

Charles Bronson

"Your Average Generic Run Of The Mill Straight Edge Song"

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You get so mad and tell me I'm a bore
Cuz I don't wanna hang around your stupid crowd no
more
I think I'd rather stare at my fucking wall all night
Then go out with a bunch of jerks that act so fucking
loud

I don't wanna be like you cuz I don't wanna die
I decided long ago that's some shit I'll never try
I got better things to do than to blow my cash on that
I don't want to waste my mind, wreck my body, and
turn my back

I know I'm a dying breed so do I need to ask why
All the fucking straight edgers are now a bunch of
drunks?
Just last year they marked up their hands
But now all they say is, "Oh I don't give a fuck."

So what if I'm a straight, is that so hard to accept?
At least I'm not like you and have nothing left
I'm going someplace in this world and it's not a fucking
grave
And you just laugh at me. At least I'm not a drugged up
slave.

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