

Punk Buck Bonafide

Peter Doherty

Another uptight skinny white figure
Silhouetted there with your finger on the trigger
Your mind got mangled, your soul got strangled
In a modern American way

Want to burn down your slum, kill your mum
Blow the whole school, blow the whole town to kingdom come
Yeah your mind gets mangled, your soul gets strangled
In a modern American way

You're living out a freak mythology, social dichotomy
Powerless, no property, no Marvin Gaye anthology
To soothe your soul on any
God given day

You know an ex cheerleader, she's wheelchair bound
The far side of the trailer park she found
Her wheel needs greasing, your puzzle needs piecing
It's a real lowdown scene, you gotta crawl in, you know what I mean

But what about the good old boys spitting feathers and sloshing rye?
Cagney slapping, sour mashing, rat packin' and tower crashing
Rootin' tootin', highfalutin, straight-shooting
Silicon Valley, mustang Sally, box car rally, high plains drifters
Ride the shark to the centre of the dream
Where the eagle pecks you dry and the waitress licks you clean
Singing this will be the day
The day I come alive

Easy, low rider
Punk buck bonafide
Old New York
New Amsterdam
And the Delta Riser

You gotta ride the red shark all the way to the centre of the dream
Eagles pecks you dry and the waitress licks you clean
She's singing this will be the day, boys
The day I come alive

Singing easy, low rider
Punk buck bonafide
Old New York
New Amsterdam
And the Delta Riser