Johnny

King's X

Johnny cut his hair, now he looks like a punk
With buttons pinned all over his clothes
He got all the albums by the B-52
Sometimes he's a one man show

Went to New York City to join the crowd
Identity was what he need
The trouble was that everybody looked the same
Purpose was a total defeat, yeah

When there's nothing new, we look for the old
And everybody catches on, yeah
All we want to be is part of the crowd
Whether it's right or wrong, yeah oh

What's the use of being yourself
When it seems that no one cares
'Cause if you're a clone of someone else
There is nothing left to compare, yeah

When there's nothing new, we look for the old
And everybody catches on, yeah
All we want to be is part of the crowd
Whether it's right or wrong, yeah oh