

Four Chords

PUP

Quarterly meetings, the board of directors
We try and determine how best to proceed
I said: I play piano, I started learning last Thursday
I spent every cent of the label money on this thing
Show me four chords, it should be enough
To make something nobody wanted
And all of your friends, they hate my guts
They only listen to noise punk or nothing
And they haven't listened to any new music since college
It all makes them sick to their stomachs
And I never liked them, so they can all shove it
Fuck