

# Don't Count on Me

NOFX

Whenever you're in need, or just feeling down  
Remember that I'm probably on tour in a different town  
If you're in a bind or feeling against a wall  
Please don't make me one of the first people that you call  
And I mean this very sincere-ishly

Don't count on me, 'cause I'm the worst  
If I'm there it'll be a surprise, to so many other friends that I'd call first  
It's not that I don't care  
I just don't care very much  
'Cause I'm either on the spectrum, or just plain out of touch  
That's who I am, that's what I do  
I could change if I wanted to, but I don't

But if you really (But if you really)  
Need someone to count on (Need someone to count on)  
To bring you stress, to extinguish happiness  
And anxiety and duress  
You can always count on me

'Cause I'm chalant, I'm inspiteful  
I am peccable and compliable  
I'm a cockroach in a salad  
I'm invalid not invalid  
I'm an empty diary  
As useful as a college degree  
I put the "emo" in chemotherapy  
If you ever really need someone to be there

Don't count on me  
I'm just a clown  
I'm gonna wind you up  
I'm gonna cheer you down  
I made the choice  
To accept what people think of me  
I'll be your whipping boy  
Or your friendly effigy  
I'll even go down for the count

Don't count on me  
I've no hand to lend  
I was born in the beginning  
So I won't be there in the end  
So feel free to call me friendly  
Just please, don't call me friend

After thirty years I'm still the new guy, sometimes guitaring feels like work  
When I feel like Chekov or Sulu and Fatty's Captain Kirk  
I think he's the punk rock William Shatner, I can see the similarity  
His clothes are too tight, he's out of touch, and lacks sensitivity

Don't look at me like you're in shock  
Smelly is our Redshirt, he sure ain't Mr. Spock  
And Melvin is a Klingon, look, they've got the same shaped face  
And I'm sorry to tell you, Hefe, but in the future

There's still no Mexicans in space

So don't count on me  
'Cause I couldn't be prouder  
The coke I shared with you  
Was just crank and baby powder  
Just like Cokie the Clown  
I'm gonna wind you up  
I'm gonna cheer you down  
'Cause this is what I consider fun  
Making you think the song was already done

So don't count on me  
Don't count on me