

Punk Rock Cliché

NOFX

Who made this mess, we once called home
Sins of the flesh, are not sinned alone
Invite the our sin ist, for incendiary fun
Where there's smoke there are cigarettes, and blindfolds and guns
The house was on fire, as the victim screamed
While her hands were tied, and he barely breathed

We had it all that's what they'll say
We did not seize we stole the day
Now there we are punk rock cliché's
We knew the risks, we played the game
With our own rules, we fanned the flames
Punk rock cliché's

Her lies success ful as a lie can be
Those who need to blur the truth, believe lies set you free
Enter the arsonist, when the fire began
Trust can burn like the Hindenburg and one gasoline can
We had it all, gave it away, the peruvincient price we have to pay
When we licked clean the silver tray
Why did our home burn down so fast
Castles of stone are supposed to last
Why can't I get passed through the past

We knew the odds, we placed the bets
If you play the domme-con there's no regret
In punk rock roulette

Cuz when I watched it all crumble away
I realized the walls we built were just paper mache

How punk rock cliché