

February Punk

Superchunk

Well you stumble on the close of something
You did not know
Walking with your head down
Oh it's hard to see where to go
There's a gang and it's no secret
They hang around like crows
Feel straight but you've got some crooked in you
Crooked from head to toe

Down here from September
When you were out on your luck
But you'll be a February punk
February punk
Riding in chucks basements
All dressed like teenage monks
They were all February punks
February punks

I like the way you walk with the crowd and the checkerboard in
your stride
Now you go in the smurfers cornhole who wonders where you used
to hide
You were always here it's clear it's just that the dust is gone
You know with the sound on a Sunday afternoon and the light came on

Down here from September
When you were out on your luck
But you'll be a February punk
February punk
Christmas cleaning causes
And with all your new wave junk
But you'll be a February punk
A February punk

Make it through a cell room
And all you feel is sulk
But you'll be a February punk
A February punk
Empty out your closets
All that really new wave junk
And you'll be a February punk
A February punk