

The Moshing Floor

Steve Taylor

Pendleton elbows
Stick in my craw
Old Doc Marten
He made me say "aaaaw"

Deck your best partner
Lasses or lads
Don't you feel lucky
In you knee pads?

chorus:
On the moshing floor
Whatever, whatever
On the moshing floor
Whatever, whatever
Whatever stage, whatever floor
Hangtime, hangtime
And it's 1, 2, 3, 4
What are we diving for?
No guru
No mother
No method
No smile
Nice style
Bad form
Is the body still warm?
I wanna see you blink

Shrinks in lab coats
Huddle in the back
Whatcha blaming me for?
I'm just the soundtrack

All you baby boomers
Feigning dismay
You hired the nanny
You faked her resume

(chorus)
I wanna do that crawl

Malls and religion
Build the new forts
Jesus is a franchise
In their food courts

Who needs commitment?
You gargle, then spit
Just like the home team
In the moshing pit

(chorus)