

# Wore Out The Soles Of My Party Boots

NOFX

Life is fast but I don't wanna live past you, cause you are my  
only roots  
I was the king of the drug booze thing now I've worn out the so  
les of my party boots  
So call me shit-  
faced Master of Disgrace, I don't care cause my outer skin  
Is thick like crust, and a liver that's rusted out, now I'm on  
a list

Everybody wants to give a shit outta me, I won't give it but I'  
ll give ambivalence  
I gotta memory box cause my memory blocks me, from remembering  
weeks  
All the blacked out nights into white out mornings, into grey m  
atter damagings  
So call me Fat Fuck, geriatric punk rock, give it straight caus  
e I deserve  
a verbal beating from an audience bleating, and a melee with no  
concern

Everybody wants to give a shit outta me, I won't give it but I'  
ll give irresponsiveness  
Everybody wants to drag me up again, I wanna go, but the price  
keeps going up  
Going down is simple and practical, laying low but keeping it c  
ynical  
I'm on the wagon and it's such a drag, without a key kick, shot  
, and a drag

Evidently no one likes a quitter or an old punk's bitterness  
So I'm waiting for the tap, on my shoulder, cause we're all get  
ting older not better  
The laughs are no longer with us  
So call me Fat Fuck geriatric punk,  
call me Fat Fuck geriatric punk  
call me Fat Fuck geriatric punk shit-faced master of disgrace