

Frustrated

The Rabble

SHIT!!

Ruts(?) in the hallways
dressing in tune and
Handing out rules like it's some kind of fashion
No passion, in the way they live it's just a game to them
Talking like their shit don't stink!

[Chorus:]

I am frustrated with you
I. am. frus. trated. with you! (2x)

Punks in the front room
Choking on a cigarette
Handing out abuse like it's some kind of fashion
No passion, The way they is just a look for them
I'm telling you their shit, IT STINKS!

[Chorus]