

Don't Be Punks

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Buy a junk?, delay that moon?, you think we feel the need to prove
That we play the fucking tunes, while you're the one that's fucking you
Now if you'd ever spared a day, at these things that don't fucking go away
You can see that our contract says that we get to do this our own way

Who can't challenge what you do? Don't be punks!
Who can't challenge where to go? Don't be punks!
And when will we change our tune? Don't be punks!
You can't tell 'em when and much! Don't be punks!

At this point you fucking loser, you don't have a fucking opinion!