

Human Waste Project

"So I Hunt Fame"

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You've got your leathers, your hair's spiked up and
dyed black
You make sure everyone sees you at punk shows
You think you're scene, you say your nickname is "Punk
Rock"
But you're a poser, boy, and everybody knows

You can't claim to support indie punk rock bands
When you download all your music off the net
So would you please stop claiming Montreal elite
You're an embarrassment to our entire scene

You're booking shows, and you're keeping all the
money
But you'll remind us of the favour that you've done
You're selling comps, but the proceeds line your
pockets
And everyone knows that your Punk Fest was a joke

So can you tell me which mentalities you fight?
Which charities have you donated to?
When your best friend is a racist homophobe
How can you even pretend to be punk rock?

You say you're progressive, say you're working for the
cause
You say you're in it for the music and the bands
You spout politics, say you're against aggression
But your arguments all turn to confrontation

So can't you leave us all alone and just go home
Go work a 9 to 5 job till you die
We've had it up to here with your big shot ideas
That never serve anyone other than yourself.

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