## (S)KiDS

## **Rare Americans**

I'm a skid, a skid, a punk rock kid My old man, you know what he did? Punched me right in the heart! And now my world has fallen apart

Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya

How do I start? Scotty's the name Being free man, that's the game Stuck in a car, parents, great plains God? He don't know my name (My name!)

I might as well be handcuffed in the trunk
Leaving real ones behind, who showed me punk (Punk!)
Phony Marshall family, city of champions bound
Been a minute since any champions been crowned

Pops is gonna pop, a heart attack and drop A stereotypical control freak cop My old man Mick, made his mark as a NARC Living with him, dirty thirty shade of dark

Soon as mom's awake, a shot so she don't shake How does she take it? A lesser women would break

Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya

(1, 2, 3)

I'm a skid, a skid, a punk rock kid
Got my headphones on, and I blast the shit
I'm a skid, a skid, a punk rock kid
The Discman plays, and man I write to live