

3-11 Porter

"Punk Rocks In Yer Head"

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You've got all the right patches,
None of your records have scratches.
You've been to all the hip shows
And you're wearing just the right clothes.

And when I see you at a show,
The conversation doesn't flow.
Something is wrong and can't see
Just why you have to be so mean.

You used to be nice, now you've got punk rocks in your
head.
Now you've got punk rocks in your head.
Now you've got punk rocks in your head.
Now you've got punk rocks in your head.

We started out knowing nothing,
A bunch of dorks new to the scene.
We all bitch about the scene,
But now there's something in between

You're quoting everybody else,
You're not thinking for yourself
Just like everybody else.

You're just another dumbass with punk rocks in your
head.
Now you've got punk rocks in your head.
Now you've got punk rocks in your head.
Now you've got punk rocks in your head.

What is so different about you,
Exactly what do I have to do
To measure up to your standards,
To escape your slander.

Forget it, you can save your breath,
Your stupid game bores me to death.
And I know you'll never get it,
Your attitude it makes me sick.

You're such an asshole, now you've got punk rocks in
your head.

Now you've got punk rocks in your head.

Now you've got punk rocks in your head.

Now you've got punk rocks in your head.

Now you've got punk rocks in your head.

Now you've got punk rocks in your head.

Now you've got punk rocks in your head.

You used to be nice, now you've got punk rocks in your
head.

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