

Dead Kennedys "Chickenshit Conformist"

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Punk's not dead
It just deserves to die
When it becomes another stale cartoon
A close-minded, self-centered social club
Ideas don't matter, it's who you know
If the music's gotten boring
It's because of the people
Who want everyone to sound the same
Who drive bright people out
Of our so-called scene
'Til all that's left
Is just a meaningless fad
Hardcore formulas are dogshit
Change and caring are what's real
Is this a state of mind
Or just another label
The joy and hope of an alternative
Have become its own cliché
A hairstyle's not a lifestyle
Imagine Sid Vicious at 35
Who needs a scene
Scared to love and to feel
Judging everything
By loud fast rules appeal
Who played last night?
"I don't know, I forgot.
But diving off the stage
Was a lot of fun."
CHORUS
So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
So eager to please
Peer pressure decrees
Make the same old mistakes
Again and again,
Chickenshit conformist
Like your parents
What's ripped us apart even more than drugs
Are the thieves and the goddamn liars
Flipping people off when they share their stuff
When someone falls are there any friends?
Harder core than thou for a year or two

Then it's time to get a real job
Others stay home, it's no fun to go out
When the gigs are wrecked by gangs and thugs
When the thugs form bands, look who gets record
deals
>From New York metal labels looking to scam
Who sign the most racist queerbashing bands they can
find
To make a buck revving kids up for war
Walk tall, act small
Only as tough as gang approval
Unity is bullshit
When it's under someone's fat boot
Where's the common cause
Too many factions
Safely sulk in their shells
Agree with us on everything
Or we won't help with anything
That kind of attitude
JUst makes a split grow wider
Guess who's laughing while the world explodes
When we're all crybabies
Who fight best among ourselves
CHORUS
That farty old rock and roll attitude's back
"It's competition, man, we wanna break big."
Who needs friends when the money's good
That's right, the '70s are back.
Cock-rock metal's like a bad laxative
It just don't move me, ya know?
The music's OK when there's more ideas than solos
Do we really need the attitude too?
Shedding thin skin too quickly
As a fan it disappoints me
Same old stupid sexist lyrics
Or is Satan all you can think of?
Crossover is just another word
For lack of ideas
Maybe what we need
Are more trolls under the bridge
Will the metalheads finally learn something-
Or will the punks throw away their education?
No one's ever the best
Once they believe their own press
"Maturing" don't mean rehashing
Mistakes of the past
CHORUS
The more things change
The more they stay the same
We can't grow
When we won't criticize ourselves

The '60s weren't all failure
It's the '70s that stunk
As the clock ticks we dig the same hole
Music scenes ain't real life
They won't get rid of the bomb
Won't eliminate rape
Or bring down the banks
Any kind of real change
Takes more time and work
Than changing channels on a TV set
CHORUS

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