

# 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 smurfs 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 cam  
e 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