

## **One Buck Short "Punk Rock Picnic"**

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I feel frustrated trying to quit  
But my spirits running wild  
Nervous and wrecked thinking about  
The next day with a smile

Put on my shoes  
Took out my thinking cap  
Went walking around trying to fill in my empty gap  
Walked for hours  
Wasted my precious time  
Went back home saw my mom standing on the line

Stood there like a lamp  
Strangled in her words  
I knew she burst her amp  
The sun was coming up  
She was dressed in blue  
Her face is really red  
She's got a frown on her face and this is what she said

Chorus:  
Your life is like a punk rock picnic  
Waiting for a chance to  
Always untuned and thirsty  
Can't see what's right for you

I watch her yelling as she spits  
Gave her a single serving smile  
Crossed my arms and faced the sky  
And tapped my foot on the ground

I wiped my face  
I straightened out my cap  
She raised her hand and game me one tight slap  
It stung my face  
Felt the pressure on my skin  
Looked down on the floor I think my head is on a spin

Stood there like a lamp  
Strangled in her words  
I knew she burst her amp  
The sun was coming up

She was dressed in blue  
Her face is really red  
She's got a frown on her face and this is what she said

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