

# Tim Minchin, Rock And Roll Nerd

He doesn't have a problem with drugs  
He just doesn't get them  
He's fine that his mates have tattoos  
But he thinks they'll regret them  
He likes going to pubs  
But he hates when the music's too loud  
He tends not to go to rock concerts  
Cause he can't stand the crowds  
But all he's ever wanted to be  
Is a rock star on Rage or MTV  
But he knows that it's not fucking likely  
He's just turned thirty

He knows that he will always be  
A rock'n'roll nerd  
He'll keep writing songs the world will never hear  
And though they won't be heard  
He'll just keep writing  
Oh yeah

But you see the problem is  
He always dreamt of being a star  
But he learned piano instead of guitar  
Which in the '90s didn't get you very far  
So while all the other kids were learning Stairway  
He was the piano to their forte  
But he was convinced one day  
He'd rock their fucking asses  
Be an icon for the disenfranchised masses  
And grow his hair long  
And rebel against the state  
But just for now that'd have to wait  
Cause he's running late for his morning classes

And he will always be  
A rock'n'roll nerd  
He'll keep playing gigs that no one knows about  
And though it sounds absurd  
He'll just keep playing  
Oh yeah

But you see the problem is  
There's not much depth in what he's singing  
He's a victim of his upper middle class upbringing  
So he can't write about the hood  
Or bling bling  
So he sits and imagines his girlfriend is dead  
To try and evoke some angst in his middle class head  
But the bitch is always fine at half past nine  
When they go to bed  
And he's not spent a single night in prison  
He has no issues with nutrition  
He has no drinking problem  
And no drug addiction  
Unless you count the drugs they put in chicken  
And marijuana always tends to make him cough  
He doesn't look good with his t-shirt off  
And when he tries to act tough  
You can tell he's tricking

While his mates all go out late  
Popping pills and having fun  
He goes home and showers  
And gets a good eight hours

He gets his thrills from his morning run  
And while his mates all go on dates  
Taking speed and drinking cans of Jim Beam  
He stays home and cooks  
Curls up with a book  
With the girl he's had since he was seventeen

Cause he's never really been part of the scene  
Give him Guns N' Roses, he'll take Queen  
He's more into Beatles than The Stones  
He's more Stevie Wonder than Ramones  
And he's never owned a panel van  
He's never shot a Pantera fan  
He doesn't know the difference between metal and thrash  
He couldn't tell you nothing about Axel and Slash  
He likes Ben Folds and the Jackson Five  
He knows all the words to Staying Alive  
And though he wants to be all grungy and cool  
He spent eleven years in a motherfucking private school

So it don't matter how he tries  
He cannot hide behind his rock'n'roll lies  
Cause you've either got it or you don't  
You'll either rock it or you won't  
Yeah, you've either got it or you don't  
Yeah, you'll either rock it or you won't

He knows that his music lacks depth  
But it just can't be helped  
He has nothing interesting to say  
So he writes about himself  
But he doesn't want to seem self-obsessed  
So he writes in third person  
In an attempt to seem more rock'n'roll  
But he suspects it's not working  
And deep in his heart he knows  
That he'll never be Silver Chair or Eskimo Joe  
And even if he was quite pretty  
With small pants like Kylie

He knows that he will always be  
A rock'n'roll nerd  
He'll keep writing songs the world don't care about  
And though it sounds absurd  
He'll just keep writing  
Oh yeah  
You can criticise him  
But he won't care  
Cause he wants to rock  
And he will never be deterred  
But he'll always be a fucked up little  
Try-hard wannabe rock'n'roll nerd