

Today's World

Disorder

vommitting green haired punx standing on the dole,
no money
no place
no life
no space
in the city
or anywhere we go
no bastard wants to know.

CHORUS: today's world is now,
punk is here today.

if you don't like our way well fucking go away.
everywhere we go they screw you up and down, they say
"what a fucking state", they stand there and frown,
they've got their money and they've got their lust, fuck
off and let me by.

CHORUS:..... they don't like the
punx, that's what the bastards say, it's just cos we're a
threat, a threat to society. we know we are, but who
gives a fuck? I don't fucking care, we're all gonna get
blown up.