three. Four.
Who's punk, what's the score?

You're on your own.
You're all alone.