

Now it's time to finally sell out  
It's the right time  
for the big one  
There is no doubt were through  
Playing for weeks  
for crowds of ton  
We've lost good money on this band  
But now we're back at scratch again  
Now's the time to sell our souls  
A foreign label, a full length CD  
But we're the same guys  
In the same clothes  
though one guy left us  
Fortunately  
We're six years on  
though rearranged, is it that strange  
that we have changed ?  
It's no big deal but this time we get paid  
How does that make you feel ?

Cut some slack  
Scratch your backs

We've started from scratch  
Do you grudge us  
one-roomers of our own ?  
Paying rehearsal space ?  
The band van loan ?  
Is it "not punk"  
Having food to eat ?  
Would our songs be better  
if we lived out on the street

Now it's time for the CD to sell  
But if it'll happen  
ain't no tongue can tell  
and it doesn't do well  
We're the stuck-up gits  
We always were  
After all  
we've said and done  
we're still in it  
For the fun  
I't weird how the years pass on  
It feels like we've just begun  
From scratch