

More Problems

Screeching Weasel

You were once a nice suburban girl
Until mom and dad gave you their special love
You wanted to tell them something personal
But the exact words you couldn't think of
So you cut and dyed your hair
During an overdose of parental advice
Now they're wondering where they went wrong
And what happened to the friends they liked

Now you're a punk rocker with another set of problems
How to come up with money to feed yourself

Now you're one rude punk rocker
Hair dyed and tattoos everywhere
There's no going back you realize
But you wish it could be better
Drinking all your problems away
With goons who treat you like shit
For a while you said you enjoyed it
But you keep thinking there's more than this

Now you're a punk rocker with another set of problems
How to enjoy yourself without losing it

You say you've got your life tied up
But is it with something around your arm?
You know everything you need to know
But is it enough to keep you outta harm?
You say you know what you want
But will getting it be that easy?
You're enjoying yourself, you say
But wasn't it easier when you had more opportunities?

Now you're a punk rocker with a shit load of problems
Who you gonna turn to when your life gets smashed in?