We're professional punkers We come from the suburbs After 15 years, we're still having fun Now we're over 30, not looking so purty At least we got a beat up accordion

That's Eric our drummer, his father's a plummer He drank enough booze to get Rhode Island drunk Now sober but smelly he's got one big belly From livin' the good life provided by punk

Singin' singin' singin' Buy me a Becks beer or pass me a bong Gimmie some bushmills I'll sing you this song Open another big box of cheap wine We're over 30 we're doing just fine

Hefe's not satanic he's one hip Hispanic He grew up with one dozen cousins and kin He wears baggy pants he know how to breakdance You've seen him do every impersonation

That's Melvin on six-string "some tell me I can't sing"
Oh I think you can just don't do it 'round me
Stick with what you know playing guitar solo
With Hetson and Watt in punk karaoke

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My name is Fat Mike I'm obsessed with big lesbians I've been a punkrocker for most of my life I sing kinda flat I'm not really so fat But that's how I hit them with a hook or a slice

I'm Kent I do sound "Look he's getting so round" Like Timmy The Turtle he counts as he clicks I'm Jay (I don't care) someone please cut his hair I'm Limo from Scotland so gimme haggis

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Buy me a Becks beer or pass me a bong Gimmie some bushmills I'll sing you this song Throw me a qualude, or chop me a line We're pushing 40 we're doing just fine

Buy me a castle or pass me a bong give me Glenlivet, I'll sing you this song. Open another big box of cheap wine, if you take the low road then I'll take the high.