

The Band With No Name "Misfit"

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I wanna look good everywhere that i go
I wanna be the lead part in the chipK freakshow
I gotta have the best stuff just like everybody else
I don't wanna be another clone stacked up on the shelf
Cos that sucks

Gotta get up gotta get on gotta get get get on the train
Gotta lose those nasty looks because ain't nobody the
same
If ya want it ya gotta jump on it cos ya know we go a
mighty long way
Get out ya box take off ya socks let me hear ya say

Don't keep puttin us down
No messin around
We're standin our ground
We'll keep on makin this noise
The girls and the boys
We're changin this town

I gotta say the right things to the right peeps
I wanna stand out in the crowd of the Jesus freaks
I gotta have kicks that look sweet on my feet
I wanna be a street preacherr out on the high street
Cos that rocks

Fashion style black white shades of grey straight tight
loose baggy belt
Braces angry happy shiny faces thick thin hairy tall
smiley pretty ugly
Small old young miss hit lazy crazy misfit

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