

The Psycho Nubs

"Don't Front"

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Ohio is right next to the place where I do come from,
Come and get some, if you need some,
Here I am and I have lost my marbles, whoa-oh,
And what I speak is garbled, this you know,
I ain't got no sense in my noggin that I know,
When this sound is supreme, whoa-oh,
I'm sporting my afro-sheen through the snow,
Like nothing ever you'd seen at the picture show,
Yes, when this sound's so supreme, well, let's go?
You know and I know so stop fronting,
When you're nothing, you always wanna be something,
You know and I know what it feels like,
When they all just say that you're wasting your time.
We walk the streets at night,
Beat on brats with baseball bats,
We used to ride our bikes,
Read the funnies and face the facts,
We walk the streets at night,
Beat on brats with baseball bats,
We shine just like Glo-Brite,
Now, go and get your money and get into a fight.

You know and I know, whoa-oh-oh!

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