

# (Shut) Up the Punx!!!

Bomb the Music Industry!

I know it's hypocritical to point fingers at the people who point fingers  
But when we all march to the beat of the same different drummer  
Yeah, the steps start to come off like clockwork  
I guess I'm saying we could stand to be nicer

Because when you're in a basement talking shit  
And interspersing it with speaking in namedrops and units  
I must admit I'm not the best when on the defensive  
I'd rather steal your whiskey than your heart in conversation  
I'd rather break three strings a song than stick to a routine  
Like I'm ripe for the picking after growing on a tree  
And then talk about the industry, cross-market positivity  
With vinyl nerds and brightly colored, quirky messy record sleeves  
I'd rather be vomiting and I despise vomiting. Blugh

But thanks for the beer  
I appreciate your time but can we talk about something else?  
If you really think that you and I are on the same page  
You can go ahead and fuck yourself  
Because you've got coke and good looks  
I've got overdue library books  
So let's be friends and change the subject now

'Cause the last thing I wanna be is another negative asshole  
Like God speaks through my acoustic guitar  
And I've got the perfect set of morals  
On a dry erase board at the front of the house  
Follow these conditions or we'll kick your ass out:  
Vegans only: no meat allowed!  
Straight edge only: no drinking allowed!  
Fixed gears only: no three-speeds allowed!  
Me me me: I'm smart! I'm right! I'm smart!

I think it's dumb when you take the inherently fun like riding bikes  
And singing songs and say they're not for everyone  
As if for your whole life you were cool as shit

"Punk tourist!"

'Cause you still beg for cash cause you spent your parents' last on a Greyhound to the Fest  
And your jacket says Crass but I don't give an ass I'm not giving you fifty cents  
So that you can buy a forty and destroy a hotel party  
And the man who cleans your mess up shrugs and says

"This non-conformity looks like conformity  
Like boring nice people pose threats to your authority  
This positivity is negativity  
And you boys sure left me with a mess to clean."

Smile big, hug bigger. Talk big, act bigger  
Stop judging do something, shut the fuck up do something  
Instead of sneering at somebody because they're not stealing  
Buy a troubled friend a drink at the bar and tip well  
Don't spend your time scoffing when you do that you're just scoffing  
Like the people who scoff at us while defending our community

You're a teacher, you're a parent, you're the head of a dictatorship  
When the ground is covered up in rules you're guaranteed to power trip

This non-conformity looks like conformity  
Why should anyone believe in our community?  
This organization doesn't feel like anarchy 'cause  
We're suiting up to have the same identity and the boring nice people say

"Shut up the punx! Shut up the punx!"  
All the people who have barbecues to feed their friends and family  
"Shut up the punx! Shut up the punx!"  
All the people writing zines with information, not just blaming things  
"Shut up the punx! Shut up the punx!"  
All the boys and girls are fed up with just saying that we're punk, we say  
"Shut up the punx! Shut up the punx!"