

Follow Your Leaders

Screeching Weasel

By the people, for the little people
Here's how we like to start off the set
"Dude, where's my coke?" is followed by a weak joke
That segues into "Vote Democrat"

Oh, how upsetting
It seems I've neglected
To mention that punk used to be so dangerous

Follow your leaders, come all true believers
We're charming and lovable misfits
Fall into line like you do all the time
And whatever you do, don't grow up

Listen up, friends, Romans, and countrymen
We're not your father's rock and roll band
"No brown M&Ms" Gee, ain't I irreverent?
See? Please notice, I laughed at myself

Aren't we original?
PBR logos
On all of our t-shirts and record covers

Follow your leaders, come all true believers
We're frat boys with sillier haircuts
Fall into line like you do all the time
And whatever you do, don't grow up

Let's head out to Punk Rock Bowling
Then The Fest is on our list next
Cargo vans in place of little cars
Dyed hair instead of fezzes
Who will whip his dick out first
Then chase three Xanax with a fifth of Jack?
We're so bad

Girls, girls, please try and control yourselves
Drop your panties after the show
Calm down, there's plenty of me to go around
Now from which ass shall I snort this blow?
Come on, can't you laugh?
Dude, the DT's are rad
Oh, you killjoy, just go back to Jesus-land

Or follow your leaders, come all true believers
We're snide, flippant, social piranhas
Fall into line or you'll be left behind
And whatever you do, don't grow up

Follow your leaders, come all true believers
We're reliving high school as winners
Fall into line like you do every time
And whatever you do, don't grow up