

## **D.I. "Don't Do It"**

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Skating down the street,  
Looking for girls to meet,  
Another set of rules...  
What do they think we are, incapable fools?  
So many guidelines,  
That makes little sense.  
Seems to me like the worlds a little screwed up.  
Chorus:  
Regulations all around town.  
Don't look up, man.  
Don't look down.  
Get that dog off the beach.  
It looks like you're the one  
Wearing the leash.  
Well they've got a bunch of rules,  
Just waiting for you.  
Just like a monkey in the L.A. zoo.  
'cause they've got your name in a nice big file.  
One mistake, man big brother smiles.  
They'll absorb your bucks today.  
The only way out is another price to pay.  
Sippin' on suds,  
On a Saturday night.  
They say that's not right.  
Rules are getting a little too thick,  
It's making me sick.  
I feel like I'm stuck in social glue.  
Society's screwing you,  
There's just no way back...  
It's time to attack!  
(repeat chorus)  
Regulations all around town.  
Don't look up, man.  
Don't look down.  
Get that dog off the beach.  
It looks like you're the one  
Wearing the leash.  
We're sorry, there's no trespassing  
On the beach past ten'o'clock.  
And no loitering,  
And no smoking,  
And no alcohol on the beach.

By the way, there's no parking,  
And no skateboarding.  
Remember, the red curb  
Is for no parking whatsoever.  
The yellow curb is for loading  
And unloading of passengers only.  
Put that dog on a leash,  
And don't forget the stool.

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