Covered in leather, or plaid patches, or metal studs Your hair is dyed or spiked with glue You only talk to those who look and act the way you do Cause you think you're so fuckin' cool

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Punk. Punk. Punk.
Punk by the book.
Book. Book. Book.
Punk by the book.
Book. Book. Book.
Punk by the book.
Book. Book. Book.
You say that punk to you is what's in your mind,
Not what you wear,
But you know you're so full of shit!
You scoff at how the cops treat you,
But they're no worse than dicks like you!
I just can't understand what you're thinking.
Punk. Punk. Punk.
Punk by the book.
Hey!
Hey!
You're punk by the book...
Hey!
Hey!
You're punk by the book! Book
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